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THE

LIFE

AND

ADVENTURES

OF

JOSEPH EMIN,

AN ARMENIAN.

21167

WRITTEN IN ENGLISH BY HIMSELF.

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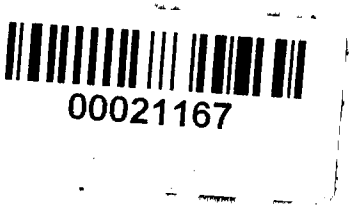

INTRODUCTION.

IN the name of Him whom no eye has ſeen, the only Maker of all, without whom nothing can be done, He who protects the good, and forgives the evil.

Let no man be confident of ſtrength, no prince of power, no hero of his army, no wiſe man of his wiſdom, no miſer of his riches, but only he who puts his whole truſt in God, who will ſatisfy his deſires, and confer on him an ineſtimable bleſſing. What is that ineſtimable bleſſing? Content. When ſuch a man ſtretches his mind to undertake a great or extraordinary work, whether he ſucceeds or fails, riſes to the ſummit of his wiſhes or ſinks to the loweſt degree of diſappointment, he will not pine away or deſpair; on the contrary, he will be contented and reſigned. That alone is to be called a bleſſing which is the great gift of Almighty God, by which Emin has paſſed with fortitude through many different ſcenes of life, for forty-five years ſucceſſively. Had his toil been a hundred weight of iron, or a lofty

mountain, it would have melted away as ſnow before the ſun-beams.

The peculiar content in his mind may attend the mind of every honeſt man who wiſhes to carry on an honourable deſign; of which laudable quality if his countrymen had the ſmalleſt ſhare, they would not have been made the tools of every nation and every power in the world. It is true, they have the empty appearance of rational beings, but, he is ſorry to pronounce, that their minds are entirely deſtitute of all the principles of virtue, and even that is not without the will of God. Thus he contents his mind, praying the Supreme Being, all the days of his life, to favour him with tolerable ſenſe to write the Narrative of his Tranſactions in Life. Though at the earneſt deſire of his friends, yet he conſents with reluctance, not being very well verſed in the Engliſh language. He is firmly convinced in his own opinion, that the inexpreſſible partiality of his friends towards him, and their ſingular humanity, will not let his ſuffering for the cauſe of his country to be forgotten after his death, but are deſirous that it may be tranſmitted to poſterity, who may follow the ſame example, walk in the path of true underſtanding, and force through the obſtructions

ſtructions of fortune, which prevented his proſperity.

The ſingularity of his ſufferings would, in his opinion, ſcarce excite curioſity had he been an Engliſhman; for there are many private ſoldiers and daring mariners in England, whoſe exceſſive hardſhips and dangerous lives, in dreadful ſtorms at ſea, and hazardous battles by land, are an hundred times ſuperior to whatever he has undergone: but conſidering that he is the only Armenian, out of ſeveral thouſands, and in thouſands of years, who has had an inexpreſſible thirſt for improvement and liberty, it is natural that the world ſhould wiſh to know the particulars of his life: yet he is at a loſs in what manner to proceed, ſince, if he ſhould write every thing, much will appear fabulous to many perſons who are not well acquainted with his character; but, if too concisely, he is afraid of diſobeying his benevolent friends. However, he intends to preſerve the medium, in hopes to meet the approbation of his candid readers, who condeſcend to indulge, and kindly paſs over, any impropriety in his work; and will conſider the difficulty and labour by which he has attained the noble language of a foreign country, and that without

out either a friend or money. If they could poſſibly dive into his thoughts, to obſerve the hardſhip he undergoes in this taſk with an unpoliſhed education, they would compare his mind to a blunt, ruſty knife, cutting a thick bar of iron.

His own labours make him ſenſible of the fatigue which thoſe gentlemen undergo, who ſacrifice their healths day and night, and waſte their ſpirits, writing volumes upon volumes, deſerving indeed great applauſe and honour from all the univerſe; who publiſh tracts on divinity, hiſtory, philoſophy, mathematics, aſtronomy, agriculture, navigation; in a word, on all arts and ſciences, civil or military; making themſelves acquainted with the cuſtoms and manners of all nations in the univerſe, learning languages, tranſlating books, avoiding the faults, and preſerving the uſeful parts of them; reſembling the induſtrious bees, who extract the ſweeteſt honey from all ſorts of flowers; thus attaining an everlaſting proviſion by immenſe fatigue, and freely beſtowing on every body a ſumptuous banquet.

The table of learning is laid open to every man and every nation, to enjoy and to eat without charge; very different from the ancient

cient Chaldeans, Perſians, Greeks, or Romans, whoſe barbarous jealouſy kept learning as a myſtery, and deprived the people in general of improvement.

It is recorded in Juſtin's Hiſtory of the World, that Alexander the Great hearing that Ariſtotle, his preceptor, had publiſhed a book, aſked him by letter, why he did ſo? the anſwer was, that he did not write in ſuch a ſtile as to be underſtood by every man. But the noble-minded Europeans in general have more enlarged ſentiments, particularly the Engliſh and French, who are willing to find all mankind eager purſuers of knowledge, receiving the light of underſtanding, and driving away the obſcurity of their minds, thus enabled *to ſee and to diſtinguiſh good from evil. And if Europeans had not been induſtrious* in point of learning, and that in their ſmalleſt quarter of the world, they could not have ſtood againſt Aſia and Africa, nor have found America to civilize. They have ſtood moſt wiſely and bravely the terrrible ſhocks of ſeveral wild and barbarous nations. Mahomed the great Impoſtor, and, after him, his enthuſiaſtic *khalifahs* or ſucceſſors, who laid many kingdoms waſte with fire and ſword, without pity or remorſe, were never able to

ſubdue enlightened Europe. Thus obſerving the excellence of true learning, and the horrid miſery of ignorance, Emin reſolved to put his honeſt deſign into execution, of giving an account of his inſignificant life, which he will, with trembling heart, take the liberty to lay before his friends and benefactors (though he cannot omit ſaying, that he would rather chuſe to undertake the fatigue of the hardeſt campaign, doubting, whether it will pleaſe the mind of the public, or finally daſh him with chagrin.

When he came to have ſome knowledge in the language, he began to ſtudy as well as he could the diſpoſition of Europeans; he obſerved one particular goodneſs in the Engliſh, on which he is rather doubtful how to expreſs his ſentiments, leſt he ſhould be eſteemed a flatterer; but, as he is reſolved, even at the hazard of his life, to perſevere, he chuſes rather to be wounded at the heart, than to tread over the truth, like many ungrateful perſons, who, while they ſet down at the table of friends, eat the bread and ſalt of gratitude, and, when they riſe, let it drop on the ground, and trample it under foot, this being more common with us Aſiatics than with Europeans.

Emin

Emin has been often checked in converſation by his worthy friends, and admoniſhed not to open his mouth in praiſe of the Engliſh; but he could not help it; he will ſpeak and write his mind here, which obliges him to make an apology before he proceeds; he having obſerved, from his firſt knowledge of that nation to this very juncture (a period of almoſt 35 years,) that they are glad and happy to hear, from the remoteſt part of the globe, of any people who are freed from ſlavery. When even their own countrymen, the coloniſts in America, revolted, though ſorry for the diſunion, they were often heard to expreſs themſelves with great ſatisfaction, that the Americans are become independent. Therefore, he begs his good readers to have the humanity not to entitle him a flatterer, but rather to indulge him in ſpeaking the truth, and only the truth.

Laſtly, he begs to explain more clearly his ſentiments on that head, when his indulgent reader will obſerve the uncommon irregularity of ſyntax in this imperfect preface, and in his memoir. In his opinion, the old ballad ſingers in the ſtreets of London could write better on the ſubject, and more intelligibly than himſelf, who puzzles his brains to expreſs

his meaning. He has made all manner of apologies to his friends, caſting even burleſque on his poor deficient capacity, in order to excuſe himſelf for two years together; but all to no purpoſe; they preſſing him, with uncommon good nature, to write any how, well or ill, he was at laſt obliged by gratitude to conſent, and to obey their will; which is a demonſtrative proof of his prepoſſeſſion in favour of the Engliſh. Far be it from him in the leaſt to ſuſpect his friends intentions, or to imagine that they mean to expoſe his weakneſs to the public; on the reverſe, they are cordially willing to ſerve, as they have already ſerved him ever ſince he has been honored by their notice; and if his own relations or countrymen had the tenth part of the ſame inclination and good will towards him, he might have been ſaved with them from being toſſed up and down like a foot-ball, and kicked about by almoſt all Mahomedans and divines of the church; the firſt take their lives away, the others keep their ſouls in bondage, reſembling exactly the two archangels in the Koran of Mahomed, named Azrael and Asráfil. Theſe ſacred miniſters inadvertently ſtepped into his lines; but it is neceſſary he ſhould conclude, and begin his hiſtory; wiſhing

ing in the mean time to pleaſe the ears of his readers, and afford yet more ſatisfaction to his contented mind. He as a ſoldier is not afraid, having put his entire confidence in them, ſhewing all his diſorders and wounds, within and without his mind and body. Let them act as they think proper with a becoming ſpirit of kindneſs to fight the battle; but in caſe they find the adverſe party too ſtrong to ſtand againſt, let them, to please themſelves, defend and retreat gently, ſaying, I min has done his beſt, and his worthy friends loſt nothing in the way, by his inoffenſive and ſimple manner of writing.

Let him add a few lines more in regard to the common people of England:—Suppoſe a foreigner, (or, as they would call him, an outlandiſhman,) whether a Turk or a Jew, ſhould come amongſt them, and chance to be affronted by any of their dear countrymen in the ſtreet; if he ſhould be ſpirited enough to return the blow, they would be pleaſed, crying out, Well done, and fair play! If the foreigner ſhould happen to knock down, which God forbid, the Engliſhman, and ſhould not keep him under; they would ſay, let him get up again, preſerving juſtice all the while, till the end of the battle: whereas in all other foreign countries, which

which the author has obſerved in all his travels, if ſuch an affray ſhould happen, the Lord have mercy on the poor wretch who ſhould affront any one of the natives; the whole multitude would riſe to cruſh him under their feet, as if he were guilty of murder.

Inſtances of the kind he has often ſeen; and remembers well, when he firſt went on board of the ſhip lying at Balaſor, a fortnight before its ſailing, he was much diſpiſed by the crew, not being yet acquainted with their admirable ſenſe, nor well underſtanding their language, which was the reaſon of his being treated in that diſagreeable manner: but, when he knew them, he was no leſs pleaſed than an idle boy, who rejoices with all his heart in a holiday, and was angry with himſelf for not having been enough inquiſitive to be acquainted with them before. One day a foreign ſeaman, with himſelf and ſeveral Engliſhmen, were handing down bags of rice in the main hatchway, when the foreigner gave Emin abuſive language, who, then loſing no time, brought the poor man down (although three times as big as himſelf) with a ſingle ſlap on the left ſide of his face, not running to keep him down, but putting himſelf in a better poſture to decide the battle in due form:

but

but the combatant, ſtunned with the blow, ſat down, was carried to his hammock, and could not come on the deck for ſome days. What happened then? the honeſt Engliſh mariners jumped up, and hallooed with loud voices, David has conquered the great Goliah! tapping him in the mean time on his ſhoulder, and all of them ſhaking hands with him in turns. Is not this a demonſtrative proof of the nature of that brave nation? He deſires, therefore, to know, in what corner of his heart lodges that unmanly vice of flattery? Truth ſhines like the ſun in every honeſt heart, and affords a pleaſant glow to every noble-minded man, who wiſhes well to every one that means well. Had he indeed a capacity equal to his *will, he would rather* chuſe to treat on this *head all the days of his life, like the late* Dr. Campbell, who ſpent twenty years in writing his Survey of Britain, *(keia met zenjernama*, a Turkiſh expreſſion, ſignifies the chain of eternity,) than to write his own hiſtory, which is a novelty never before attempted by any of his richeſt countrymen. May they be inclined to receive the bright dawn of true knowledge in their gloomy minds, ſo as to become conſiderable in the eyes of every nation, and after their inexpreſſible ſufferings, to ſubdue the

enemies

enemies of religion and liberty; to flouriſh in all kinds of learning, military or civil; to become virtuous in all reſpects; to be named free and true Chriſtians, not reſembling a certain nation, who are called half-chriſtians by the mighty Ruſſians, and to whom, when the common people quarrel, they ſay, Go your ways, for you have ſold us your religion for our money.

THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

JOSEPH EMIN.

WHEN a handful of people exerting themſelves to be called a nation are in an infant ſtate, and deſtitute of perfect wiſdom, they appear like an innocent hopeful boy in the eyes of the Omnipotent. A new ſtate reſembles an elegant lamp, the light of which, if the miniſters are wiſe, they will always be *watchful in preſerving, and will continue from time to time to pour into it a proper quantity* of pure oil, ſo as to keep it burning all the night long; and this is the caſe with the excellent Europeans, whoſe Chriſtian ſovereignty, as the writer obſerves with peculiar ſatisfaction, had its riſe from that very cauſe, with the favour of the moſt merciful God; and he wiſhes from the bottom of his heart that they may preſerve it as long as the frame of the univerſe ſhall endure.

In

In regard to the Aſiatics or Africans, they, when in proſperity, are generally intoxicated with their ſucceſs, and rolling in all manner of vices, (he excepts his own harmleſs country,) and continue ſtumbling in their ſoft beds, the light is extinguiſhed, and the houſe remains in total darkneſs; then the enemy comes with ſword in hand cutting them off, and taking poſſeſſion of their whole territory. When he thus turned his wandering thoughts on his nation, from their beginning to the time of his troubleſome undertaking, he obſerved their ſimplicity and weakneſs of mind, as yet reſembling children impoſed on by the holy divines of their church; he reſolved therefore to lay the foundation of his hope, and go over to England to ſee the admirable European ſyſtem of wiſe laws and uſeful regulations.

Before he begins to exhibit his imperfect memoirs, it is neceſſary to ſay ſomething concerning the origin of his family, and the names of his anceſtors; ſince in the Eaſt, he that denies or forgets his progenitors, is reckoned *harámzádah*, or baſe-born.

Emin, the head of the family, was called the Firſt, for a reaſon well known, but not neceſſary to be mentioned here. The name of his ſon was Abraham, who had ſeveral ſons; the

name of one was Aſtuatſatur, or Theodorus, who with other Armenians emigrated from Armenia, (after being reduced by the art of Sháh Abbas, commonly called the Great,) and ſettled in the town of Hamadán, ſituated at the foot of Mount Alwénd, where his great-grandfather, Emin the ſecond, was born. When a proper age, he followed the profeſſion of his forefathers, enliſting himſelf in the military ſervice of that barbarous prince, and by dint of courage diſtinguiſhed himſelf in two extraordinary actions. He was the firſt in the whole army to ſcale the wall of Handchár and Bagdad, knocking down the centries; the reſt of *dovetùbabs*, or reſolute ſelected ſoldiers, ſeconding the onſet, ſo that both cities were taken (*this he had heard from his own father Hovſep): he was conſequently promoted to the honourable poſt of minbaſhy*, or colonel of one thouſand men; but his ſingular conduct cauſed his ruin, through the jealouſy of that ungrateful Perſian nation, who took from him all his eſtate, and reduced him to the loweſt poverty, and made him as miſerable as his great great-grandſon was in England, who judges the condition of his venerable anceſtor worſe than his own, ſince he had only to take care of himſelf, while his anceſtor had four

ſons

ſons and a daughter to maintain. He went therefore as a *chouſh* or guard to the caravans, and after that became a leader or conductor for ſome years; till having raiſed a ſmall capital, he ſettled and married his children, bought land, planted a garden, thus working and amuſing himſelf till he was an hundred and ten years of age.

In the time of Shàh Sultan Huſſan, in the year 1722, Ahmad Páſha, governor of Bagdad, marched with an immenſe army and attacked the town of Hamadan, and after a ſiege of three months, took the place by ſtorm, deſtroyed 60,000 Mahometan Perſians in three days and three nights, and killed, in cool blood, 800 Armenians in their church. Emin's family hiding themſelves in a *kahriz*, that is to ſay, ſubterranean cavity, in the houſe made for that very purpoſe, this brave veteran (his great-grandfather) would by no means be perſuaded to conceal himſelf with his family, ſaying theſe very words: "My dear children, I dreamed laſt night that a great fall of ſnow was ſo very deep as to cover the crown of my head This is the laſt day of my life, wherein I am to be ſacrificed. You will all be made captives, but not defiled with the foul hands of infidels; my grandſon Michael

chael will deliver you. Behold it is beneath me to be afraid of the Turks! that in my youthful days I have driven an hundred of them before my horſe. Whenever the two armies, Perſians and Turks, came to an engagement, I was always the firſt that challenged the Turkiſh army in ſingle combat; I have cut off the heads of my antagoniſts, which I carried and preſented to the cruel Shah Abbas, (the old way of making war remains to this day unaltered, when two armies face each other, hoſtility begins by ſingle combatants,) and with my corps of cavalry I uſed to make a way by breaking the enemy's columns. Depart and be bleſſed;—let me now make my laſt will." Then, taking his great-grandſon Hovſep in his affectionate arms, and giving him more bleſſings than the reſt, he ſpoke the following words: "This is my beloved boy, whom Providence will favour; his male child ſhall be baptiſed Emin, after my name, who, by God's aſſiſtance, will lift up the ſword of defence to revenge the cauſe of his country and the blood of his anceſtors, that was ſhed for the truth, and in the moſt ſacred path of Chriſtianity. Never deſpair, Mahometaniſm ſhall fail, and will be ſubdued under us true believers in God, through our

Saviour Jeſus; and your poſterity ſhall ſee the golden age firſt when the ſheep and wolf ſhall graze together, ſeeing them all very well ſecured." He took his Herculean club, and ſat himſelf down on a brick bench behind the faſtened gate of the houſe, when, on a ſudden, five blood-thirſty Janizaries broke open the door with pole axes. The bold veteran ſeeing it, ſtood his ground to receive the aſſailants armed with guns, piſtols, and ſwords. He knocked one of them down on the ground almoſt ſpeechleſs, and ſtruck out the eye of another; (whom we have ſeen at Bagdad ſeveral years after, named Abbas, by trade a horſe-dealer;) two of them being diſabled, the other three not daring to cope with him ſword in hand, retired to a little diſtance, fired their pieces together, and killed Emin; after which they took poſſeſſion of the houſe full of European goods, to the amount of 5,000 tumans.

When the Turks had ſufficiently exerciſed their cruelties on the Perſians for three days, a proclamation was iſſued from Ahmed Baſha, to abſtain from deſtroying any more; and this encouraged the concealed people to come out from their holes: preſently after, came freſh orders from head quarters, to enſlave them.

them. Fortunately a Turkiſh Aga, or great officer in the army, was acquainted with the author's grandfather Michael, and with Ahmed Baſſas Ferman in his hand, came juſt at that critical time when the diabolical Turks were going to lay violent hands on them. He thus preſerved the honour, and made a bargain with them *both for males and females*, amounting to ſixty-five ſouls; at twelve tuman per head, the whole ſum amounting to 780 tumans, which, at twenty rupees to each tuman, makes 15,600 rupees, paid by Michael before-named, who arriving from Bagdad a few days after the ſlaughter, took the mangled body of the old champion from among the dead victims of his religion, and buried it in *the church with great ſolemnity.*

Hamadan being then ſettled under the Turkiſh government, Emin's youngeſt ſon, Aratun, at the diſtance of two days journey from that town, with 400 tumans ſewed up in his quilted waiſtcoat, was murdered by ſome Perſians while he was ſleeping.

In the year 1726, Emin the writer of theſe memoirs, was born at Hamadan, and in 1731, or 1733, he went with his family to Bagdad. Preſently after, the Turks had evacuated Hamadan.

In that very year, (if he is not miſtaken,) his father Hovſep was gone to Baſra, and before that, his grandfather to Bengal, to buy articles of commerce. In the meanwhile the town of Bagdad was ſurrounded by Thahmaz Kulykhah, afterwards Nadir Shah, the deliverer of Perſia.

During a ſiege of full nine months, his mother and his next youngeſt brother died of common diſorders, but not for want, although the Mahometans were reduced to eat the fleſh of horſes, aſſes, dogs, cats, and mice; but his grandfather's father took care, three months before, to lay up wheat, barley, corn, grain of all ſort, which ſaved the family from ſtarving with the reſt of the inhabitants. In the end, Nadir Shah was defeated by Thopall Oſman Baſha; and Emin's grandfather came ſoon after from India, exactly forty days after Thopall Oſman's army was routed by Nadir, who laid ſiege again to Bagdad, and continued his operations about three months, the garriſon being almoſt exhauſted for want of proviſion, men, ammunition, &c.

When Ahmad Baſha was very near reaching, with reluctance, the brink of capitulation, news arrived that Khoraſan was in danger from the Oſbeg Tartars, and the whole kingdom was not

not far from revolt; which circumſtance obliged Nadir to make peace with Ahmad; ſo that he marched back, and left Bagdad in quiet. Here his great-grandfather, a man of great faith and extraordinary natural talents, inſtilled many notions into his head concerning the origin of his anceſtor; which need not here be mentioned, as *it might be taken* for a romance. This venerable man died at Bagdad, aged eighty-two years.

Emin's grandfather, Michael, was almoſt ruined by an Armenian treacherous informer, named Kardaſh, but for the protection of one Mr. Dorrel, reſident at Baſra, who happened to be then at Bagdad, and was much taken notice of by its governor Ahmad, who *grew ſo very fond of him, that he* uſed to call *him My Balioz Beg.*

It may not be unpleaſant to inſert here what paſſed one day at Ahmad's levee: after he had ſhewn the Engliſh gentleman the fortifications of Bagdad, the paſhé ſaid, it was ſo ſtrong, that Nadir Shah could not take it; and ſtill continued preſſing to know his opinion of it, Mr. Dorrel anſwered the queſtion in theſe words: "May it pleaſe your highneſs, if an European army beſieged it inſtead of Nadir, they would have taken the place in five days

time." Which expreſſion made the Baſha turn pale, and he ſaid, "Gavoor, if I had not ſworn, I would cut off your head." A ſimilar ſarcaſm was made by an Engliſh groom, who attended the late king of Pruſſia:—His majeſty one day, before he mounted his horſe, began to reflect on the late duke of Cumberland, and his defeat by field-marſhal Saxe: the Engliſh groom could not ſwallow the bitter pill; and, while he was ſtroking the horſe's mane, he ſaid, loud enough to be well heard, "O poor horſe, I wiſh you could ſpeak, you would aſk his Pruſſian majeſty, who ran away firſt at ſuch a battle, for you are the very Engliſh horſe he then mounted."

Michael, being much reduced through that wicked Armenian, and hearing of Nadir Shah's conqueſt of the Afghans, the Oſbeg Tartars, and Indoſtan, while Perſia enjoyed abundance and peace, thought it neceſſary to ſend his wife, with four ſons (Moſes, David, Melchiſedech, Malachi,) and a daughter, back to Hamadan, together with his grandſon Emin, who was then about eleven years of age. At that time, a horſe-load of fine flour was ſold for a ſingle rupee, grapes of the ſame quantity for five abbaſis, or two rupees; in a word, every thing was cheap in proportion.

A year

A year after, his father Hovſep returned from Baſra, with a dreadful illneſs, ſo that it appeared impoſſible for him to recover; but with care, helped by the extraordinary excellence of the climate, ſuperior to any other in Orahſtan Perſia, he recovered his health, and married a ſecond time. Not long after, came his grandfather from Bagdad, with as much indiſpoſition.

But this tranquillity did not laſt long: Nadir's zeal, compaſſion, and humanity, were changed into cruelty. The villanous and wicked Perſians began to oppreſs, and exact money; preſently famine enſued. On one hand, the ſubjects were obliged to pay the king's tax: and, on the other, with inexpreſſible difficulty to provide bread for their families. *To withſtand the ſhock of this enormous oppreſſion, the author's family* were forced to ſell their houſes and goods for a tenth part of their value.

Before this calamity began, his three uncles went to Khoraſan, and his father to Bengal, for the purpoſe of trade. Some years after, he, being then ſixteen years of age, heard that one of his uncles was gone to Gilan; and his grandfather, obſerving his military diſpoſition, leſt he ſhould enliſt himſelf in Nadir's ſervice,

thought it prudent to let him go to Gilan, there to amuſe himſelf with his uncle for ſome time, ſo as to be prevented at leaſt from his ſuppoſed reſolution. His grandfather was obliged to leave behind him his wife, with their youngeſt ſon and a daughter, together with the author's mother-in-law, and fled; whence he ſent for Emin, who ſet out with his uncle in a caravan as far as *Caſbin*; his uncle went to Hamadan, to relieve his mother, brother, ſiſter, and other relations: Emin, with another caravan, ſet out for Iſpahan. He had a fever, or was much indiſpoſed, when he ſet out for that place. No ſooner were they parted than, he being alone, and having no other Chriſtian to help him, the Mohamedan Perſians began their uſual barbarity; every hour in the day inviting him to their falſe religion, then uſing him ill with abuſive language, all the way to the town of Kom, where he was obliged to change the *charvadàr* (or the man that hires his aſs to travellers). And when he reached the city of Caſhan, the caravan pitched in the middle of the court of a caravanſarai, expoſed to the heat of the ſun in July; the other travellers had their tents, but Emin had none to reſt under. Luckily for him, the people of the caravan halted there

a week,

a week, and his charvadar was a Turk, otherwiſe he might have been deſtroyed at Caſhan.

On the firſt day of their arrival there, he having ſcarce eaten any thing for ſeveral days before, went to a cook's ſhop, with a voracious appetite, and made a very hearty dinner upon ſtrong broth of ſheep's head and feet, in which was mixed a great quantity of vinegar with garlic, to make it more palatable for him, whoſe ague and fever uſed to attack him every other day. No ſooner was he out of the place, than he found himſelf as thirſty as Mahomedans are for the blood of Chriſtians; and he went three times down ſixty ſteps or more, to the *evambar*, or reſervoir of water, built at Caſhan by the late Shah Abbas. The place was ſo very cold that his thirſt was inſtantly quenched, and, when he came up again, he was as dry as ever, and grew quite ſenſeleſs. Not knowing what to do with himſelf, ſeeing a boy about ten years of age with a large gurglet of water on his ſhoulder, Emin ran, at the hazard of his life, forced it from him, ſtruck off the neck of the veſſel, and drank the whole, which was almoſt four bottles of Engliſh meaſure. While the poor boy went to acquaint his Mahomedan parents

of

of the raſh behaviour of a Chriſtian, ſick as he was, yet through fear of being ſtoned to death, he took to the hills and made his eſcape; but going all in a flutter, he threw himſelf on his bed under the intenſe heat of the ſun, where he lay delirious all the time from Wedneſday noon till nine o'clock on Saturday evening: he then awoke all of a ſudden, when, opening his eyes, he found himſelf lying on his quilt, a part of it being rolled under his breaſt, and diſcovered a black mark on the white ground, five feet in length and as much in breadth, when he perceived it to be the mark of blood from his noſe: it immediately occurred to him, that his poor mother died at Bagdad of a bleeding at the noſe; he was a little alarmed at this circumſtance, but more at its continuation: in the mean time he ſaw his honeſt charvadar, with a drawn ſcymitar in his hand, ſtanding over his head. He took it for granted the Turk was going to make an end of him, and crying out boldly to the man, "Why are you waiting, friend? make your blow good, ſtrike home, let me die in the truth of my faith!" and ſtretched out his neck to receive the ſtroke which he expected. To his great ſurprize, the honeſt Turk ſaid to him with a mild voice, in theſe very words:

"Be

" Be eaſy, Armenian lad, poor in body, bold in mind, you have been almoſt dead for theſe three days; the Perſians wanted to take you by the legs and throw you into that deep hole; I drew my ſword, and watched all the time; I ſaw there was life in you, your pulſe beating ſlowly. This morning, when your noſe began to bleed, I lifted you up with my own hands, and laid you on your bed, ſo as not to ſtain your cloaths. By degrees I obſerved, as the blood ran, you began to draw breath better and better; let it run, do not be afraid; I think it is the work of God, who ſees the heart of us all, ſaw you true to your own faith, and ſaved you from periſhing by the hands of theſe diabolical Perſians. It is through their own wickedneſs that God has delivered them into the hands of us Turkmans, and has ſent Nadir Shah to plague them. Take courage, put thy truſt in God, he will preſerve thee from all evil doers; I am your real friend as you have pronounced me, and that alſo is by the will of God." Theſe conſolatory expreſſions from that brave man, with a continuation of the diſcharge of blood, made the author almoſt well; but his mind was uneaſy, in not having it in his power to ſhew his gratitude, ſince his miſerable uncle had given

given him but twelve rupees at Caſbin, though he had with him ſixteen bales of raw ſilk of Gilan.

Next day the caravan ſet out, and the author. When arrived at Julpha (the ſuburbs of Iſpahan), he found his grandfather both ſick and poor, for want of the money which he had before deſired his ſon Melchiſedech, at Gilan, to remit to him, when he wanted Emin to come to him. The old gentleman in a few days recovered his health, and Emin fell again into a very dangerous illneſs for five months, without being able to leave his bed, without a ſervant to attend him, or money to procure medical aſſiſtance, he drunk water all the while, but ſcarce eat any thing. Six rupees, the remainder part out of his twelve, laſted till they received 200 rupees from his father in Calcutta; who deſired his own father, Michael, to ſend or bring Emin along with him thither. His illneſs ſaved him from being ſtarved, which would probably have been the caſe if he had been in perfect health. As for his grandfather, he made a ſhift to live, being entertained by a rich Armenian merchant, named Evanes of Nooſnoos, a village in Nakhchovan Armenia, who had been formerly a ſervant of Emin's grandfather. This gentle-

gentleman had a diſlike to the author, becauſe his father, in his youthful days, had beaten him for ſome miſdemeanor.

When winter approached, Emin began to open his eyes from his illneſs, getting ſtrength every day, when a Perſian Beg of Hamadan, an officer in the king's army, without cauſe or reaſon, took Michael up, and made him a priſoner in his own houſe, in one of the ſtreets of Iſpahan, called Shamſábád (or the Dwelling of the Sun), under a falſe pretence that he was a fugitive from Hamadan. He was kept three days, with a view of exacting a ſum of money: the Beg, conſidering the meekneſs of the grandfather, and not having experienced the ſpirit of the grandſon, who made it his buſineſs from Julpha, twice every day, to call on both the old gentleman and the officer; and, finding the unmanly intention of the Beg, he threatened him, and went immediately to complain to Nadir Shah, then at Iſpahan. When he came to the gate of the palace, he found there an officer, or one of the Arza Beg's deputies, who ſaid to him, "What do you want, young Armenian?" He anſwered, that he came, firſt, to be enliſted; and then, to complain to his majeſty of a man, who, without juſtice or the king's order, had made his grand-

grandfather a priſoner, on purpoſe to extort a ſum of money from him. He ſaid, "Stay a little, I will conduct you to the king; but, tell me the truth, are not you afraid of Nadir Shah?" pointing to the Perſians brought out in the arms of the ſervants, ſome ſtrangled, ſome with their brains knocked out, others with their ears and noſes cut off. He anſwered without emotion, "They deſerved it, and are well paid in their own coin:" and added, that he would ſerve the magnanimous king truly and faithfully, like the reſt of the Armenians, who fought bravely, and are well indulged by his majeſty, like his own children: for Nadir, in all his reign, never hurt an Armenian, except two of the chief merchants of Julpha, who had ſworn falſely by his head, and were burnt alive in the grand ſquare of Iſpahan, in the year 1746.

The officer, hearing Emin's ſentiments, conſented with all poſſible cheerfulneſs and affability; and was going to enter the gate, in order to preſent him, when his grandfather, and the fellow who had confined him, were come down on their knees, laying hold both of the king's officer's and Emin's feet, begging them not to proceed further; and, with much difficulty, prevented them at laſt; which pacified

pacified Emin. The good-natured officer, in a great paſſion, menaced the villain, and ſaid to him, "It was lucky for you this Armenian lad's grandfather came with you, otherwiſe not only yourſelf would ſuffer, but all your followers would have ſhared the ſame fate; you would have been hanged as ſo many dogs, like the reſt of your wicked countrymen; you ſee they are dragged away from his preſence." The fellow looked as pale as death, and ſneaked away, frightened out of his ſenſes. The officer then ſaid to Emin, "Go, my brave boy, ſerve your old grandfather, and obtain his bleſſing; I ſee in your countenance, that one day you will become a great man; then remember what I have told you." The Armenians thanked him with their beſt reſpects, and went back to Julpha. But, though his grandfather was pleaſed with the daring action of Emin, he ſtill was in fear leſt he ſhould one day take the ſame reſolution.

A month after, Nadir marched with his invincible army from that place towards Maſhhed; and Michael thought proper to ſet out with the author in a caravan, over the Gilan mountains, to Baſrah. He was then eighteen years of age. Nothing extraordinary happened during the journey; and, when they

reached that place, they did not ſtay there more than a week, but embarked in a hurry on board of an Armenian heavy-ſailing veſſel. In fifty days, with great difficulty, at laſt they made the iſland of Caſhin, in the gulf of Perſia. Thence they ſailed to Cannanor, where they, with ſeveral Armenian paſſengers, were put on ſhore by the captain, whoſe name was Marút, a man of an indifferent character. He uſed them all very ill; and his veſſel was taken, on the ſame coaſt of Coromandel, by a Portúgueſe man of war. They went to Cochin, where they ſtayed five months; and thence back to Surat, where Emin found his uncle David, who took great care of him. They refreſhed, after ten months fatigue and hardſhip: he cared little for himſelf, but greatly for his venerable old grandfather, who had all the trouble of bringing him up in a pious way, and was more fond of him than of all his ſix ſons and two daughters. As the author's mother died young, and left him young, he was alſo taught the Armenian language by his grandfather, and lived with him from the age of ſix years to nineteen or twenty; hence he knew more of the old gentleman than all his own children; he ſcarce ever ſaw him angry in all that whole period; he

he prayed firſt for his enemies, then for his family. When the unwelcome news was brought of his ſecond ſon Moſes, who was killed by the Akhwáns at Tabriz, he ſhed but few tears, raiſed up his head and hands to heaven, thanked and glorified God, pronouncing at the ſame time the words of Job, "God has given, and God has taken away." The author ſaw this with his own eyes in Calcutta; and, when abſent, was informed by others, that when his other three ſons and a daughter died at different times, all grown up, ſome twenty-five, ſome thirty, ſome forty-five, ſome forty-two years old, he behaved with the ſame fortitude and Chriſtian patience: in a word, his great piety was equal to the known bravery of his grandfather Emin the *Second.*

The author and his grandfather, by the aſſiſtance of his uncle David, procured a paſſage at Surat, on board of a country ſhip, and in two months arrived at Calcutta, where he found his father Hovſep carrying on a ſlave merchandize. Some months after, came the mournful news before-mentioned, of Moſes being killed at Fabriz, with the loſs of his eſtate, amounting to 5,500 tumans, equal to a lack and 10,000 rupees. Next, his own fa-

ther ſuſtained three conſiderable loſſes. Sulaman Paſha exacted 18,000 piaſtres from his ſecond uncle, Mirzabeg, at Baſra. Then followed loſs upon loſs, deſtruction after deſtruction, a family of ſixty-five ſouls reduced to a few, and (except Emin the Second) all dead, and departed without fame.

It would have been happier for them all to have been killed in an action like men, than to die in that mean way of merchandize, without head or tail, like a flock without a ſhepherd: it would not be deſpicable, if it were carried on and protected, as it is by Europeans. The late admiral Griffin, like Nadir Shah, in the year 1746, took two Armenian veſſels at the bar of Madras, one from Baſra, the other from Mukca, all with ready caſh, amounting to twelve lacks of rupees, with paſſports and protection from the honourable council of Calcutta; yet he carried them to England. The honourable court of directors took great pains, and did the utmoſt to recover the veſſels and money by law; but could not; and they were at laſt condemned as enemies' property. When the lawyer was making his ſpeeches on the ſubject, the author unfortunately was ſent by an Armenian to the court of king's bench, the very year in which he

he arrived in London. At the confiſcation of thoſe veſſels, he did not care ſo much for the unſufferable loſs, as when the lawyer pleading, ſaid, " How is it poſſible that inhabitants of Calcutta, Armenian merchants, ſhould be poſſeſſed of ſo great a ſum of money? They are like the Jews in Holland, who carried on a trade with the money of the enemy, when the Dutch were engaged in war. The property belonged to our enemy the French, and is juſtly and moſt lawfully taken by the admiral. The Armenians, underhand, are commiſſioners for them; they have not any intereſt in this affair." That cruel ſentence, ſo diſagreeable to Emin to hear, affected his mind ſo deeply, that when he went home, *he fell ſick, and could not come out for forty days, till his indignation was over.* Happy it would have been if the preſent ſupreme court had been then inſtituted in Calcutta, the admiral might not have poſſeſſed the character of a deſpotic prince, nor many poor Armenian families have been ruined, nor their names diſgraced by the unworthy appellation of Jews. It is beneath even the loweſt claſs of his harmleſs countrymen, to act like that forlorn people, or to deal with any other European nation as they do with the Engliſh;

for the writer perſiſts in maintaining his juſt opinion of that famous republican nation, whoſe excellent laws reſemble not a ſingle taper, which enlightens only the apartment of one maſter, but the ſun, which ſpreads its magnificent light over all the univerſe; and though, in bad ſeaſons, clouds and fogs may draw a veil over it, yet the inhabitants are ſure of ſunſhine again; for it is evident, that nothing is perfect in our ſublunary world, nothing but God in heaven, who is above us all.

Let us not loſe the chain of our narrative. In one year, his father Hovſep loſt about 30,000 rupees by thoſe two ſhips; add to it 18,000 more in the affair of Baſra, which makes 48,000. A year after, he was ſent to Dacca to learn trade, which he did not like at all. Some months after, an Armenian died there without iſſue: according to Mahomedan law, the nabob's deſign was to confiſcate the deceaſed's property, which was all mulmul goods already made up in bales; but the other Armenian merchants begged Emin to put on mourning dreſs, and conſent to ſtand as a ſon to the dead Armenian; and with great difficulty he ſo did, running a riſque of being tortured: they would have made him ſtand

on

on one leg in the ſun, attended by a fellow, who would have run a ſharp-pointed needle into his other leg, ſo as to prevent its touching the ground, in hopes of forcing him to injure other Chriſtians, and to declare that ſuch and ſuch perſons owed the deceaſed a ſum of money: but the providence of God ſaved him. The Armenians there, induſtrious enough, in great haſte packed up the goods, and ſent them with him to Calcutta; where, for his pains, he was offered a ſum of money, but did not accept it, thinking it beneath his dignity to ſell his honourable hereditary right, his father then living, as Eſau ſold his birthright: he did that act for the ſake of his Chriſtian countrymen, to prevent wild beaſts from eating the fleſh of lambs. Afterwards the grandees of Dacca were apprized of the circumſtance, but it was too late.

He was then in Calcutta, very cautious not to open his mouth or utter a word of his intention of going to Europe, when, all on a ſudden, his father, juſt at ten o'clock in a propitious morning, aſked him if he choſe to learn Portugueſe? he ſaid, no; the ſecond queſtion was, French? he anſwered in the negative; after a little pauſe, the third queſtion

was, Engliſh? here Emin heſitated a little while, and with a very low voice ſaid, yes, leſt the father ſhould ſuſpect his deſign; and continued writing all the time with a pretended indifference. His father ſaid, "In how many days time can you learn it?" he anſwered nothing; while his father, ſtanding by the ſide of the table, began to count from one month till he came to ſix months; then the ſon agreed, for fear he ſhould loſe the opportunity if his father changed his reſolution. But he immediately accompanied Emin to the Engliſh ſchool in the Old Court-houſe, at the age of nineteen; where he no ſooner picked up a few words, than he made a ſhift to aſk Mr. Parrent, his ſchoolmaſter, Whether the law of England could ſtop a perſon, who ſhould chuſe to leave his father and go to a far country? he laughed heartily, ſaying, "What ſlaves you are, and how ignorant is your nation, who have reſided ſo many years amongſt us without knowing our laws! Provided you will not make any requiſition to your father for money—I find your mind is turned towards Europe; and it is your duty to aſk your father firſt for his paternal bleſſing; but, in caſe he ſhould not be inclined to conſent,

then

then do as you think beſt; and remember, that you will meet with great difficulty in getting your bread in England."

This was joyful news to Emin, who, for two years and a half, had pined with grief and loſs of appetite, not knowing how to find a vent for his diſtracted mind. He went home directly, and ſpoke of it to his father, hoping to gain his conſent, and to obtain, if poſſible, his bleſſing: finding the old gentleman quite averſe to the plan, and very unwilling to part with him, he ſaid nothing, but took the firſt opportunity to inquire for the houſes of India captains; after which, with another Armenian of the ſame age, a diſtant relation of his, he went to one captain Williamſon, and was introduced by the ſteward. *When they both ſtood before the captain, his companion, who underſtood Portugueſe better than himſelf, was frightened and ſpeechleſs*; Emin therefore advanced, and, as well as he could, began to tell his deſign: the good captain put ſeveral queſtions to him; the firſt objection he made, was to the Turkiſh black turban and long clothes. Emin ſaid, the firſt might be taken off, and the ſecond cut ſhort; the captain then ſaid, you are not a ſailor; he anſwered, yourſelf were not one, when firſt you

went on board, we ſhall learn every thing in good time; upon which the gentleman ſeemed very much pleaſed, and told them to call the next morning for a note to go on board. When he returned home, he began to conſider the matter more ſeriouſly, and ſaid to himſelf, who knows but my father may petition the governor to bring me back from the ſhip; I had better wait for another opportunity. He ſtaid therefore with vexation and anxiety a full year, till the next monſoon, paſſing the time moſt diſagreeably and heavily; went a ſecond time to another captain, whoſe name is unknown, but who was a very choleric man, hardly heard himſelf ſpeak a word, and was very near knocking him down, ſwearing furiouſly and ſaying, *Do not you like to live well in India? half of my ſhip's crew have deſerted through the good things in Bengal, and you are fool enough to want to go to England to be ſtarved there; get away, you are mad.* Emin would rather have been favoured by the captain with a pair of black eyes and a broken head, than to have had his refuſal, and was angry with himſelf for not venturing the year before with good captain Williamſon. However, he did not deſpair, but went thence to the next door,

where lived captain Caſh, commander of the Taviſtock, which had been before a man of war. This honourable gentleman perceiving a great diſorder in his countenance, from an agitated mind, ſaid nothing, till ſome gentlemen, who were there, went out; he then approached Emin with great mildneſs, and adviſing him like a tender father, to be diſſuaded from his intention, ſaid, "depend upon it, my friend, you will not be able to go through the laborious work of the ſhip, nor able to live when you are in London; I know your countrymen here are numerous and very rich, and I dare to ſay, you have a father; what ails you, that you are ſo ſanguine for going to Europe, without a ſingle rupee in your pocket?"

The writer took no notice of all theſe unſucceſsful proceedings to his father, whoſe condition of life he knew to be reduced very low; beſides that he then had a dangerous illneſs and great vexation of mind. On the one hand was emptineſs of pocket; on the other, the thought of loſing an only ſon, whoſe reſolution was not to be changed: he was therefore obliged to have recourſe to a voyage to Mukha for the recovery of his health and ſome little profit. Having gone on board,

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and before the ſhip ſailed, he wrote from Culpee to his brother David, who was then come from Surat, and inſerted in his letter the following paragraph: "Dear brother, pleaſe to acquaint Emin, my only ſon, that his obſtinate temper, I am convinced, will not be altered, nor will even be ſhaken by a battery of cannons. I know he is not to be diſſuaded from his deſign. Do you not remember, when he was but five years of age, a Hamadany Mahomedan wanted to careſs him, he took up a ſtone and knocked out the fellow's eye: he is our anceſtor Emin, come out of his grave with the ſame fearleſs diſpoſition. I think he may ſucceed in his laudable notions, on condition that he keep himſelf very ſtrict in chaſtity, with honour and honeſty, walking as he has been brought up, in the path of religion, grounded on the principles of truth. All my objection againſt his going to Europe was, that, young as he is, he may not be able to curb himſelf ſo as to withſtand the temptations there in a free country, as he would if he had been kept under our watchful eyes. Tell him ſo from me, and let him go; may Heaven proſper him in all his ways which are good." This effaced the anxiety of Emin's diſtracted mind for his paternal bleſſing. He went then with redoubled cou-

rage

rage to the fourth gentleman, named Thomas Fea, commander of the old Walpole Indiaman, and begged that he might work for his paſſage; this captain made more objections than the others, particularly obſerving him to be ſo very thin: but the captain rather looked affable in his countenance and converſation, which made the writer imagine his offered ſervice would not be accepted, but would rather raiſe a laugh, and cauſe him to be ſent about his buſineſs. Deſponding as he grew, helpleſs as he felt himſelf, the Indiamen having all ſailed, and the Walpole being the laſt ſhip of that ſeaſon, he thought of no other remedy than to throw himſelf on his knees at the feet of the captain, like a deplorable captive deſirous to be ſet free. He was ordered by the captain to call again the next morning, and ſo on every day for a whole week; at laſt he was adviſed by the European ſervants to ſee the ſircar, who no ſooner received a couple of rupees, than he immediately ſpoke to the captain, and obtained a note to go on board. Had he been acquainted before with the nature of the captain's black miniſters, and their effective influence, he might have ſaved himſelf all the time he had loſt, and all his vain intreaties, with that inſignificant fee;

and

and this ſhews the great intereſt of the natives, at that time in the employments of many, who depend more on them than on their own excellent ſagacity, which might have helped them to diſcern a man of ſpirit, in ever ſo deſtitute or diſtreſſed a ſituation. But patience was his great comfort, and aſſiſted him to paſs over all ſuch trifles.

He went home, ſaw both his grandfather Michael, and David his uncle; took leave of them with their bleſſing; and after two days was on board at Balaſor. The third mate, the captain's own brother, no ſooner read the note, than he began to ſtamp on the main-deck, with ſuch unnatural ſwearing and curſing, that he thought the veſſel would have gone to the bottom, bawling out and calling for the boatſwain; upon which, immediately a broom with a ſwab were ready brought, and truſted to Emin's hand. "Take care, Mr. Armenian, (ſaid the mate,) to keep the main-deck always clean, more eſpecially the hog-ſtye, and particularly the gallery; you fooliſh booby, that prefereſt a cold to a hot country, hell to heaven;" reading the curious note over and over again, while Emin was ſtanding, as he was ordered, at the foot of the gang-way, holding the ſwab in his right hand, and the broom

broom in the left, to hear the lecture of his moſt improving commander; who making a ſecond motion, ſaid, "Do you hear me, ſirrah?" Yes, pleaſe your honour, ſaid the poor boy: "Take very great care then (ſaid he) of thoſe two inſtruments, to execute the duties of your office, for you are fit for nothing elſe;" then, with a horſe-laugh, he turned his back, and began to walk upon the quarter-deck. Emin cared not a pin for his abuſive expreſſions, ſaying to himſelf, "That is all but a puff of wind compared to your brother's polite ſmiles, which wanted very little to turn into a dreadful ſtorm, ſufficient to wreck the feeble boat of my poor heart." In ſhort, he did not mind abuſe, when his reſolution told him, *he was going towards a paradiſe upon earth, to have his eyes opened, and take a view of the world.* A fortnight after, the captain, with two Engliſh ladies, paſſengers, came on board: next morning, about the 14th of February 1751, the Walpole ſailed. Three weeks more the Author continued in that foul office, and then was removed upon the quarter-deck, together with his countryman John Màſſeh, who is alſo living in Calcutta at this preſent time; and, thank God, he is poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of pretty good eſtate, and paſſes his life happily.

Though Emin had gained the minds of the ſhip's crew, by over-ſetting the big foreigner mentioned in the preface; yet, they were not well enough reconciled to him and his countryman, to let them hang their bag of pudding in the copper. Several times, when they had every ſecond day's common allowance of flour, and had made it into dough, they hardly approached the kitchen door, when the ſailors hooted out, growling like lions, and calling them louſy ſlaviſh Armenians; adding, "you are no better than our enemies the French, who in time of war are for conquering us; and in peace, to come to England like beggars, to take the bread out of the mouths of Engliſhmen." *This obliged* them to throw their dough over board. They were adviſed by ſome to complain of it to the captain; but Emin thought it a mean way of acting, and began to work his brains how to be even with them. He went to the ſteward the next flour day, and got their allowance; a pot full of fine hogs-lard was hanging over by the ſide of the boatſwain's cott, and Emin thinking it no harm or theft, took a good quantity of it, as a thing of no value: behold! it was the boat-

boatſwain's own property, and eſteemed on board as good as butter! The owner of it came, and taking Emin by the tip of his ear, pinched it with ſuch force, that the blood began to trickle down from it; then gave him a ſlap on the face, and ſaid to him, in a very friendly manner, "Take care not to learn thieving, for you are going to England, where if you ſhould commit the ſame fault, you would be hanged for it. I find you are ignorant of the ſhip's cuſtom; if you knew it, you would not act ſo; go, mind your pudding." Thereupon he, with his meſſmate Maſſeh, went to work, mixed the flour, hogs-lard, and ſome water, together pretty well; then rolled it upon a board as thin as parchment, and folding it from every ſide, ſpread each plait with ſugar, ſo that the thickneſs of it became three quarters of an inch, juſt big enough for a grid-iron; which the captain's cook, a good-natured elderly man lent them, ſeeing that they could not come near the great copper on account of the men. Both the Armenians, very glad of the favour, made a ſhift in an hour and half to broil their pudding, which they took up, and ſetting down under the larboard ſide of the gangway in a princely ſtate, began to make a dinner upon it with all the appetite imaginable, chuſing

ſing that place on purpoſe to be in the way of the men, by whom they had been deprived for ſix weeks on ſhip-board of eating pudding. As they paſſed and repaſſed, the curioſity of the men led them to inquire how it was made, every one of them taſting a bit, and, when they were informed of the method, they approved it, and ſwore that they would follow the example, not conſidering the ridiculous conſequences of it. In a ſhip's company among thirty or more meſſes, allowing only an hour's time to each grilling with one gridiron, in ſuch hot weather, in the captain's cook-room, they muſt of courſe bid farewell to the ſhip's work.

A day after, having their allowance of flour as uſual, the operation began; the captain's pantry was broke open in the night, and robbed of all the butter; a hogſhead of ſugar was broached, and the boatſwain's pot vaniſhed; ſome of them were flogged, ſome reprimanded; but the beſt part of the uproar was to follow: About ten o'clock the conteſt began, by their ſtriking one another unmercifully with the gridiron, in diſputing who ſhould uſe it, without conſidering the ſhortneſs of time they had to ſpare. The captain and the reſt of the officers were alarmed, and aſked, what was the matter?

The

The poor men were aſhamed to ſpeak; when a young lad more acute than the reſt, ſaid in a good-natured way, "Sir, theſe two little Armenians are the cauſe of the diſturbance:" upon which the captain laughed heartily with the paſſengers, and ſaying to them, "Very well done—now I ſee you have learned how to live in the world." He then ſent them two bottles of wine, which they returned, and accepted a gallon of water. The bloody-noſed and black-eyed gentlemen ſailors, inſtead of being angry with Emin, came and ſhook hands with him, while he and his countryman ſat in the ſame place eating their pudding boiled in the great copper, without interruption from any of their brother ſailors, and lived ever after in the ſame manner, uninterrupted and well treated by them. They afterwards gave Emin the nick name of Nadir Shah's ſon.

In a ſhip of any other nation, if ſuch an affair had happened, what would have become of him who was the occaſion of it. Nothing leſs than death and deſtruction. He remembers at Iſpahan, that, when the army of Aly Murad Khan, the late king of Perſia, was diſperſed without fighting, (through his own imprudence,) as they were marching

away, a mule ſtarted at ſomething by the ſide of the river Zandarud, and let fall his load, which was only kitchen furniture belonging to one of the Khan's. The leader of the mule deſired an Armenian of Julpha, with two other Mahomedans that were only paſſing by, to help him to load the beaſt. Aly Murad became ſucceſsful again, the deſerted army came about him, and he marched back from Hamadan to Iſpahan. The owner of the mule then brought an action againſt thoſe three perſons as guilty of plunder, and ruined them entirely, beſides their being baſtinadoed in a cruel manner; and this he ſaw happened while ſtanding at the top of his houſe, at the diſtance of three hundred yards.

Neither the author, nor his companion, while on board, drank any brandy, but their allowance of drams they gave away to the ſailors; two of them had moſt of the drink, and they were very good in taking care to waſh every week.

The ſhip being very old, ſprung a great leak below the head five or ſix feet under water, and three feet to the left of the keel, ſo that all hands ſat up plying the chain-pumps all the way to St. Helena Iſland, and then patched her up. All that he did not mind,

mind, nor any thing, while the weather was warm; but when the ſhip began to get under higher latitudes, he recollected the meaning of Mr. Fea, the third mate, at Balaſor; each having four ſhirts and four coarſe drawers to wear in all ſorts of weather: and ſure enough he felt one of the torments of hell,—"gnaſhing of teeth." It was beneath his ſpirit to ſkulk like other foreign ſailors or laſcars, who had not coverings ſufficient to appear on the deck with good grace. He thought himſelf in the right of it not to ſham ſick, but worked on the deck, which kept him warmer, and thus preſerved the good opinion of the brave ſeamen; as for keeping below the main hatchway, which he experienced in the night, every time he went down after his watch was over, he ſlept for an hour comfortably; but the other three hours he was in great miſery, ſhaking and trembling through cold. This happineſs he enjoyed in his mind, that his ſuffering of hardſhip was for a good cauſe, and he was never diſheartened, ſince it was his own choice; and thanked God, he was not ſick in all the paſſage.

Exactly in ſix months the ſhip completed her troubleſome voyage, and arrived at Woolwich on the 14th of September. Emin was

then very happy in the ſight of Old England, ſwelling like a peacock with the bright feathers of his imagination. When reflecting on his empty pocket, he ſhrank down; but when he remembered God, he was as hopeful as ever, and in good ſpirits. The captain had the kindneſs to tell him, that he might ſtay on board during the time of the unloading, and to get a ſhilling a day according to cuſtom; then knowing his ſituation, and that he had no móney, nor a friend to go to; but he was fooliſh enough to ſtay only ten days.

One Sunday morning, while on board, he and his countryman had ſome beef ſtakes dreſſing in the kitchen, when they ſaw a ſhortiſh Engliſhman come on board, who unluckily paſſed into the ſame place, and ſaid very rapidly, "Who are you? I ſee the people are all gone on ſhore, you are only left here with the cuſtom-houſe officers; are you the captain's ſlaves?" Then he repeated in a teazing manner, "What are you? devils or animals? Oh! I ſee you are chimney-ſweepers come from Bengal, to get your living in our country: but I can tell you, you are too old, you wont be received into the ſervice." No ſooner had he heard that they were Armenians, than he threw down the ſtick he had

had in his hand, and began to tread upon it, ſaying "Ay, ay, I know you now; I have ſeen the Armenians in Conſtantinople, whoſe necks, like this ſtick, were under the feet of the Turks." When he had finiſhed his ſpeech he took up the ſtick, and as quick as lightning ſtepped into the boat and went away. This ſpoiled the author's dinner, took away his appetite, and he paſſed all the day without touching any thing.

On Monday morning, a Swede, who was married to an Engliſhwoman, came with a boat, and took them both to his houſe in Wapping (at the ſign of Wapping Old Stairs): he was a very honeſt man, his wife a very good ſort of a woman. Emin, with Maſſeh his countryman, lived there upon bread and cheeſe *about a week, and paid a ſhilling* a week for *ſleeping. The landlord took them to the* India Houſe, to receive ſix months pay, at 9 s. per month, which made 2 l. 14 s. In their way back, they met with the Swediſh maſter of the houſe, who ſaid to them, "My lads, this ſmall ſum is hardly enough to buy you a ſecond-hand ſuit of old clothes in Rag-fair; what then will you do to live, as you are to ſtay in this country, to be educated and

brought up genteelly? Your beſt way I think will be, not to loſe the opportunity of returning to Bengal, with the reſt of the laſcars. A regulation is made by the Honourable Company, to work the ſhip in daytime only, and not to keep watch in the night, for a free paſſage without pay; otherwiſe you muſt do one of two things, either beg or ſtarve. If you enter as a common ſervant or footman into gentlemen's houſes, in the firſt place, nobody knows you to give you a character. Suppoſing that there were, what would you do for want of the language, for you are hardly underſtood. I find it was a wild notion which ſome wicked man contrived to put into your head, to leave behind you a country equal to paradiſe, and to come into this confounded cold region, where one is obliged to work like a horſe, to break his heart for a livelihood only. I myſelf, for fifteen years, have worked hard, and with great difficulty made a little money, and married that good Engliſh widow. I became an able houſekeeper at laſt, and it is through her prudence and good œconomy, that we live ſomehow happily, ſo as to bring both ends to meet; for even a man of great fortune, if he is

not

not careful enough in the management of it, will ſoon become a bankrupt, and be ſent to gaol to be pickled.'

The author heard all this with indifference, till they reached the houſe in Wapping. The two moneyleſs Armenians walked up to their rooms, conſulting what to do; immediately after, the maid ſervant of the houſe, the beautiful *Sally*, *lately married to a ſailor* who was gone to ſea, came and ſtood before them, ſaying in a pathetic good-natured manner like to an angel, "Good young men, my maſter and miſtreſs, particularly myſelf, obſerving this week, that each of you have eaten but a pennyworth of bread and cheeſe, my poor heart burns for you. I have heard my good maſter and miſtreſs telling your deplorable ſituation of life; *which puts me in mind of the diſtreſſes of my ſweetheart, the dear ſailor,*" (meaning her huſband,) and then the tears trickled down like pearls from her lovely eyes over her delicate cheeks, and deeply affected the ſpectators, who ſympathized with her, admiring her unaffected fidelity to her lawful love. "What will you pleaſe to have? (ſaid ſhe.) Give me ſome money, I will go to market, buy you ſome meat, and dreſs it myſelf for you, to ſave you from killing yourſelves; don't be uneaſy at having

ing but little; God will provide for you, and take care of my dear ſailor too—bleſs him!" fetching a very deep ſigh.

Emin begged of her to go down ſtairs, ſtay half an hour, and then come up again. After ſhe was gone, he dived into his mind with deep reflection; ſurprized to find in a week's time ſo much goodneſs, and truth of love, in the females of that bleſſed Iſland, who labour as hard as any to preſerve the ſacred tie of matrimony with faithfulneſs; and conſequently formed an honourable idea in his mind, which he, in the ſpace of ſeveral years, happily found realized by many, both high and low. After his contemplation on the ſubject, he called the lovely Sally, with as much affection as a brother to a ſiſter. "*Well, my* dear, (ſaid he,) take this money," *which was* exactly three-pence; "pleaſe *to buy a penny*-worth of beef ſtakes, a pennyworth of potatoes, and with the third penny, two half-penny rolls; dreſs the meat well, and let us have it as ſoon as poſſible; for, as you obſerve, we are really very hungry." Sally, hearing the writer's ſtately order, ran down like lightning, and told her miſtreſs of the unaccountable extravagances of Emin and his countryman. The landlady could not help laughing; but

but good Sally, ſtill in great concern, came up again, and conducted them to about fifteen doors higher, to a very neat Dutch woman who kept a cook's ſhop, chiefly ſelling broth, a large baſon for a halfpenny; ſo, with a halfpenny worth more of bread, broke and put into it, they made a tolerable dinner.

In this manner they paſſed another week; during that time, *Sally* took great pains, and when ſhe had an opportunity to come and ſtand by, ſhe comforted them with as much ſincerity as if they had been her dear brothers. She was endowed with a talent, which he thinks it would be ungenerous if he ſhould omit mentioning:—As ſhe was obliged to riſe early in the morning to work, ſhe always, in her choice of ſongs, warbled the ſong, "*All in the Downs the fleet was moored*," &c. with ſo fine a voice, and ſo pathetic manner, without any affectation, that the hearer of it might have ſnapped his fingers at the moſt admired Italian ſinging-girl. The reader may very well ſuppoſe that the author was in love; and he owns it; and ſo would any one elſe of a well-meaning heart have been, to find ſo great fortitude and virtue in a poor innocent ſervant—the genuine produce of a famous country he is really in love

love with; which, true enough, is torment and plague to thoſe who are ungratefully wicked in their erroneous way of judging. It is true, the Engliſh nation, by their extenſive learning, are ſenſible of the difference between the goodneſs of the admirable laws of their own mother country, and the miſeries of others: yet it is impoſſible to judge perfectly by theory, unleſs (which God avert) they had proved it by experience.

At the end of a fortnight, they met an Armenian at the Royal Exchange, named Stephenus, who ſhipped off Maſſeh to Amſterdam, and took Emin to his lodging, at one Mr. Newman's on Dowgate Hill, facing Skinner's Hall. The author had about fifty-two rupees, beſides a few ſhillings, the remainder of his pay; he gave them all to Stephenus, out of which he paid three guineas to Mr. Middleton, maſter of an academy in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, beforehand, agreeably to the rule eſtabliſhed; and afterwards three more, when he had finiſhed ſome learning; and agreed to pay a ſhilling a-day to Mrs. Newman for lodging, waſhing, and boarding. He lived in that houſe exactly fifty days, when the Armenian began to change his mind. Mrs. Newman found fault with his

his eating, which ſhe thought was more than a ſhilling's worth. Stephenus ſaid, "I will give you a guinea a-month, but cannot afford more, manage as well as you can. He contented himſelf even with that, better than with nothing, lodging in the ſame houſe, and paying a ſhilling a-week to ſleep in the garret, two ſhillings and ſix-pence for waſhing and mending, and a ſhilling for ſhaving twice a-week, making in all fifteen ſhillings; there remained ſix ſhillings to live on, little more than two-pence halfpenny a-day. Almoſt for ſeven months he made a ſhift, in that miſerable ſtarving condition, and diligently attended the academy; when, to his ſorrow, Mrs. Newman, his landlady, gave him a month's warning to leave the lodging, and ſaid, "The Armenian petty merchant will not ſtay with us on your account: as he pays thirty pounds ſterling a-year for his table, ſhould he leave the houſe, it will go againſt the grain with us." Poor Mrs. Newman made many apologies, and ſhewed great uneaſineſs for the author's diſtreſſed ſituation.

This circumſtance was owing to the unhappy Armenian's being turned papiſt, and wiſhing him to be in the ſame way of thinking; but could by no means prevail on him to become

become a turn-coat like himſelf. He remembered the ſame ill uſage from ſome Mahomedan Perſians, when he was perſecuted in the city of Caſhán; but, truſting in God, he did not deſpair. He was obliged to abſent himſelf from the academy, and try if he could get any employ. Mr. Newman and his good wife adviſed him to go to the regiſter-office, a little mean room behind the Royal Exchange, and promiſed to give him a good character. Miſs Newman, their daughter, was ſent by them with Emin to have his name regiſtered in a book, where ſeveral gentlemen who wanted ſervants had ſet their names and directions. According to the cuſtom, he paid a ſhilling, which he had found in one of the winter nights, about nine o'clock, walking in the Exchange in order to keep himſelf warm, as he was not permitted, by the ſevere order of the Armenian, to enter the room, or go near the kitchen fire; a barbarity neither a Turk nor a Jew would have been guilty of. The regiſter maſter, laughing and making a jeſt of him all the time, directed him every day, in the morning, for a week, to different gentlemen; when he, with great difficulty, for want of proper food to keep him in ſtrength, found the houſe, being

being chiefly at a great diſtance, almoſt at the other end of the town, the gentlemen ſaid, you are made a fool by the regiſter, we are provided with ſervants. Some of them ſaid, he looked very ugly; ſome ſwore; ſome ſaid, he looked nine ways for a Sunday; and another ſaid, "If any body ſhould chance to ſee your countenance, he would not have good luck for a fortnight together."

In this unſpeakable condition he was directed at laſt to go to Drury Lane, to a broken houſe, where he found a carpenter working, and a labourer, who was a ſoldier. When they were acquainted with his errand, they told him that their maſter was not a fine gentleman, to keep a footman, but a bricklayer. Emin's anſwer to the honeſt ſoldier was, "That he did not care if the perſon was a ſcavenger, to get bread by induſtry he would work at any thing; but if he ſhould not get buſineſs, he was reſolved rather to die with hunger, like a man, than to beg." This moved the brave ſoldier to ſuch a degree, that it made him cry like a child; and turning himſelf towards the carpenter, "It is hard," he ſaid, "to be a ſtranger; for I was in the ſame ſituation once in Flanders." He treated Emin with a pint of beer, which he drank againſt

againſt his will; in the mean time, he promiſed to ſpeak a good word to his maſter. While he was comforting Emin, in came a gentleman, named Mr. Emir, a freſh-looking man, about thirty years of age. The honeſt ſoldier accoſted him, and began his mediation; but no ſooner did he hear the name of a foreigner, than he flew into a paſſion, kicking about the rubbiſh, damning Emin for a Frenchman. He aſſured him of the contrary, and that he was an Armenian; that he had nothing in the world but a good character. The gentleman took the appellation for a German, and ſaid, "Very well, I am very glad you are not a Frenchman; ſtep in the next door." He then called for a pint of beer; and ſeeing the author almoſt waſted away, ordered ſome bread and cheeſe; and ſtood by the bar. While Emin was eating, and again drinking up ſtrong beer, to have his good opinion, (ſince the common people in London have the conceit, that if any labouring man does not drink ſtrong beer, he will not be able to work,) Mr. Emir, the maſter bricklayer, was ſtanding by looking at him, and pitying him with as much concern as if he had been his brother. Emin could not be perſuaded that he ſhould pay all;

he paid for the bread, and the maſter for the beer.

This happened in the month of May, when he was twenty-three years of age; the days being long, the carpenter and ſoldier left off work and went away at the ſettled hour. Maſter Emir ordered Emin to ſit on the rubbiſhing ground to work, and gave him a pickax to make holes at the narrow ends of ſlates to faſten pegs into them, which ſerve to fix them on the tops of houſes. The author ſat himſelf down contentedly to work; but while the bricklayer was taken up with other things, he broke, in half an hour's time, near 200 ſlates, not knowing how to manage the tool. When his maſter came back to look how he was going on, he cried out, "O Lord, you ruin me; you have ſpoiled three ſhillings worth of materials!—come, come, that is not your buſineſs, it does not ſignify, I only did it to try you; I can ſee that you are willing to work; what you told me agrees with your induſtrious motions, you appear indefatigable; never mind it, you will be able to live in our country, for you ſeem to be a true German." The author trying to correct the miſunderſtanding, ſaid, "Sir, I am not a German:" he anſwered, "Well, well, Germans and Armenians

nians are all alike, as long as you are not a Frenchman, I am glad of it." He added, "This is Saturday, to-morrow is Sunday, when all good Chriſtians muſt go to church, and I hope you are one?" "Yes, maſter," ſaid Emin. "Then," ſaid he, "if you will come on Monday morning, you ſhall have half-a-crown a-day, like the reſt of the workmen;" bidding a good afternoon, which made him in ſome degree happy.

Emin had at that time two ſhillings left out of a guinea, the remainder of laſt month's allowance by Stephenus: and, when he went home and told his mother-like Mrs. Newman what had happened, ſeeming to be pretty cheerful too, ſhe ſaid, "The work is very laborious, and equally dangerous: as you are not uſed to climb up high ladders, who knows but you may fall down, and break your neck into the bargain. Your beſt way will be to go to Blackwall or Deptford, and work with the people loading and unloading ſhips; and conſider you have but a fortnight more to ſtay in my houſe, for your Jew countryman every day threatens to leave us if you don't go away." He ſaid nothing, went up to his garret, which, although very clean, to him appeared a loathſome dungeon, in which he

he hardly enjoyed comfort of bed for the ſpace of nine months. He could not cloſe his eyes that whole night, nor the next following, partly through hunger, partly vexation of mind; but praying to God, he bore it as well as he could.

Diſappointing Emir the bricklayer, two hours before ſun-riſe on Monday morning, he ſet out for *Deptford*. When he came to an ale-houſe by the ſide of the Thames, he called for a pint of porter like a luſty fellow, to appear well in the eyes of the houſekeeper, ſenſible that for two days before he had not digeſted the ſame liquor, ſo that he poured poiſon upon poiſon. When he thought he could ſpeak with aſſurance, he ſaid to the woman, "Pray, madam, is there any veſſel here, to be unloaded?" *drinking up the pint, and calling for another, to appear more generous.* She ſaid, "No, Sir, you are too early, the Indiamen are not yet arrived; you have no occaſion to ſpend your money in vain; I ſee you drink againſt your will, and are not very well." He begged to lay himſelf down on the bench; ſhe had no objection, and ſaid to him, in a grave manner, "After you have reſted a little, ſtep into the next long room, there you will ſee many men ly-

ing and rolling upon dry hard boards, all for want of work." A few minutes after, he got up and viſited the manſion, with its owner. It was a real purgatory, where, if he ſhould eſcape dying with hunger, he muſt ſhare the ſame miſery with them. His heart was filled with the diſtracting portion of beer, without a ſoul, in a plentiful country, to be found, who would beſtow on him a drop of the antidote of hope. He can hardly recollect how he reached the lodging on Dowgate Hill, where he had juſt ſenſe enough to throw himſelf down in the houſe. The darling drink of porters, the medical barley wine, had ſuch an effect on him, and took away his ſtrength to ſuch a degree, that he was not able to walk up ſtairs, and lay down upon the ſtone pavement in the yard, at the office door.

The kitchen window, on the firſt floor, was over that place; where he could hear the Armenian ſpeaking to the people, murmuring againſt Emin, dropping unbecoming expreſſions enough to poiſon the hearer, hallooing loudly to Mrs. Newman, and ſaying, "What is become of your garret-lodger? your honeſt huſband was fooliſh enough to believe him, and give him a good character for honeſty; who knows

knows now where he is pleaſuring?" Mrs. Newman anſwered, with a loud voice, "Say what you will, he is an honeſt young man; what you ſay is all ſpite, becauſe he would not be a papiſt like you; nor do I care a pin for your ſtaying or not in my houſe; and I am aſſured, nobody elſe in this city will let you board ſo reaſonably as we do: I am an Engliſhwoman, do not like your overbearing temper; hold your tongue."

To this dialogue he liſtened five minutes, and lay down, from half an hour after ſix, to almoſt eleven o'clock, in the moſt tormenting pain. Juſt as they were going to ſupper, the ſervant maid came down to ſhut the back door, and ſaw him ſprawling on the ſtones. She was frightened at firſt, but when ſhe knew who he was, *ſhe ran up, ſcreaming, and told her miſtreſs that Mr. Emin was dead.* This happened aptly to her boarder's reflection, and her good-will towards the author; ſhe immediately ran down ſtairs, with her huſband, daughter, and ſervant, who took him up in their arms, carried and laid him on his bed; made him to take a glaſs of wine, with ſome rhubarb, and with a little care, cured him of the diſorder, and ſaved his life.

He reprimanded lightly the old unthinking cruel man, who meditated another method of revenging himself upon Emin, and the next morning called him to his room. Emin supposed his compassion to have been moved, or inclined to reconciliation. But on the contrary, he produced an account of the expences he had been at, and made the balance due to be seventeen pounds sterling: he then said to Emin, "As you cannot afford to pay me now, it is necessary to draw a bond in form, on condition to pay the balance in six months." Well knowing he could not pay it in six years, (Mrs. Newman was then standing behind the door, and heard all that passed,) Emin said to him, "Sir, since you depart from your word, as you have departed from your father's religion, I give my word, that I will pay the sum when I am able; as to a writing under my hand, that is not to be expected." And added, "That he was sensible of his wicked intention, and that, if he would not be easy with the answer he received, he would give him a good thrashing, and expose his character on the Royal Exchange among all the merchants." Upon which Stephenus looked as pale as death, resembling Shylock the avaricious Jew in the Merchant

Merchant of Venice.' When he came out of the room, he ſaw the landlady ſtanding in the way; ſhe ſtepped in, and ſaid to the Armenian, "He ſerved you right." Then ſhe came out, and ſaid to Emin, "Well done! now you have behaved like a man of ſpirit."

The author ſeeing it was impoſſible for him to get any ſort of employment in the light ſervice of a gentleman, made it his buſineſs to go upon the Royal Exchange every day except Sundays, his finances being reduced ſo low as that he was obliged to make a more pinching calculation, and lived upon three half-pence a-day for three weeks, in order to linger away by degrees to the welcome gates of death. He found at laſt, on the 'Change, a ſailor in a blue jacket, belonging to Criſp's office, talking to ſome other countrymen, perhaps no leſs deſtitute than himſelf. Curioſity as well as neceſſity, led him to know what they were about. The man in the blue jacket ſaid to him, "Well, my friend, will you do as they do?" "What is it?" ſaid Emin. "They have no friends in London, like yourſelf," anſwered he; "and are deſirous to go to Jamaica: they are to ſign indentures for ſo many years, ſome ten, ſome fifteen, ſome twenty. After the time

limited ſhall be over, they will have a piece of land given them for their ſervice. Though it is a little hard in that hot country, yet if they ſurvive, and behave ſoberly, they may make their fortune." By that ſort of dog rhetorick he filled the author's head full of ſenſe, and his belly full of victuals. He ſaid he would conſider.

Three days after, as the month was expired, he left the lodging; for that day he made a ſhift to walk in the 'Change, ſaw the man again, agreed to go on board the next day, and aſhamed to tell the fellow that he had no place to ſleep in, was obliged to walk in the ſtreets of London for the whole night, from one end to the other, like a watchman, having no more than three halfpence in his pocket. The next morning providentially he met Mr. Middleton's ſon William. Now he hoped to live in England, as William ſtopped him at the top of Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, and was very inquiſitive to know the reaſon of his pale look, and the cauſe of his abſence three weeks from the academy. At firſt he heſitated, but to no purpoſe:—but when he told his caſe, the young gentleman cried; forced him to the academy; told his father, named Mr. John Lambert, and Mrs. Middleton the mo-

mother, who pitied him extremely, and were ſorry for not knowing his diſtreſs before. The father ſaid to the ſon, "Will. take him to your room, let him have ſome victuals firſt, then we will talk the matter over."

The wandering writer took great care in eating, for fear of ill conſequences. The young gentleman conducted him to his own room, treated him with great humanity (being then hardly twelve years of age); which behaviour could not have been ſurpriſing if he had been a full grown man. He brought breakfaſt, dinner and ſupper with his own hands for ſeveral days after. Emin ſlept in the houſe that night.

The next morning, Mr. Middleton the father aſked him the reaſon of his falling out with the Armenian Stephenus. He ſaid, "Sir, I will not trouble you with the ſtory; pleaſe to ſend and aſk the people of the houſe of Mr. Newman; they will tell you at once." Immediately an elderly ſervant maid was ſent for that purpoſe. When ſhe came back, ſhe related all the circumſtances; and Mr. Middleton was made eaſy in regard to his character. He then ſaid, "What do you intend to do now, Mr. Emin?" He anſwered, "Sir, I am obliged to this young gentleman for his hoſ-

pitality, which ſaved me from dying in the ſtreet for want. I beg it as a favour to take quarter in your houſe three or four days more, if it is not troubleſome, and then I will go away about my buſineſs." "Whither do you intend to go," ſaid he, "let me know it?" Emin then proceeded thus: "The bread of idleneſs is poiſon to a man who would rather ſtarve than yield to it: I have agreed to ſell myſelf on the 'Change to work in the Weſt-India plantations for a livelihood." He then repeated his grateful thanks. Mr. Middleton ſaid, "Can you bring to me the perſon with whom you have made the agreement?" "I don't know, Sir," ſaid Emin; "if you pleaſe I will go for him." He went; and when he had found him on the 'Change, he ſaid to *him*, "Come, let us go to a friend of mine *juſt by*, who is deſirous to know the nature of the indenture which is to be ſigned." The man no ſooner heard the name "a friend" mentioned, than he flew in a paſſion, and ſaid, "We have nothing to do with any one that has even an acquaintance in the place. Get away! don't trouble my head about it." But when the author went back and told Mr. Middleton of it, he very gladly expreſſed himſelf thus: "You have eſcaped being kidnapped;

ped; for thoſe ſoul-buyers make harmleſs creatures believe them till they get them on board, and then by compulſion oblige them to ſign the wicked indenture, inſtead of ten or fifteen years, as had been ſettled a-ſhore, and according to their ages, make them write forty or fifty years, ſo that the poor ſimple ſlaves muſt live and die in miſery. *In my opinion, your beſt way will be,* if you do not think yourſelf demeaned by it, to ſtay in my houſe, and wait on the gentlemen, keep the key of your deſk, and when you have an opportunity, ſit in the academy and mind your learning with them: you will then have boarding and education by your own induſtry, without being beholden to any one, and the ſervant will *not be long before he goes away; you ſhall have the ſame wages that he has, which is nine pounds a-year.*"

All this paſſed before the gentlemen in the academy, above forty-five or fifty in number, half of them boarders, and half day-ſcholars. The author accepted the offer with cheerfulneſs; his young friend expreſſed great joy, and made him in a manner his companion, treating him with civility, while the old ſervant continued in the houſe. The gentlemen thought it rather unpolite of Mr. Middleton,

to

to ſay that he ſhould wait on them, and with great reluctance could bring themſelves to ſend him even on an errand, as he had been a ſchool-fellow of theirs for nine months before that happened. But Emin took pains to inure their delicate minds to command him as their waiting-ſervant, expoſtulating, and ſhewing the difference between his former and his preſent ſtation; begging, in the mean time, that they would be ſo good as to conſider his preſent preferable ſituation to a life of ſlavery, which, if he had not eſcaped, they would have been continually calling him to mind, and ſaying, "Oh, poor Emin! he is gone, and loſt for ever; though the artful kidnapper ſaid, he would be a great man."

Among the boarders there were two brothers, the grand-children of the late old Sir John Evelyn; the name of the youngeſt was John, amazingly conſiderate for his infant age; he took more notice of every thing than the reſt; was ſurprizingly exact in his morning and evening prayers; yet very cautious not to be ſeen by any: he uſed to comfort Emin, when now and then he found him a little thoughtful.

One day, as the author, after ſchool, was ſitting at his table, writing ſome accounts in his book,

book, both brothers came in and ſat upon the deſk before him, teazing him. As not being in one of his beſt humours, he begged of them to let him alone; they ſtill perſiſted to play and laugh; when, by accident or intention, his young friend even ſet the inkhorn on the page of the book, and dawbed it from top to bottom, which wrought upon his wild Aſiatic temper to ſtrike the face of his beſt friend, and ſet the poor innocent's noſe bleeding. He wiſhed that very inſtant the elder brother had been ſtrong enough to have beaten him heartily for that unaccountable conduct; but he, ſeeing the poor child in that bloody condition, took him by the hand to carry him to Mr. Middleton and make a complaint. The author then took for granted, that without fail he muſt prepare for an aſylum on board of the crimp ſhip for the Weſt India plantation. The harmleſs bleeding lamb, inſtead of conturring, made this very ſpeech: "Dear brother, I have received the blow of that iron-hand according to my deſert; we plagued him firſt; what buſineſs had we here after the academy was over? Your heart I am ſure is ſorry for me, but conſider Mr. Emin's caſe; what will become of him, if Mr. Middleton were ſhewn the condition I am in? He will

be

be turned out into the ſtreet, without a friend; what ſhall we get by that? Come, Mr. Emin, do not make yourſelf uneaſy, it is all our fault: upon my honour I will not open my lips about it to any one in the ſchool, and you ſhall have a new book from me: come, give me your hand, let us be friends again; do not mind, it is all over." What will the candid reader think of this ſingularity? It is to be hoped he cannot avoid being ſenſible of the author's meaning: in endeavouring to write the rough narrative of his life, he inadvertently comes in the way of truth, and ſpreads the light of it upon every page, without which every line of it would appear as dark as midnight.

The man went away a few weeks after: Emin ſucceeded to the office, cleaning twenty-four pair of ſhoes, and twice the number of knives and forks, and running on errands for all the gentlemen, who, though he did not think it reaſonable to be paid, yet would by force make him accept ſome, ſaying, "If you refuſe, upon our honour we will never ſpeak to you any more."

Twice a-week he carried ſome eatables in a hand-baſket to the country-houſe for the family, nine or ten miles, down to Aldborough Hatch;

Hatch; ſometimes he walked, and at other times rode on horſeback.

In that ſituation he paſſed life very comfortably, and more ſo through the good-nature of his ſchool-fellows, and their amicable expreſſions. As he could not ſit at table to dinner with them, they honoured him by turns with inviting him to drink tea every afternoon in their ſeparate apartments. But, to his great ſorrow, Mr. *Middleton* broke; and, being indebted to ſome tradeſmen to the amount of 4000l. was obliged to conceal himſelf till a commiſſion of bankrupt was taken out. As Mrs. Middleton could not truſt the ſecret to any one in the houſe, ſhe depoſited a note with the faithful Emin, who by direction found the tavern where the gentleman was (*he believes ſomewhere near St. Paul's*), and *delivered the note to the waiter. Preſently* after came out *Mr. Middleton*, who treated Emin with half a pint of wine, and a preſent of half-a-guinea, giving him an anſwer to the note, which he brought to the lady. No ſoul knew of the ſecret from him for the ſpace of thirty-five years.

A fortnight after, Mr. Middleton came out. Mr. Reeves, another academy maſter, took the houſe: and Emin loſt his wages, 6l. 10s.

which were then due; ill-natured fortune making him a ſufferer as well as other creditors. At that time he had no more than 10s. 6d. in his pocket, with an old Rag-fair coat and waiſtcoat, and ſix ſack-cloth ſhirts, darned by a good waſher-woman in an hundred places, like the late king of Perſia Cavim Khan's head-ſhawl, or the patched ſhoes of Peter the Great in the battle of Poltowa.

The Armenian merchant Stephenus, like Charles XII. of Sweden, preſſing very hard for his 17l. the author offered himſelf to the new ſchoolmaſter to ſtay in the houſe as a ſervant; he anſwered very coolly, that he was provided. The young gentlemen, his dear comforters, were all gone to their reſpective homes; and he was left alone again to his fate, with a hungry ſtomach. But fortunately, Mr. Warren, a barber, happened to know him at the academy, where he uſed to do ſome little errands. As the gentlemen were his cuſtomers, and he frequented the houſe, often dining there, and walking in the place, he knew Emin's character, and aſked him, if he was ſtrong enough to do porter's work? He anſwered without heſitation, yes; to ſave himſelf from going to take a ſurvey of the ſtreets of London again, after running eighteen

teen months up and down. Oh! could he but catch that imaginary goddeſs Fortune, like one of fleſh and blood, in a place where no ſoul ſhould be but God alone, he would make her ſenſible of the cruel bitterneſs of the diſtreſs which ſhe inflicts!

As the author thought he could not do otherwiſe, he conſented to Mr. Warren's propoſal; and was conducted by him to one Mr. Roberts's, at the corner of Sun-yard, in the ſame ſtreet, a grocer, to whom he was recommended properly for his good character, agreeing to ſerve at the rate of 8l. a year. The maſter ſaid, "If the porter behaves well, I promiſe to make his wages 10l. next year." He then began to work like a horſe: in eighteen months he cleared his debt, partly by wages, partly by vails; and managed ſo as to ſave a little from his wages to pay for his trifling learning, whenever he had an opportunity.

When the government ordered a lottery to raiſe money for the purchaſe of Sir Hans Sloane's curioſities, he had courage to buy half a ticket, which coſt him a guinea, and had a ſmall prize of 4l. 10s.

His upper garment began to appear a little decent, but his linen was in the ſame plight, darning

darning over darning; and not to uſe thoſe faithful companions too ill, he thought it neceſſary through compaſſion never to wear them in the night-time, leſt ſome unforeſeen caſualty ſhould befal them, and deprive the author of their agreeable company.

One of thoſe days he received a very preſſing letter, dated twelve o'clock in the forenoon, from Mr. Stephenus the Armenian Jew, begging for Chriſt's ſake that he would go to him; which accordingly he did. In going up ſtairs, he firſt ſtept into the parlour to viſit Mrs. Newman, whom he had not ſeen for almoſt two years. Inquiring for the petitioner, ſhe ſaid, "Go up ſtairs into his room, and ſee the condition he has brought himſelf to; I do not know but it may be the judgment of Heaven upon the man for his behaviour towards you, as I have told you before a hundred times that you will thrive, and do not know how he will end his life at laſt; go up, Sir, go up." When he entered the manſion, he found the windows all covered with flannels, caulked up like a ſhip, ſmelling moſt diſagreeably, with a candle burning before him, and himſelf ſitting by the fire-ſide: as his tongue, mouth, and lips, were ſwelled ſo that he was not able to ſpeak a word, there were

were pen, ink, and paper, ready on the table; he took a pen and wrote the following words: "Emin, you are ſenſible that I have been your great enemy, and endeavoured to ruin you all the time you have been in this country; but God was with you: —help me, for the bloody croſs of Chriſt!— if you do not go this inſtant to Mr. Muilman, and tell him my deplorable caſe (who has taken for granted that I am in the country), to-morrow I ſhall be ſent away to priſon by another Armenian, called Peter Paul, and by a Jew, to whom I owe 300l. ſterling, on a joint bond." He finiſhed the letter, and fell down on his knees. The miſerable object of pity affected the author ſo deeply, that he forgot his own hardſhips. Immediately he ran to *Mr. Muilman, a merchant in Old Broad-ſtreet*, acquainted him with the affair, and thus was the means of ſaving both the life and credit of Stephenus. This happened in December; the poor man lived ſome years after, extremely reduced, and died at laſt in great miſery, in the ſame honourable employment of a porter, which Emin himſelf was obliged to undertake. But he was, and is, really ſorry to the heart, without the leaſt diſſimulation; for he thinks, that to rejoice at the downfal of an evil-doer, is one of the

meaneſt emotions of a cowardly mind, and ought to be diſdained by every man of humanity.

The author, from the time of his coming to London, during eighteen months at the academy, and twenty-one months in the ſervice of Mr. Roberts (almoſt three years and a half), never miſſed an opportunity of writing to his father in Calcutta, from whom he received no anſwer; which made him the more uneaſy in his ſervile ſituation, as he had given over even the hopes of his exiſtence. But the ſame Armenian jeweller mentioned before, named Peter Paul, had on his arrival from Madras brought with him a ſervant from Bengal, who ſaid to Emin, "Your father is angry with you; he cannot *hold* up his head among the Armenians, who continually in converſation are caſting reflections upon him in that place, and laughing at him for his imprudence, in venturing to let his ſon go to learn Engliſh; well knowing the wildneſs of his temper before, and how untameable he was while in chains of ſtrictneſs, which with his own hands he had broken, and let him looſe to fly to the remoteſt part of the world, there to be loſt for ever." The author was made happy in his exile, hearing his father

father was alive; but could not help laughing at thoſe cowardly gentlemen, who, not obſerving the beams in their own eyes, try to take the mote out of a neighbour's eye, without ſenſe enough to diſtinguiſh the moon from a piece of green cheeſe.

Some time after, about ten in the morning, the author, working in the ſhop, taking ſome ſugar out of a hogſhead, looking as dirty as a chimney ſweeper, ſaw a gentleman ſtop at the door in his coach-and-four, named William Davis, Eſq. formerly chief at Dacca, in the honourable company's employment. He inquired for Joſeph Emin, gave him a letter from his father, and ſtood till he read it over. The contents were, that he was to receive from Mr. Davis 500 rupees, upon condition that he would return to Bengal, otherwiſe not to be entitled to a penny of the ſum. He ſaid to Mr. Davis, "Since my father miſtruſts me, be pleaſed to write to him, that his ſon will neither receive the remitted money, nor ſubmit to ſuch ſeverity, as he truſts himſelf to God, who will take care of him." Mr. Davis much, on the whole, approved the author's declaration, and ſaid, "Call upon me in Norfolk-ſtreet, when an opportunity offers." Mr. Roberts was ſurprized, with all his family, to

think what could be his ſervant's reaſon for chuſing to ſtay in the houſe as a labouring porter, rather than receive 500 rupees, and return to his father like a gentleman: "Our country is depopulated," ſaid he, "for the ſake of India; yet this man, in this low condition of life, prefers the former to the latter; he muſt know ſomething which is a myſtery to us. Well, well, Mrs. Roberts, Joſeph is an honeſt fellow, and I am very glad he does not go for our own ſakes: you know we like him as one of the family; and as he likes us as well, let him ſtay as long as he pleaſes." The author was not mindleſs of Mr. Roberts's humane care, who now and then, when he had a great deal to do in the houſe, employed a ticket porter to do part of his work.

As Sundays are free to all ſervants in the city, Emin's delight was to riſe every Sunday in the morning, early enough to march up to St. Janſes's Park to ſee the guard relieved, and back again to breakfaſt. In his way he called on Mr. Davis, who told him, I would write to his father that he could not come that ſeaſon, but would the next: "I ſhall keep," added he, "the money in my poſſeſſion till then." Emin not thinking it proper to contradict him, thanked him, and went away

away to the city. Some time after, he anſwered his father in the negative, that he would neither receive the remittance, nor return to Bengal to hear his reprimand, and to have the mortification of ſeeing others laugh at him in their ſleeves, who ſtretch forth their mouth unto heaven, and their tongue goeth through the world: he further declared, that he would not come away eaſily, without an ample ſatisfaction to his mind: he humbly begged of his father not to be diſpleaſed, but to pray for his ſon, whoſe honour was ſo much at ſtake. He concluded, "every thing in good time, dear father; patience overcomes all."

He ſtayed three months more in the ſame houſe, which was exactly two years complete; but found the work too hard; and by carrying heavy loads in a baſket on the knot upon his ſhoulders, hurt himſelf at laſt, and was obliged to take leave with three pounds thirteen ſhillings, which he had ſaved, in his pocket.

He went thence to one Mr. Webſter, attorney at law in Queen-ſtreet, Cheapſide, upon whom he uſed to call twice a-week, to know if he could get a place as a writer in ſome gentleman's counting-houſe, as he had

been recommended two years before by a Mr. Philpot, one of the gentlemen boarders of Mr. Middleton's academy. Mr. Webſter, on inquiry, found Emin to be out of place; and knowing well that he could write a tolerable hand, employed him to write in his office, favouring him with board and lodging in his houſe. This little genteel ſucceſs became a great ſubject of converſation among his brother porters, and the ſervant maids in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, who ſaid, "Oh, Lord! the little Armenian porter is turned a gentleman;" not knowing it was but for a ſhort time.

There he copied caſes of law-ſuits about ſix weeks. He never miſſed a page without ſome quotation from the lives of Peter the Great of Ruſſia, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and Telemachus; which, by mere chance, he found in the room, and thoughtleſsly inſerted them among the lines of his writing. Poor Mr. Webſter was obliged to ſcratch them out for hours together, ſaying, in the mean time, to his Armenian clerk, "Sure, Mr. Emin, you have ſome very odd notions in your head; I believe you will be a ſoldier at laſt." Finding it impoſſible for him, in ſpite of the utmoſt caution, to avoid errors, which daſhed him with chagrin; good

good Mr. Webſter could bear it no more; paid him twenty-ſix ſhillings, telling him politely, that the term was over, and there was no more buſineſs for him to do.

He went away, and took a lodging ſomewhere about the Temple, where he ſtaid a week; thence he removed to Holborn; thence to the Strand, to one Mr. Philpot's, who kept a grocery, cyder and perry ſhop. He became a father, and his wife a mother, to Emin; who took his lodging up two pair of ſtairs, bought his own ſugar and tea, and every morning had a penny-worth of buttered roll for his breakfaſt. He reſided with them in this economical manner. The kettle on the fire in a ſmall room below ſtairs near the ſhop, was boiling gratis; each perſon put a *ſpoonful of tea in the joint-pot; and each had his cup and ſaucer, in which he took* care to put ſparingly a certain quantity of ſugar. If he dined with them on common days, he paid three pence for his dinner; and if on Sunday, a groat. He kept no company with thoſe of the ſame ſtation with himſelf; nor had he, indeed, even from the time of his arrival in London. Now and then Mr. Philpot procured ſome writing jobs for him: when he had time to ſpare, he generally

read thoſe heroic books before-mentioned; and conſtantly attended every morning the drilling of the recruits in St. James's Park, as well as the exerciſe of the king's guards.

One Sunday afternoon, as he was walking in the park, he ſaw among the multitude, Mr. Bodly the lawyer, whom he had ſeen at Calcutta, at the old Court Houſe, pleading at the bar, when he was a ſchool-boy there. His heart jumped for joy with thinking he ſhould hear ſome news from him about his father. This gentleman was accompanied by another, very tall and well made, but a ſtranger to the author; who followed them up and down before Buckingham-Gate four times, but had not courage enough to ſpeak; when obſerving the countenance of Mr. Bodly's noble-looking companion to be more affable, he took off his hat, and accoſting him, told him that he knew that perſon. He immediately returned the compliment, and aſked Emin what the gentleman's name was? He anſwered, Mr. Bodly. He then ſaid, "Tell me your reaſon for not ſpeaking to him, ſince you know him?" The author ſaid, as he had been ſo many years in the Eaſt, breathing the air of that quarter, he feared ſome rebuking word from him, ſuch as

as he had heard on the ſelf-ſame ground ſome months ago from captain Grady, who was the chief mate of the Old Walpole Indiaman, in which he had been a laſcar. The noble-looking gentleman was much taken by the obſervation, as well as the remark of the author, and deſired him to walk with them. In a few minutes he ſatisfied himſelf with Mr. Bodly in regard to Emin's father. The noble ſtranger began to inquire very cloſely the reaſon for his coming away from Bengal. The author perceiving him to be fond of converſation in his walk, thought it proper to open to him the wounds of his heart.

As he was going on with rapidity, inadvertently the gentleman dropped a reflecting word on two officers who were walking within fifteen yards before them, and ſaid, "Thoſe red-coats are the willing ſlaves of the nation." This made Emin ſtop ſhort, and hold his peace. They took him with them into the ſmall Wilderneſs, where they ate ſome ruſks and drank ſome milk, and came out of the park. When it was juſt dark, Mr. Bodly went to his habitation, and his noble companion invited Emin to his apartment, up

two

two pair of ſtairs, at the ſign of Pope's Head, at a bookſeller's near the Temple.

No ſooner had they ſat down, than the gentleman, beginning the converſation, aſked the author the reaſon of his ſtopping ſhort in the midſt of his narrative; he anſwered, "On account of your reflection concerning the military gentlemen." "My friend," ſaid he, "you did not underſtand my meaning; there is as vaſt a difference between you and them, as between mid-day and mid-night; they are inliſted in the ſervice for a livelihood; you have left that fine country for improvement, that you may become conſiderable, and be of ſervice to your countrymen." This ſoothing way of talking made Emin lay open every particular of his honourable motives; and he then begged to be favoured with the name of a gentleman who treated him with ſo much courteſy. He very politely anſwered, "Sir, my name is Edmund Burke, at your ſervice; I am a runaway ſon from a father, as you are." He then took half-a-guinea out of his pocket, preſented it to Emin, and ſaid, "Upon my honour, this is what I have at preſent, pleaſe to accept it." Emin thanked him, took three guineas and a half

a half out of his own pocket, and ſaid, "I am worth ſo much; it will not be honeſt to accept of that; not becauſe it is a ſmall ſum; if it were a thouſand pounds, I would not. I am not come away from my friends to get money; but if you will continue your kind notice towards me, that is all I want; and I ſhall value it more than a prince's treaſure." When *Mr. Burke* underſtood that he could read and write, he gave him the Tatler, and made him read a paragraph of it. He approved him; and ſaid, "Very well; lay it down. I am your friend, as much as it lies in my power." He took Emin's direction; who bade him good night, and went away.

The next morning, Mr. Burke had the *condeſcenſion to viſit him in his room*; and *adviſed him to read ſuch and ſuch books.* Emin begged of him to indulge him with the liberty to wait on him now and then. Mr. Burke ſaid, "As often as you pleaſe; I ſhall be glad to ſee you:" and a few days after, introduced him to his relation Mr. William Burke, who is now ſometimes here, and ſometimes at Madras; and who has been equally kind ever ſince. For the ſpace of thirty-one years, neither of them ſhewed the

the leaſt reſerve; the former diſtinguiſhing him by polite correſpondence, the latter by perſonal kindneſs, which his grateful heart has obliged him to remember all the days of his life.

Emin had been at Mr. Philpot's about a month before he was made happy by the acquaintance of Mr. Burke; his three guineas and a half laſted him another month; and he was obliged at laſt to apply to Mr. Davis, and received ten guineas, part of the 500 rupees; and promiſed one of two things, either to pay it back, or to receive the whole when he returned to Bengal. He did this through neceſſity; but he did not give over his hopes, and he truſted that the providence of God would aſſiſt him to the very hour of his ſetting out for that country, and would not let him go without compaſſing his deſign, to appear among people, who, like Banians, are entire ſtrangers to humanity; ſtanding ready to ſpit out their poiſon without remorſe or conſideration. They would ſay, "He is come at laſt; a laſcar he went, a booby he has returned." The weight of this thought he felt heavier than all his paſt misfortunes. Had not Mr. Burke conſoled him now and then, he might have been

been loſt for ever through deſpair; but his friend always adviſed him to put his truſt in God; and he never miſſed a day without ſeeing Emin. He was writing books at the time, and deſired the author to copy them; the firſt was, an imitation of the late Lord Bolingbroke's Letter; the ſecond, The Treatiſe of Sublime and Beautiful.

In the month of November, when one morning the author was going along Cheapſide, he met a young man in a Turkiſh habit, and had the curioſity to ſpeak to him in that language, as he found him to be an Armenian; both parties were glad to ſee each other. Emin, after inquiry, was informed that the man had been ſent over with an Arabian horſe, as a groom, by the Engliſh merchants at *Aleppo*, for his Grace the late Duke (at that time Earl) of Northumberland. The Armenian groom deſired him to call on him at Northumberland-houſe, as he was an entire ſtranger to the Engliſh, in order to explain ſome words to the people of the houſe; to which he agreed very gladly, not foreſeeing the happy conſequences of it. The next morning accordingly he went, and ſtood interpreter between him and the ſervants of the houſe, more particularly his Grace's gentleman,

gentleman, Mr. Bale, who wanted to give him a commiſſion for an Arabian horſe, and was glad to have Emin's aſſiſtance, to give a particular explanation. His countryman deſired him to dine there with the footmen, but not with him at the ſecond table; where his Grace's gentleman, the Ducheſs's gentlewoman, the ſteward, the head French cook, and Mr. Lambe, groom of the chambers, were; which unpolite behaviour, obliged Emin to reprimand the man pretty ſmartly; upon which, both Mr. Bale and Lambe appeared, taking him by the hand, made him ſet with them at the ſame table at dinner. The Armenian told Mr. Bale as well as he could, that Emin ſaid, though he was taken ſo much notice of, yet he was a ſubject of Emin's. This little circumſtance was inſinuated to his Grace without the knowledge of the author, who was not in the leaſt aware of the intereſt Mr. Bale had been making, from the firſt day of his frequenting the houſe, to introduce him to his Grace's audience. While Emin was doing ſome little writing buſineſs here and there, and ſaved juſt enough to pay the ten guineas back again to Mr. Davis, to whom he ſaid, that as he could not do otherwiſe, he would work for his paſſage, or could

could accept the money; on purpoſe that when he arrived in Bengal, underſtanding the Engliſh tolerably well, he might get employment there, and not be obliged to hear the mortifying expreſſions from the Armenian Banians, nor to bear the cool reception of his relations. Good Mr. Davis uſed his utmoſt endeavours to perſuade him, but he would by no means accept the money; he ſaid, ſince he was ſo worthleſs as not to be maintained by a whole kingdom, not to be truſted by a father, it was beneath him to ſubmit to meanneſs. He once truſted in God, and would ſtand to his word, though his heart was hung by a ſingle hair; but his hope told him, That Great Maker would not deſert him. Thereupon Mr. Davis wrote a note, and recommended him to Mr. Crab Bolton, in a little ſquare near Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, that time chairman of the court of directors, who favoured him with a writing to ſhip himſelf on board an Indiaman for Bengal. When he came home, he found the Armenian groom waiting for him, and ſaying, "Lord Northumberland wants you, let us go." He could not believe it, but went. No ſooner had he entered the houſe, than Mr. Bale told him, that his lordſhip was deſirous to ſee him. He ſaid,

"Let

"Let me go back to put on a clean ſhirt, and a more decent coat." Mr. Bale ſaid, "My lord will know a man without fine cloaths." Emin conſented, called God in his heart to his aſſiſtance, and entered the library, where the duke was ſtanding by the ſide of the table. After making his bow and paying reſpects due to his greatneſs, the duke ſaid to him, "The Armenian groom Aſátáim does not underſtand Engliſh, nor is he, with his broken lingua Franca, able to make us underſtand him; we are at a loſs to explain to him the different marks of horſes. Have you ſeen the cheſnut-coloured Arab that he has brought over?" "Yes, my lord." "Pray, Mr. Emin, what do you think of it; is it a true one?" "Yes, my lord," ſaid Emin; "if your lordſhip will give me a commiſſion, I give you my word I can procure a better." "Pray Sir, where is your father?" He anſwered, "In Bengal, my lord." "What is your reaſon for chuſing to go to Aleppo?" "My lord, the Indian climate is too hot, it does not agree with me." "How old were you when you left Perſia?" "Between ſeventeen and eighteen." "You were too young," ſaid his lordſhip, "and cannot be a judge of horſes." He ſaid, "My lord, I know the nature of the Arabs, as I underſtand Turkiſh, Perſian, and Armenian;

Armenian; I can go among them in their own tents; they are the moſt hoſpitable people in the univerſe. I learnt their manners in Bagdad. After making preſents of a few yards of Engliſh green cloths, with ſome coffee and ſugar, and having taſted bread and ſalt with the chief of the clan, I ſhall become one of the family; then I can depend upon them in getting a genuine Arabian horſe." (The author's intention was to throw himſelf that way to the mountains of Armenia, ſince Nadir Shah had then been dead but three or four years, and people were ſtirring pretty briſkly.) "No, no," ſaid the duke, "let us drop the horſe ſtory. "Pray let me know the motives that brought you hither from Bengal?" The author ſaid, "My lord, my father is a poor man; I came with the black laſcars as one of them, and ſhall go on board in a few days." "Pray, Mr. Emin," ſaid his lordſhip, "conceal nothing from me; tell me the truth, for I ſee there is ſome extraordinary thing in your mind; conceal nothing from me; I will upon my honour ſtand your friend; do not be doubtful of my word." The author ſaid, "My lord, your gentleman is apprehenſive of having introduced a ſharper to rob your lordſhip; you have heard the clack of the door three times ſince

my coming here, you bad him not to come in; I beg your lordſhip will let him enter, to make his mind eaſy, then I will begin the hiſtory." Nothing at that time could pleaſe his lordſhip ſo well as the remark Emin made; the Earl laughing heartily at it, called Mr. Bale in, by ringing the bell, charging him ſtrictly not to tell any perſon his lordſhip was at home. Upon which Mr. Bale, ſeeing his lordſhip was ſafe, went out with tranquillity. His lordſhip then ſaid, "Now, Mr. Emin, let me hear you;" with ſuch condeſcending affability and good-nature, that the author was encouraged to a degree of inſpiration.

When he began to tell him the ſtory of the various misfortunes of his life, the hardſhips that he had been through, and the adverſity which ſtill awaited him in the cauſe of his country; it affected his lordſhip ſo, that he could not refrain from ſhedding tears. To ſhew the feelings of the human mind, he is now no more, to the great grief of Emin's bleeding heart. When the writer was near finiſhing the narrative of his life, and ſaid that he could read and write, his Grace deſired him to draw a ſhort memorial of it, looked at his watch, and found it was one o'clock in the morning; he then aſked him, if he was indebted to any one? Emin ſaid, no; he had but a ſingle

ſhilling

ſhilling in his pocket; his Grace offered his purſe; the author with much ado took one guinea out, and returning the purſe, made a bow, bade his Grace good morning, and went away to his lodgings. He then began the promiſed letter, and did not ſleep the whole morning till he completed it as well as he could. The following is a copy of it:

" My Lord, I preſent you with the ſpecimen of my writing which I promiſed. It is too bold, I am afraid, to make myſelf the ſubject, when I write for your Lordſhip; but forgive, my Lord, the language of a ſtranger. I have been in too low a condition to know how to write properly to your Lordſhip; but you ſpeak to me more kindly and humbly than mean people, ſo I am encouraged. I have very good deſigns, and have ſuffered many hardſhips for them: I think your Lordſhip will not deſpiſe a perſon in a mean condition, for thinking of ſomething more than a livelihood. I have with a good will thrown behind me a very eaſy livelihood, for this condition, mean as it is; and I am not troubled if I can carry my point at laſt. As long as I can remember my own family (and I remember my great-grandfather), they have been always ſoldiers, and always remembered Chriſt;

though they were torn out of their country of Armenia by Shah Abbas, and planted in Hamadan, after their captivity they were ſoldiers likewiſe. Two of my uncles ſhed their blood. My father was Nadir's ſlave for many years, but he was at laſt forced to fly into India, becauſe this tyrant had ſharpened his battle-axe againſt his own army more than againſt his enemies. Soon after, my father ſent for me to Calcutta in Bengal, where he is a merchant. There I ſaw the fort of the Europeans, and the ſoldiers exerciſe, and the ſhipping, and that they were dextrous and perfect in all things. Then I grieved within myſelf for my religion and my country, that they were in ſlavery and ignorance, and, like the Jews, vagabonds over the earth. And I ſpoke to my father on all this, becauſe our fathers did not fight for their country. But I underſtood that the Armenians in the mountains are free, have handled arms from their childhood; and that thoſe under a patriarch, who are ſubjects to the Turks and Perſians, do not want courage, but are all ignorant, and fight only with a wild and natural fierceneſs, and ſo they have no other, and do nothing but like robbers. I reſolved, therefore, to viſit Europe, that I might learn the art military, and other

ſciences

ſciences to aſſiſt that art. I was ſure that if I could go into Armenia like ſome European officer, I might be uſeful at leaſt in ſome degree to my country. But my father did not liſten to me, for God did not give him underſtanding in theſe things. I could not bear to live like a beaſt, eating and drinking, without liberty or knowledge. I went to captain Fea of the ſhip Walpole, and kiſſed his feet a hundred times to let me work for my paſſage to Europe, before he would bind me; but he did at laſt admit me, and I came to England with much labour; but it did not grieve me, when I thought of my country. I entered myſelf with my little money into Mr. Middleton's academy. I had the honour to tell your Lordſhip ſo before. I was firſt a ſcholar; and, when my money was gone, I was a ſervant there for my learning. But he broke, and I loſt every thing. I went into the ſtreet to work for my bread, for I could not go about wagging a tail at people's doors for a bit of meat. I will not grieve your Lordſhip with the miſery which I went through; I do not want to be pitied. I got ſervice at laſt as a porter with one Mr. Roberts, a grocer in the city. At this time I carried ſometimes burdens of near two hundred weight upon my

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back; and paid out of my wages for learning ſome geometry, and to complete myſelf in writing, and juſt to begin a little French. But becauſe I almoſt ſtarved myſelf to pay for this, and carried burthens more than my ſtrength, I hurt myſelf ſo that I could not work any longer. I was then in deſpair, and did not care what became of me: but a friend put me to write with one Mr. Webſter, an attorney in Cheapſide; by which for a little time I got bread. But I was reſolved in deſpair to go again to India, becauſe nobody would put forth his hand to help me to learn; and my father ſent 60l. to governor Davis, to carry me back. I am afraid I am too troubleſome in my accounts to your Lordſhip; but the people of Aſia cannot ſay much in a few words, like ſcholars. Afterwards I met by chance a gentleman, who encouraged me, and gave me books to read, and adviſed me to kiſs colonel Dingley's hands, and ſhew my buſineſs to him. He was a brave ſoldier; took me by the hand, ſpoke to his own ſerjeant, an honeſt man, to teach me the manual exerciſe; gave me Bland's Military Diſcipline, promiſing to help me to learn gunnery and fortification. But I was again unfortunate, for when light juſt began to come to my eyes, he died; and

and I was juſt what I was before, except that I knew a little of the manual exerciſe, and had read ſome of the Roman Hiſtory. I could neither learn more, nor live; I was broken to pieces; and bowed my neck to governor Davis, to return to my friends, without doing any of thoſe things I ſuffered for. I am in this net at preſent: but I ſhall be happier than all mankind, if I can meet any great man, who can prevail upon governor Davis to allow me ſomething out of the money he has, only upon condition that I return to blindneſs once again, that I may go through the evolutions with the recruits, and learn gunnery and fortification; and, if there is a war, to go one year as a volunteer. If governor Davis ſhould write, that I have a great man here for my protection, my father, who looks upon me as run away and forſaken, will make me an allowance to learn. If I could clear my own eyes, and ſerve my country and my religion that is trodden under foot by the Muſſulmans, I would go through all the ſlavery and danger with a glad heart; but if I muſt return, after four years' miſery, to the ſame ignorance, without doing any good, it would break my heart, my Lord, in the end. I beg pardon, I have experience of your

Lordſhip's goodneſs, elſe I would not ſay ſo much. I would not receive the money without returning, and want nothing but a little ſpeaking from the authority of an Indian governor to my friends. I have always been honeſt: thoſe that I have been a ſlave to will ſay I am honeſt: Mr. Grey truſted me. Here is a ſort of hiſtory, which nothing but your Lordſhip's good-nature can make tolerable. I am much obliged to your Lordſhip for your patience. I ſhall be very proud in giving your Lordſhip all the proof in my power how much I am," &c. &c.

That morning (being Thurſday) the author carried this writing; and would have given it to Mr. Bale, his friend, to preſent it, but his countenance was not ſo kind as before, it appeared full of jealouſy; and, with a ſinking voice, he told him very coolly, He had nothing to do with it; and then turned his back. Emin, like a faithful dog, following him, ſaid, "Sir, you need not be uneaſy in your mind, I am not a perſon to be ſuſpected, or to undermine any ſoul in the houſe. When his lordſhip laſt night kindly offered me leave to ſtay, I thanked him, ſaying, I wiſhed to live and die in the field like a man. Then Mr. Bale, with ſome indifference, ſaid, "Very well,

give

give it to the porter Jones." The letter was opened, that Mr. Bale might read it firſt: the jolly door-keeper lighted a candle, put his own ſeal upon it, and promiſed cheerfully to deliver it into his lordſhip's own hands.

The author went home, reflecting on the croſs reception of Mr. Bale; but comforted his wounded heart with the following ſacred verſe: "O! put not your truſt in princes, nor in any child of man, for there is no help in them; for when the breath of man goeth forth, he ſhall turn again to his earth, and then all his thoughts periſh." He reſolved to ſtruggle no more, packed up his things, and, on Monday morning, ſent the ſervant-maid of the houſe for the porter and water-man. When they came up ſtairs to him, bargaining for the fare, one to take his things to the water-ſide, the other to row him on board the ſhip which lay ſomewhere down the river, who ſhould come up juſt at the time but his honeſt friend old Gilman, the waſherwoman's huſband, ſtamping and roaring, and ſaying to him, "My dear boy, I called at Northumberland-houſe to take your countryman's linen to waſh; Mrs. Smithſon the houſekeeper aſked me, What was become of the little Armenian that my wife waſhed for?

for? I told her I carried his linen home laſt Saturday evening, when he made me a preſent of half-a-crown, beſides what was due; that when we took leave of one another, he ſaid, Pray for me, I am going on board for Bengal; it will either be to-morrow, or Monday morning. And I told her, he muſt be gone by that time. Mrs. Smithſon ſaid, My lord has been enquiring, ever ſince laſt Thurſday, of all the ſervants of the houſe, to know where he lodged. I told her, every one of them knew it; and that I had, with my own eyes, ſeen his countryman, the Armenian groom, almoſt every day with him in his lodgings; why did not he ſhew the way? My dear boy, that ill-natured fellow was ſtanding by when theſe words paſſed. Mrs. Smithſon ſaid to him, O fy, fy upon you, Aſataim! what do you think his lordſhip will ſay to that? The good woman gave me a ſhilling, and two glaſſes of wine; and deſired me to run as faſt as I could, to ſee if you were not gone away; and to tell you, that the great duke of Somerſet wanted you. I have more to tell —that I have given a good character of you; told her that you were an honeſt boy; and remember that we, the brave people of Ireland, are more true to our friends, and

have

have better hearts, than your own countrymen."

Emin thanked the old man, made him ſome amends, gave a ſhilling to each of the men (the porter and waterman); dreſſed himſelf, and ſet out immediately to know his Grace's pleaſure. When he entered the houſe, honeſt Jones wiſhed him joy; abuſing the groom for keeping his lordſhip in ſuſpenſe, which made the whole family uneaſy for four days together. The ſecond ſervant he met was his former friend Mr. Bale, my lord's gentleman, who, with an outward appearance of good-nature, conducted him into the drawing-room, brought a diſh of chocolate with his own hands, and ſaid, "His lordſhip is buſy, reſt yourſelf a little, he will be here preſently." In about five minutes, Emin's princely protector entered, and received him in his mighty arms, as he hopes his lordſhip is now received in the boſom of Chriſt. After blaming him in a kind fatherly manner for not leaving his direction, he ſaid, "His Royal Highneſs the Duke of Cumberland has ſeen your memorial, and much approved the ſpirit of it, ſaying, the actions of the author will be equal to his writing: henceforward Emin belongs to your lordſhip, and

ſhall

ſhall be entirely protected by me. His Royal Highneſs alſo promiſed at court, to ſend you to the Royal Academy at Woolwich. Now, my dear Emin, you ſhall not want any thing. His Royal Highneſs expreſſed himſelf ſanguinely in your favour before a great many noblemen, and I am ſure he will do every thing to forward your good deſigns; yet you are my own."

While his noble patron was comforting his new-found ſon, whom he had given up for loſt, twenty meſſages on cards were brought, with compliments, deſiring of his lordſhip to ſee Emin. His lordſhip ſaid to him, "Look at theſe cards, and viſit thoſe who ſent them, paying your reſpects one after another. I have this to add, that your letter has been copied by 300 different gentlemen, ever ſince laſt Thurſday." His lordſhip made him accept five guineas whether he would or no; inviting him to his table at all times. He conſented to the firſt favour, and refuſed the ſecond offer, for which, he ſaid, he was not yet worthy, till a proper time; when his good behaviour ſhould help him to be known better, he would then merit that great honour his lordſhip generouſly conferred upon him; and ſaid, "It is not long ſince I was but a common

common ſervant; with what aſſurance can I take the liberty to ſit at the earl of Northumberland's table? what would the world ſay of me? or how could I digeſt my meat without deſerving it?" His lordſhip was very well ſatisfied with theſe words; Emin taking leave, went out to his lodging, where he related the whole to his friends.

He was introduced for a whole fortnight, from the next day, to a great many gentlemen and ladies. Both the Mr. Burkes were more glad of his ſucceſs than many envious men were ſorry. Among his new friends, were the late Mr. Charles Stanhope my Lord Harrington's brother; Doctor Mounſey, of Chelſea-hoſpital; the late Miſs Talbot, Lady Anſon, Lady Sophia Egerton, the Biſhop of *Bangor's wife, the Earls of Pembroke and Bolingbroke, with their counteſſes; a little* after, the Dukes and Ducheſſes of Richmond and Marlborough, the celebrated Mrs. Montague, the late Earl of Bath, the Earl of Orford, and the late Lord Cathcart; every one of them was kind and very glad at all times to favour him with their countenance; beſides many others, who would fill up two pages if he were to name them all.

When

When his Royal Highneſs commanded him to go to Woolwich, to be inſtructed there at the Royal Academy, under ſeveral maſters, in the arts of gunnery and fortification, he boarded at one Mr. Heaton's for thirty pounds a year, with a blue uniform, and a guinea per month for pocket-money; to be paid by the late adjutant-general Napier, at the expence of his royal protector.

Emin had juſt began to pick up ſome ſmall knowledge in Euclid's Elements, Algebra, and drawing plans of forts, in the courſe of thirteen months; but hardly enough to make him fit for any of the branches in the art of war, when the hoſtilities began with France. Lord Cathcart ſpoke in behalf of Emin to his royal protector, what he ſhould do? and aſked, whether he ſhould continue in the academy, or follow the Duke to Weſtphalia? His Royal Highneſs told his lordſhip to aſk him, which of the two he choſe? and he anſwered, that he preferred a campaign, where the practice of the art of war was diſplayed, to living in the dull theory of it; that as he was then twenty-ſeven years of age, the ſeeing of one campaign might be more uſeful to him than ſtudy at home for five years. Such

was

was his anſwer through Lord Cathcart to the Duke, who approved it much, and ſaid to his lordſhip, he was glad to hear Emin preferred fighting to ſtudy. He then ordered general Napier to buy him two good horſes, with camp equipages; and, having before recommended him to the Heſſian General, ordered him to follow.

His Royal Highneſs having croſſed the Channel before the Hanoverian army, Emin was left behind neglected. The Duke his patron ſaid, it was a delicate point to interfere in, and could not give him advice, and went to his country ſeat; general Napier would have nothing to ſay to him any more, and immediately cut off his allowance. His other noble friends were all very ſorry, not knowing how to adviſe him. He ſaid, "The time of advice is over; if you will enable me, I will ſoon make my way to overtake my royal maſter, in ſpite of ſome ill-natured ſouls." Theſe noble perſonages, finding the ardour of his ſpirit, ſoon underſtood his meaning, and made up a purſe of ſixty guineas among them, which he accepted. He found a courier going over with letters from the miniſtry, and having agreed to pay the man half of the chaiſe hire, ſet out in company with him for

Harwich; whence they took their paſſage in one of the king's cutters, which, after three days dangerous ſailing, made the river Elbe. On the fourth day he arrived at Stade, and on the fifth, at a village where his royal maſter was quartered. After refreſhing himſelf a little, before he was admitted, he drew an addreſs, and ſent it in by Lord Albermarle, at that time the Duke's aid-du-camp. The following are the words of it, as well as he can recollect:

"To his Royal Highneſs the great Duke of Cumberland.—Your Royal Highneſs has taken by the hand a diſtreſſed ſoldier, who was mingling in the aſhes of oblivion; you have raiſed him in the eyes of the world; may God forbid he ſhould be forſaken; he would drop down, and be loſt for ever. He finds he has done nothing to incur any perſon's diſpleaſure, but was neglected after your Royal Highneſs left him behind. He is come by your Royal command, with reſolution to lay his head and heart on the ground before your Royal Highneſs's feet. He has made it his choice, rather to embrace death than to return back with a diſappointed face; and he humbly implores leave to ſubſcribe himſelf your Royal Highneſs's," &c. &c.

When

When this ſhort petition was carried by the nobleman, a few minutes after he was admitted to the levée; which was the firſt time of his being honoured by that favour, during the thirteen months in which he was protected by the duke in London. No ſooner had he entered the place, when the duke ſtretched out his hand to him, which he, making a low bow, kiſſed, and ſtood back. The firſt queſtion the duke aſked in a moſt martial commanding voice was this: "Emin, why did not you come over with the troops? Did not you hear my orders to Napier, to fit you out, and ſend you with the Heſſian general?" He anſwered, "May it pleaſe your Royal Highneſs, according to command, I waited on him no fewer than fifteen times, and my lord Cathcart interpoſed to his utmoſt; but to no effect: the poor general had too much upon his hands to think of your Royal Highneſs's ſervant." Then his Royal Highneſs graciouſly took pains to explain the matter in German to the general officers, who were all round him in waiting. The duke ſaid, ſmiling, "Well, my Emin, what ſaid lord Northumberland when Napier would not trouble his head about you?" "His lordſhip," he anſwered, "was taken up in going to his

country-ſeat; and declared he could not interfere in a point ſo delicate, when your Royal Highneſs had taken me under your auſpicious protection: he was cautious in giving any advice whatever." "I know you had no money," ſaid the duke: "how then did you manage it?" Emin ſaid, "May it pleaſe your Royal Highneſs, while your humble ſervant was not known to you, he was in a ſtate of miſery; but ſince he has been honoured by your protection, his heart feels an increaſe in the riches of happineſs. Should he in your abſence be daſhed on the hardeſt rocks, he is ſure milk and honey will flow from them under your auſpices. He was aſſiſted; and he hopes he ſhall never be in want of money; but that his conduct will gain him the good opinion of the world, and maintain the good-will of his magnanimous royal protector, whom Heaven preſerve."

After this ſhort oriental ſpeech, an order was ſent to call general (then major) Frydakh, who commanded 600 yagers, or hunters. His Royal Highneſs taking much pains to explain the caſe to the officers, and they in their turns ſaying, "ya, mun hartſak, dás iſt eun bravé kerl," that is, "yes, my duke, he is an honeſt man." No ſooner was the officer come in,

than

than the glorious duke took Emin the porter's hand, and putting it into major Frydakh's, ſaid theſe very words: "I am ſome how doubtful of this man's courage. As he is ſo deſirous of ſeeing ſervice, I charge thee to be very ſtrict, putting him in the front of every action, and bring word to me how he behaves himſelf:" then turning to Emin, he ſaid, "Go with him; let me hear a good character of thee." Here Emin's heart broke the chain of ſlavery, and jumped for joy, forgetting all his former diſtreſſes; when he, who was but a meek ſheep before, became a looſe tearing lion. He kiſſed a ſecond time the duke's hand; and was not gone ten ſteps from the houſe, when the duke called him back, and ſaid, "Do not let me ſee you at head quarters: do you hear!" He bowed, and went away with the officer, who had four horſes, which were for Emin's uſe, and treated him with all the politeneſs imaginable, taking as much care of him as he could of his ſon. He dares not ſay, that the good uſage of the general was merited by his wild rapidity in a whole campaign, in eighteen different ſkirmiſhes, and at the battle of Huſſenbach: but when it was reported every day, at the head quarters, unknown to him, the duke approved of it. He was

then removed, by order of his Royal Highneſs, to be under general Carlton; and when the ceſſation of arms had taken place at Stade, the duke kept him three days at the head quarters, gave him twenty ducats, and ſent him over again with a courier to London.

The next ſeaſon he went a volunteer in the ſucceſsful expedition againſt St. Malo, commanded by the late duke of Marlborough. After ſeventeen days ſailing with contrary wind, they made Cancal Bay. In the afternoon, lord Howe ſilenced ſome old batteries on the top of the precipices, and the whole army landed. The next morning, the new-raiſed light horſe, commanded by the glorious general Elliot, was ordered to march up to the town. Emin had no horſe, and choſe to be one of the party on foot: he walked thirteen miles at the head of the troops, and reached the ſuburbs of St. Malo juſt in the duſk of the evening. The troops ſet 133 ſhips large and ſmall on fire upon the beach, where he did as well as he could to gain the good opinion of general Elliot. The late Sir John Armitage was more active than all the troops, ſetting the enemy's magazine alſo on fire.

When Emin came back with the troops, the duke of Marlborough hearing of his behaviour,

our, promiſed to take him with him into Germany. But when they arrived in London, the duke invited him to his table; and after dinner, told him in private, that the king had ordered no volunteers to be admitted into the army then going over to join prince Ferdinand in Weſtphalia. His Grace made him accept thirty guineas. He having a great deſire to go into the late king of Pruſſia's army, told his intention to the duke, who ſaid, "that in caſe he ſhould not be received by His Majeſty, upon his word he would take him then under his protection." While he was in theſe active purſuits, his friends increaſed daily.

He omitted ſaying before, that when he was firſt known to the earl of Northumberland, and to his Royal Highneſs, he wrote four letters; one to governor Drake; one to his father; the third to the Armenians in Calcutta; the fourth to prince Heraclius of Georgia. He tranſlated into Engliſh the three which were in Armenian, and ſhewed them to the duke of Cumberland his patron, lord Northumberland, the late Dr. Secker, archbiſhop of Canterbury, Mr. Payne, of the Direction, and to ſeveral noblemen. His Royal Highneſs ſent for Mr. Payne, and told him the letters

were to be ſent to Bengal to the governor and council of Calcutta, who could ſummon all the Armenians there, with his father Joſeph, and read them in the government-houſe.

Emin's father, in his next letter, after many patriarchal bleſſings, ſays, "My dear ſon, Governor Drake read all your four letters before the Armenians, wiſhed me joy of your ſucceſs, and made me forget all my anxiety; eſpecially ſince the Armenians, wh have reflected ſix years upon me there, are all ſurprized, and cannot help ſaying, God's providence has been with your ſon. You may ſee their weakneſs, by their own anſwer; they teſtify you to be the real offspring of the ancient kings of Armenia, becauſe you are ſucceſsful; but if otherwiſe, they would have ſaid, Who is he? or what is he? This is the way of all the Aſiatics; who have ever ſhewn themſelves friends to one in proſperity, and bitter enemies to thoſe in adverſity. A little while ago I could not ſhow myſelf among them; now they pay me homage, as if you were a king, and myſelf a king's father. In ſhort, you did very right, not to return in the condition you went from this place; therefore go on and proſper in all your undertakings: remember, gratefully,

that

that you are protected by the Engliſh; and I pray God, that their ſovereignty and liberty may be protected as long as the world ſtands, by the great Maker of it. The wicked Suja ul Dowlah came with a vaſt army, deſtroyed almoſt 400 innocent Engliſh gentlemen in one night in the Black Hole. Calcutta was overſet by him: for my ſhare, I have *loſt 16,000 rupees*, and *all* the Armenians in proportion; we are all become as poor as you were when you went from this place. I have written to Mr. Davis, to pay you the 500 rupees depoſited in his hands. The glorious Engliſh army came with the fleet; re-took Calcutta, deſtroyed Chandernagore, and drove the Muſulman army to the boſom of their prophet Mahomed; and *I am in hopes that the whole kingdom, in a dozen years time, will be ſubdued under the* bleſſed mild government of the Engliſh; which you uſed to prophecy, when you were here. Walk in the way of God, and be happy, without fear; put your truſt in Him: who knows but He may one day or other ſet your countrymen free from the ſlavery of the unmerciful Mahomedans. By Mr. Drake's expreſs order, your letter, through the Armenians, was ſent to Baſra to Mr. Shaw,

the Engliſh *palioz;* who, you may be aſſured, will take great care to ſend it to prince Heraclius at Tefliz: but I would not have you depend much upon him; by all accounts he is not inclined to reward a man of merit. Yet you have acted wiſely in one great point; that the mountaineers, with all the reſt of Armenia, will be informed, that you are in agitation to carry on an honeſt deſign. I make no doubt, it will be admired by them all, in the higheſt degree, provided the holy fathers of the moſt ſacred church will not interfere; who, treading in the ſteps of ancient patriarchs, ſoften the minds of men into meekneſs, with a religious intention; preaching the doctrine of the Holy Goſpel to them, but knocking martial ſpirit on the head; not looking far, like the brave Europeans; nor conſidering, that the bare-footed Arab will come, ſword in hand, to take poſſeſſion of them all. In our times, the Mahomedans are worſe, and relaxed with effeminacy. The holy fathers may probably concur with you, becauſe your good intention is to free the Church firſt; but upon condition that you have a large ſum of money, of which they ſeem to be more fond than the laymen; otherwiſe I am apt to

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imagine all your pains will prove in vain. There is one thing yet in your favour, that you have done your beſt to ſerve them; you will then reſt ſatisfied with having raiſed the dead name of our family, which has been buried many years laſt paſt in the duſt of obſcurity. I pray God to bleſs and proſper thee. I remain, my dear ſon Emin, yours," &c. &c.

The following is a tranſlation from the Armenian of the author's letter to Prince Heraclius, word for word, in the Aſiatic ſtyle:

"To the moſt ſplendid, moſt Chriſtian King Heraclius of Georgia and Armenia.

"*My King,*

"*All things that have been made from the beginning of the world to this day,* are by the will of God, according to the Teſtament. All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made: God created the heaven and the earth, the ſea and the land; and it is he that made you king over two nations, Armenians and Georgians. Glory be to God the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that made you defender and protector of thoſe Chriſtian nations,

nations, and of their faith; who have been many hundred years under the hands of Perſian unbelievers, and are now delivered by the mighty hands of your Majeſty. The ſame God will alſo, I hope, deliver thoſe Chriſtians who are under the hands of the Othmans, for there is no reſiſting the almighty hand of God; and whoſoever truſts in him ſhall not be aſhamed. It was he that delivered Iſrael, by the hand of the prophet Moſes, out of the hands of Pharaoh; and fed them with manna, according to the holy text, which ſaith, men did eat the bread of angels. May the ſame God preſerve and ſtrengthen the wriſt of your Majeſty, to defend us from the encroachment of barbarians. Amen.

" Again, having heard the fame of your Majeſty's glorious conqueſt, by which you have poſſeſſed the two ancient kingdoms of Armenia and Georgia, and that they are at preſent under your Majeſty's protection; being deſirous, from my ſoul, to offer your Majeſty my ſervice, I hope you will make no difficulty to accept it; as money is far from the deſire of your Majeſty's ſervant, who wiſhes nothing but to ſerve him who has the rule over his nation: for while I am here, I want nothing. I have a great friend here,

and

and that great friend is my protector; and that protector is the ſon of the king of England. If it pleaſe your Majeſty to inſtruct me of your will and pleaſure, that I may petition this great prince, in order to obtain leave to come and ſerve you as an European officer, according to my low abilities, that I may teach your ſoldiers to fight like Europeans, who are very well known to your Majeſty, who with a few overcome many.

" Your Majeſty has heard of the German nation, who, with no more than twenty thouſand men, are able to give battle to a hundred thouſand Mahometans or Turks, who are enemies to the Chriſtian nations. I would alſo acquaint your Majeſty how it is, or by what means, that the European nations are ſuch conquerors, and ſo brave warriors. It is a rule among them, that whoever is deſirous to become a warrior, firſt is obliged to enter the houſe of exerciſe, which they call here an academy, to learn or to ſtudy, four or five years, the art of war; that is to ſay, to learn the art of building ſtrong caſtles, the like of which are not to be found in all Aſia; and alſo, the art of managing great guns, in ſuch a manner that none of our fortifications can ſtand before them for three days; likewiſe the

the manner of incamping with judgment, and the way of ranging the ſoldiers, ſo that they are like a wall of iron, not to be broken: and, after having thoroughly completed his ſtudy in that art, he leaves the place, going and offering himſelf and his ſervice to his prince, or king and country, and by long experience perfects himſelf in that great art. For the art of war here is not to be underſtood eaſily; it contains many things difficult to be known, and far preferable to the practice of Turks or Perſians. See, O mighty King! it is not ſo much by ſtrength of arms that theſe nations are called conquerors, as by wiſdom and art. Here every thing is by art and wiſdom, for without wiſdom a nation is not a nation; and thoſe who compoſe it are blind and unhappy, according to the Old Teſtament, which ſaith, God made the heaven and the earth by his infinite wiſdom. I ſay, whoſoever follows wiſdom, he is beloved by God, ſince from wiſdom proceeds all manner of goodneſs: alſo a man is not mighty without wiſdom, not wiſe without righteouſneſs. The antient Romans, who were ſo great before our Saviour's birth, gave laws and ſubdued all nations of the world. This was by art and wiſdom, although they were

were heathens and idolaters, but they were virtuous, and lived with good morals. Another example is the late glorious Peter the Great of Ruſſia; who would not have been ſo great a warrior, and his country would not have been ſo bleſſed and flouriſhing, had not he came over hither to learn wiſdom; who, when he was in Holland, ſerved in a place of *ſhip-building like one of the labourers*, and humbled *himſelf* therein; ſince, whoever humbleth himſelf ſhall be exalted. And when he returned into his own country, he was full of all manner of wiſdom, by which he made himſelf the father, as well as lord and king of his country. Theſe are the things which have made the people of Europe conquerors, and eſteemed wiſer than all the *nations upon the face of the earth.* For among *them* are *learned men, who ſtudy* the way in which God has made all things according to nature, by which they are able to do things of great wonder and uſefulneſs. They ſend perſons likewiſe into every part of the world, at a great expence, to learn all things that are produced upon or under the earth, by which they are increaſed in wiſdom and *rules.* Their cities are very great, their people are happy, not being afraid of famine

famine and dangers; and they are under excellent laws, by which no man is ſuffered to do wrong to another, though he may be weak or poor. But this nation, this great and mighty nation, O my King! where I live, is not only great and wiſe, but alſo a deſtroyer of the devourers of mankind. I am ſurprized to ſee, that even the ſheep in this country reſt in quiet, without the leaſt fear of wolves. May the great God grant your Majeſty's ſubjects to follow their example, to grow wiſe and conquer under the wiſdom and courage of your Majeſty, to whom God grant long life, to trample your enemies like duſt under your feet.

"May it pleaſe your Majeſty to know who your ſervant is, that raiſes his head to ſpeak to you, and takes pains to know theſe things, with much labour for your Majeſty's ſervice, to whom God grant victory—The name of your ſervant is Emin the ſon of Joſeph, the ſon of Michael, the ſon of Gregory, who is deſcended from Emin; who, in the day when Armenia was broken under the battle-ax of Shah Abbas, was minbaſhy in the ſervice of that prince. After ſettling his family in the city of Hamadan, from him your Majeſty's ſervant deſcended, and he is called after

after his name, being born at Hamadan: but our captivity was grievous under the Perſians, who ſince Mahometaniſm, as it is well known to your Majeſty, are grown quite barbarians, not being ſo civiliſed ſo they were in ancient times, (according to the hiſtories I have read in this bleſſed iſland,) ſo that my father flew from Hamadan in the time of Shah Thamaz Khuli Khan into India, to a place called Calcutta, where the Engliſh have a fort and ſoldiers, and great trade, though their country is ſix months voyage from Bengal. There my father has been a merchant to this day, and would have me follow the ſame way of life; but I did not ſubmit to him; for I inquired of my father, from my infancy, the reaſon why we were perſecuted by infidels, and *why we reſided ſo contemptibly among lawleſs nations. They were afraid to anſwer me,* and my heart was grieved; and I had none to comfort me in my grief: for I ſaid, the ants that creep upon the earth have a king, and we have not; and the nations of all countries deride and perſecute us, ſaying, you are maſterleſs, have no king of your own, and reſemble the Jews, ſcattered on the face of the earth: you have no love for one another; you are without honour, and by the

diſunion of your nation, all nations inſult you; you are contemptible, and without zeal; and you are as great lovers of money as the heathens were of their gods. I could not bear all theſe reflections. Whilſt I groaned, but found none to heal the wounds which I bore on my heart, I obſerved watchfully the Europeans and their wiſe cuſtoms; their ſhipping, far better, both for ſailing and for war, than the ſhips of the Indians: above all, the practice of their ſoldiers, who, if they were thouſands of men, by one word of command from their officer, inſtantly, all together, move and act as if they were but one ſingle man. Then I thought within myſelf, that it was God that had put in my heart to think on all things; therefore I ſpoke not to my father, but was in hopes in my heart, that if I went to England, I ſhould learn the art of war; and I was encouraged, for I then heard a little, but not much, of your Majeſty's name, until I came hither, where I learned that your Majeſty was eſtabliſhed in your kingdom, and had routed a great army of Perſians. See, O my King! what a great thing wiſdom is, by which this nation knows our country better than we do; and this nation is awake, but we are aſleep. On board

the

the ſhip I worked like a ſailor; and afterwards when I came hither, I was ſo reduced, that I was forced, through hunger, to offer myſelf to ſale upon the Exchange, to be ſent into the new world. O, my king! do not pity me, even at the time when you hear, or ſee me ſacrificed in your ſervice; but pity thoſe ſervants of Chriſt who ſtand in need of pity. But the omnipotent God ſaved me, by the hands of an Engliſh gentleman; and the ſame God, who heard the cryings of my heart, did inſpire the heart of a generous nobleman, who is one of the pillars of the throne of England. He ordered me to write the counſel of my heart, and made me known to the ſon of the king of England, who ſent me to a place of education, where I have learned, according to my ability, ſomething of the art of war. My ambition is, to lay my little knowledge at the feet of your majeſty, and to ſerve you with the beſt of my capacity; for know, my king, that, what is not built on knowledge, though it is very ſtrong and lofty, is as if it were built upon ſand. Therefore, my purpoſe is to go well inſtructed into your majeſty's ſervice; and to carry with me, men ſkilful in all things (if you give me an encouragement,) to ſtrengthen and poliſh your kingdom, like

the kingdoms of Europe; for you have a good country, and command over many brave men;' and if you would gather together the Armenians, a rich and trading people, who are ſcattered to the eaſt and the weſt, to the north and to the ſouth, under the protection of your majeſty's arms in your own country, no kingdom in the eaſt would be like your kingdom for riches and glory. May the eternal God, the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, ſharpen your ſcymitar upon all your enemies, and ſtrengthen the wriſt of your majeſty's right hand, to protect our diſtreſſed nation, according to the wiſhes and labours of your ſervant Emin."

The author received no anſwer to this letter, though he was aſſured by a Georgian, that the prince had his letter ſent to him by Mr. Shaw, with an Armenian from Baſra.

When Emin got the money by his father's order from Mr. Davis, his Royal Highneſs then had laid down the command of the army, which lord Ligonier took up, having before ſignified to the duke of Marlborough, his refuſal to take any volunteer with him. The duke of Northumberland, approving Emin's new plan of going into the Pruſſian army, he loſt no time, but ſet out with

with a courier for Harwich, thence to Helvoetſluys, and then to the Hague. He there waited on Sir Joſeph (or General) Yorke, at that time plenipotentiary, with a letter from his ſiſter the late good lady Anſon, recommending him very kindly. This noble gentleman received Emin with the utmoſt politeneſs, and offered to give him any ſum of money he ſhould want; but he did not accept of it. Sir Joſeph entertained him three days at his table, and furniſhed him with a letter of recommendation to Mr. Mitchel, which made him more happy than he ever was before, ſince he aſſured himſelf of reaping great fame, or falling in an action, like a ſoldier. He, in company with the courier, in open hard waggons, travelled from ſtage to ſtage for a fortnight, before he could find the hero's army; till one morning early, two hours before ſun-riſe, he met the king, on horſeback, at the head of his army on a march; who no ſooner ſaw the waggon, with two perſons in it, than he aſked Mr. Mitchel in French, who was the ſecond perſon with the courier? The ambaſſador ſaid to the author, "His majeſty aſks who you are?" Emin anſwered, "I am a man." "What ſort of a man?" ſaid he; "what is your name?" "My name," he

replied, "is Emin: I am an Armenian." Then the king ſaid, "Is he the man that the duke of Cumberland has patronized?" Being anſwered in the affirmative—"Aſk him, Mr. Mitchel," ſaid the king; "if he does not know my orders, that a volunteer is not to be admitted into my army?" He ſaid to Mr. Mitchel, "Yes; but he hopes his majeſty, when he graciouſly conſiders how many months by ſea and land he was come to ſpill his blood in his moſt glorious majeſty's ſervice under the hoof of his horſe, he would have no objection to the boldneſs of the liberty taken." His majeſty ſaid, "Má foi c'eſt un brave garçon, je ſouhaite qu'il y fut dix-mille hommes de la même diſpoſition que lui;" that is, Upon my faith, it is an honeſt fellow: I wiſh there were ten thouſand men of the ſame inclination with him. He then aſked, through Mr. Mitchel, "Where is your equipage?" Emin anſwered, "In that portmanteau," which weighed hardly eight pounds; containing half a dozen of ſhirts, as many pair of ſtockings, with a pair of ſpare boots, and a coarſe checkered linen bag, proportionable in length and breadth, to be ſtuffed on occaſion with ſtraw at night for his bed, while he covered himſelf with his cloak. This management

pleaſed

pleaſed his Pruſſian majeſty more than if he really had ten thouſand mountaineers of Armenia with him. A young Engliſh gentleman, named Mr. Cox, a near relation to lady Anſon, had laid out near 2000l. ſterling, in an equipage, with proper letters of recommendation, to ſerve as a volunteer in his majeſty's army; but, at the diſtance of two hundred miles, his majeſty being apprized of his coming, ſent a trumpeter to prevent his proceeding further. The author recollects the poor gentleman, and the ardour he had for a military life; and thinks, he was killed either in the expedition to Cherburg, or in the battle of Minden.

When this converſation paſt between his majeſty, the ambaſſador, and Emin, the king ordered Mr. Mitchel's led horſe to be mounted by the author, not forgetting to ſay all this while the whole army were upon halt. Then his majeſty conferred the honour upon him, juſt as he was going to put his foot in the ſtirrup, of ſaying, "Montez prince des Armeniens." This appellation, though pronounced in a grave tone of voice, yet the author never felt in his mind an inclination to be in the leaſt proud of it; he only thanked his Maker, who did not let him drop to pieces in his paſt

hardſhips and adverſity, but preſerved him to be taken proper notice of by the princes of the world. The writer begs leave to inform the kind reader, that he is not vain in himſelf, nor dares to think himſelf worthy of that title conferred in jeſt; and even if it had been in earneſt, it would have been a matter of indifference to him; for when he was honoured with riding with the king, almoſt tête-a-tête, from twelve at night to eight or nine the next morning; he obſerved moſt ſtudiouſly, that ſeveral times when the king rode up to the ſoldiers left behind, out of the way of the army's march, to recover from a little fainting ſickneſs, he ſpoke to them in a very familiar manner. Thoſe of the ſame age with his majeſty, he called his brothers; and if younger than himſelf, he ſaid my ſon; and if a little older, my father. As he uſed to carry a pint flat-bottle of brandy in his coat pocket, he made them welcome to it, giving each a ſip, and pouring with his own hands into theirs, exactly a ſmall glaſs full; he kept the reſt ſparingly, leſt there ſhould be more in the way who might want it. The author likewiſe obſerved, that many of the ſoldiers ſuppoſed his majeſty to be one of the officers, not knowing him perſonally;

ſonally; he took care to make himſelf known to them, and no ſooner had he told them that he was Frederick the king, than the poor men got up through joy, pulled off their hats, ran inſtead of marching as faſt as they could, as if they had never been ſick, and joined their reſpective corps. Therefore, it is not ſurpriſing, that a prince of remarkable humanity, ſhould heal, by a ſingle expreſſion, the wounded heart of an honeſt man. This was the way of his Pruſſian majeſty, every morning on a precipitate march; and it afforded ample ſatisfaction to Emin's wandering mind, to ſee a mighty prince in various ſtations of life; ſometimes a father, at another time a brother; ſometimes a phyſician, then a nurſe, to his ſubjects; which conduct many princes in the Weſt, and more in the Eaſt, may hear with admiration and be aſhamed, more particularly ſome Indian or Armenian Banians, who become inſupportable when they are in good circumſtances, thinking themſelves worthy to be worſhipped as gods, like Alexander the Great, when he was told by the prieſts in Perſia, that he was the ſon of Jupiter. Whoever has not ſeen his majeſty in perſon, and knows him by hearſay only, will form a different idea of

him; as a great author in Europe uſed to plague him by writing and publiſhing books againſt him: but that author's nation are equally envious with the Perſians in the Eaſt; who chuſe death, rather than hear of their neighbour's proſperity. As Emin is neither of one nation nor of the other; and has not learning enough to treat upon the ſubject, his impartial good friends will eaſily underſtand his rough way of expreſſing himſelf, and that he has not travelled in Europe like a blind-man.

While the king of Pruſſia was in alliance with the French, they thinking to make a fool of him, though againſt their ſecret will, raiſed him to the ſtars. But when for the intereſt of his country he changed the confederacy, he was no more a darling with them. The late old writer embraced the opportunity with his natural fund of ſatirical wit, and exerted himſelf to the utmoſt to load his works with ſarcaſms: and had the king of Pruſſia been a warrior only, like Charles XII. of Sweden, and not a learned man, M. de Voltaire would have written his hiſtory in an hundred volumes: but as he was not only a king, but father to his country, and did every thing in his power to make it flouriſh, it is natural to ſuppoſe he will

will be envied; and thoſe who envy one another, are excuſable; for it is in the natural diſpoſition of mankind to be envious: even the ancient holy fathers of the church, as we ſee by their books, are brimful of envy; and how is it poſſible that laymen ſhould abſtain from it? Therefore, good readers, nothing is perfect in this world compoſed of four elements. God, who is above us all, alone is perfect.

On the third day of the army's marching, the wandering author's horſe, whinnying, ſtarted at ſomething in the dark, about three in the morning, when he was riding on the left hand of the king. He juſtled the king with ſuch force, that he was very near overſetting the hero and his horſe in a deep ditch to his right. Emin, frightened at the accident, ſpurred his horſe on to about fifty yards diſtance. His majeſty with difficulty preſerved himſelf from falling, and called to Emin, ſaying, "Come back; no harm is done."

When the army encamped near Frankfort upon Oder, Mr. Mitchel took him to the levee, which proved the firſt and laſt time of his being admitted, though he had the honour of riding with his majeſty. The king ſtood in the ſtreet ſurrounded by his generals when

Emin

Emin and his friend Mr. Mitchel went in, and ſtood at the extent of the circle made by them. They ſaw an elderly German ſtanding behind thoſe ſtately officers, and endeavouring to force himſelf between them to ſee the king; but to his mortification he was puſhed back by them, ſo that he could not come near. The poor man did not in the leaſt ſeem to be diſcouraged; but, the ſweat running down his face, ſtill perſiſted, and would puſh in notwithſtanding their being angry, ſo that it became at laſt a direct conteſt between the general officers and the poor farmer. When the king took notice of it, he ſeemed to be diſpleaſed with his officers, told them to make way for the man to come in to the king, and aſked him what he wanted? He anſwered, that "he had heard the name of the king, but never ſaw him: he wanted nothing; but only longed with all his heart to ſee him who fought battles in perſon to defend his poor ſubjects." Uttering theſe words, he went to proſtrate himſelf upon the ground to kiſs the king's feet. His humane majeſty caught the man in his arms, and embraced him like a tender father. With tears trickling down his cheeks, and lifting up his hands to heaven, pronounced theſe words; "O great God! all the whole

whole powers of Europe are united to cruſh us: preſerve and defend thy people!" The generals, in the mean time, being affected, wept like children. The king ſpoke to the man with all the kindneſs imaginable, and ſaid, "Now, my father, you are ſatisfied; you have what you have wiſhed for: what am I to expect in return from you? We are at war: of what uſe will you be to me?" The honeſt German ſaid, that he had ſeven ſons, all ſoldiers in the army, ready to fight for his majeſty, and himſelf to pray for the ſucceſs of his arms; which anſwer much pleaſed the king; and then he went away with joy, perhaps equally contented as Emin was, when in Calcutta he kiſſed a hundred times the feet of the captain who granted him a note to be received on board the ſhip.

When this remarkable ſcene was over, the king whiſpered his uſual orders to the generals, and, coming up to the end of the circle, ſtood looking Emin full in the face for ten minutes, ſurveying him from head to foot; then turning himſelf towards the officers, he ſtood five minutes more by the young Armenian ſoldier. No ſooner had he moved to the middle of the place, than Mr. Mitchel winked at Emin, who made a bow and withdrew.

Not

Not an hour and a half after he was in the quarters, Mr. Mitchel himſelf entered, and ordered dinner, wiſhing Emin joy, and ſaying, "When you were gone away from the levee, the king ſpoke to all the generals to take notice of you, and treat you politely: he recommended you ſtrongly to general Sedlytz, to be under his command intirely: he will be watchful to ſee how you behave in an action, which may be the means of promotion. He expreſſed himſelf very warmly to them, ſaying, it is the moſt extraordinary inſtance of the kind known before, for an Armenian to emigrate from the Eaſt to Europe, to improve himſelf in the art of war. He ordered an allowance for you, a ducat a day, kitchen furniture, three horſes, one for you to mount, the ſecond to be led, the third for a ſervant to ride near you at hand, always ready in caſe of an accident. I find you will ſee hot work: he is going to fight the Ruſſian army. His majeſty has alſo favoured you with a covered chaiſe to carry your inſignificant portmanteau, which he firſt ſaw in the cart with our courier: its ſmallneſs alone made him take ſuch notice of it, and confer on you ſo great an honour. But ſtill, my friend, you muſt leave this place and the king's army, immediately after

ter you have dined, and ſet out, proceeding to our army commanded by prince Ferdinand in the Hanoverian territory: and I muſt not have you heſitate, nor ſay any more about it: as it is my order, you are to obey." The firſt joyful happy news was diſagreeably followed by the woeful ſentence which Mr. Mitchel paſſed, daſhing againſt each other with equal violence, and reſembling two monſoons meeting, which, when united, form a terrible ſtorm, able to overſet the ſtrongeſt ſhip, or the loftieſt towers. This deprived Emin of a noble alternative, either to meet an honourable death in the field of battle, or to reap the fruit of reputation. Yet this uſage he ſuffered with patience from that honourable gentleman: and to ſatisfy the mind of the good reader that he bore it with fortitude, and did not in the leaſt deſpair, he took his leave of Mr. Mitchel, and went away.

After ſeveral days travelling, he reached the Engliſh army in the biſhopric of Munſter, and waited on the late duke of Marlborough, who gave him a horſe without a ſaddle, and recommended him to general Schulenburg. The campaign was over, and nothing more to be ſeen. He ſet out thence, ſtopped in his way at the Hague, and waited on general Yorke,

Yorke, who expreſſed great ſurprize at Mr. Mitchel's treatment, and ſaid, He was very ſorry he did not write directly to the king in Emin's favour, by which means he might have remained there to ſee ſervice, and to ſatisfy his inclination. His Excellency treated him with all manner of politeneſs, entertained him five days, and favoured him with a letter ſealed and directed to his banker, an Engliſh merchant, in Amſterdam. When the contents of the writing were read, the gentleman ſaid, "Sir Joſeph Yorke has been pleaſed to order me to ſupply you with a great ſum of money." Emin wrote immediately to his Excellency, and thanked him, without accepting any of it. Then he went thence, croſſed the Channel, arrived again in London, where he recalled to mind five long years' hunger and thirſt, and took his lodging in Pall-Mall.

The next morning he waited on the late lady Yarmouth, with a letter from her dear ſon count Walmoden, commiſſary-general in the Hanoverian army. After ſome compliments paſſed, her ladyſhip ſaid, in French, "What is your deſire? Why did not you accept my ſon's purſe of a hundred ducats, which, when you took leave of him early in

the morning, he offered you in our army at his quarters? You have had nothing in all the campaign for your pains." He thanked her ladyſhip, and ſaid, he wanted for nothing but her intereſt in his favour, that he might ſee the late lord Chatham (at that time Mr. Pitt), who had made a point to make himſelf inacceſſible to Emin. She ſaid to him, "*Go home, and I will ſpeak to his* majeſty, who will directly requeſt Mr. Pitt to ſee you." No ſooner was he in his habitation, than a ſervant was ſent by Mr. Pitt, for Emin to go to him. He went to his lordſhip, who lived then in St. James's Square. He there ſaw the great Mr. Pitt, who ran and took him in his arms, and ſaid, "Well done, my friend! upon my honour I declined giv*ing you an audience, on purpoſe to diſcover if you had art enough to find a way to ſee me.* I have ſpoke of you both to my ſiſter Mary, and your good friend Mrs. Montague. When you came to my houſe, I ordered my ſervant to ſay that I could not ſee you, which diſobliged them both; but I told them my reaſons, and that I did it with a deſign. Now I find you were awake, and at laſt you have ſucceeded, and I hope you will ſucceed in every

every thing you undertake; and from this moment I will regard you equally with your other friends. I am ordered by his majeſty to let you know, that he is graciouſly pleaſed with your conduct in his army, which count Walmoden has given a particular account of; and his majeſty has commanded me to inform you, that you may have your choice of two things; either to be honoured with a commiſſion in his army, or to have one in Bengal, where your father and friends are." Emin returned his humble thanks, ſaying, He had what he wanted, which was the honour of ſeeing him. He then took leave, and went away with infinite ſatisfaction. And this circumſtance made more noiſe than the reception of the king of Pruſſia. His majeſty did not fail even to acquaint the late duke and ducheſs of Northumberland, of wandering Emin's behaviour in Germany; which he himſelf thinks but trifling, though his friends commended it, out of mere partiality, for his further encouragement, to make it more eaſy to puſh him on, and to pave a way for his honeſt deſign; for that reaſon alone they ſpread his character every where, to make him a little conſiderable, well knowing he was as poor as Job;

Job;—yet he could have ſubſiſted upon little with content, ſo as not to be an incumbrance to any one of them for their zeal.

Here Emin thought proper not to loſe any more time, and conſulted the earl of Northumberland, about going in one of the Turkey Company's veſſels to Aleppo, and thence to the Armenian mountains. His lordſhip, approving of it, favoured him with a few guineas; the late Charles Stanhope, Mrs. Montague, the late lady Anſon, Miſs Talbot, and the late lady Sophia Egerton, likewiſe added a few more; and theſe, with part of his father's money ſaved, he paid to one Mr. Willes, a merchant in the city, from whom he took a draft; and when he arrived at Leghorn, he received the ſum of 250 Venetian zechins from his partner Mr. Panton. Mr. Kinlock, who was going to take the office of conſul at Aleppo, and who had promiſed before, at Dr. Campbell's in London, to protect him at Aleppo, in caſe of neceſſity, now made an apology, and ſaid, He was very ſorry he could not perform his promiſe, ſince the merchants of the Turkey Company had ſtrictly charged him to have nothing to do with Emin, for fear the Turks ſhould be apprized of his intention, and the Company ſhould be drawn

into a ſcrape. "Take not even the leaſt notice of the Armenian," ſaid they, "for he is a dangerous fellow." Mr. Kinlock ſhipped himſelf off from Leghorn to Aleppo; and, ſure enough, Emin the mad-man was left behind, entirely helpleſs and deſtitute of friends, vexed to the very ſoul, not knowing what to do with himſelf, and ſurprized at the barbarity of both Mr. Kinlock and thoſe fearful merchants, who were cruel enough not to acquaint him with their intention while he was in London, where he might have taken ſome other ſtep.

He remained at Leghorn ſix weeks in that comfortleſs ſituation; having hardly an acquaintance but Mr. Panton, who was a merchant, with an indifferent way of thinking too common with that caſt, and no other ſhip to ſail for Scanderoon, he hired a poor chaiſe, and went ſixty miles up to the beautiful city of Florence. On the way he was taken ill with a very ſevere pleuriſy, the common diſorder of the country, which is reckoned the moſt dangerous of all indiſpoſitions. No ſooner had he reached the city, with much ado to keep himſelf up, than he took a lodging with one Signor Giovanni Baptiſta, who with difficulty underſtood him; but when he

came

came to know his diſorder, with great humanity ſent immediately for a ſurgeon, who bled him four times in twenty-four hours. His medicine, preſcribed by a phyſician, was to drink only milk-warm water, as much as he wanted, with a lemon ſqueezed into each draft, in a large tea-cup. The doctor attended him once every day, for two parloes, which is equal to an *Engliſh* ſhilling; and the honeſt ſurgeon, twice a-day, for one parlo. In ſeven days he recovered ſo as to breathe freely, when he went to wait on Mr. Mann, then envoy from England, now Sir Horatio. This noble gentleman received him very kindly, treated him moſt politely, and told him, He was in the wrong to come out ſo ſoon after ſo dangerous a diſorder. The three other *Italian gentlemen*, who dined with us that day, were ſurprized at his raſhneſs, and ſaid, " No perſon, in the ſame illneſs, is allowed by the phyſicians to appear out of his room for at leaſt ſix months." What they ſaid was too true, for, after dinner, he went home, and fell into the ſevereſt relapſe imaginable, as if he had been ſtabbed under the right breaſt, through to the blade-bone. He lay almoſt breathleſs, which obliged him again to loſe blood twice more, and to continue

drinking the ſame warm water with lemon-juice, till he happily recovered. Mr. Mann's politeneſs, with a general invitation to his table, made him paſs three or four months pretty comfortably; when Mr. Panton wrote from Leghorn, that there was a Dutch ſhip from Amſterdam, which would ſail for Scanderoon in three weeks' time. This he told Mr. Mann, and returned to Leghorn; but was ſtill in doubt to venture upon the paſſage, for fear of the Turks laying hold of him at Aleppo. He could find no other method; he had no friends to conſult, or have recourſe to; and ſeemed as if he was hanging in the air by a ſingle thread, not knowing what would become of him; when, to his ſurprize, Mr. Thompſon, an Engliſh gentleman in the naval ſervice of the republic of Leghorn, met him in the Square, and told him, That the governor deſired to ſpeak to him; and hoped he would dine with him, if not otherwiſe engaged, as he never had the honour of ſeeing him in that town. The kind ſound of this meſſage made him to hope for ſome conſoling event. Good Mr. Thompſon ſaid, "Come, let us firſt go to my houſe, if you have nothing to do." Emin complied; and, when he came there, found a French lady, Mr. Thompſon's

ſon's wife, with a beautiful daughter by her firſt huſband, very polite and hoſpitable. The natural curioſity of that wiſe nation made her very inquiſitive concerning Emin's caſe, who, without the leaſt reſerve, told his whole ſtory; having been ſeveral months deprived of the company of his angelic female friends in old England. Mr. Thompſon was interpreter; and Emin, like Othello the Moor of Venice, Mrs. Thompſon hearing his tale like a tender mother; and the young lady, reſembling the lovely Deſdemona, drinking up each word with thirſt, and, with tears in her eyes, pitying him, and fetching deep ſighs; which extraordinary ſenſibility of a charming girl, hardly twelve years of age, was ſo affecting as to make both father and mother weep. Woe to Emin, if it had not been for the virtues of the fair ſex, in whoſe chaſte friendſhip he has experienced greater confidence, probity, and humanity, than in all his countrymen, and even in his own relations! And he adds, for that reaſon, the European ladies are treated like queens by their noble-hearted huſbands; on the contrary, the Aſiatic ſlaves uſe their wives like ſervant-maids or ſlave-girls! When he ended his tale, the good Mrs. Thompſon deſired him, with great politeneſs,

to dine at their houſe as long as he ſtaid at Leghorn.

The tragedy being over, Mr. Thompſon and he went to the governor, who, without any ceremony or queſtion, ſaid to Emin; "Sir, though you have ſaid nothing to us, yet we know very well all your motives, and your honourable deſign, from the firſt time to the laſt of your being in England, and at this place; we are well acquainted with every circumſtance of the hardſhips you have undergone for the good of your country. Mr. Kinlock did very wrong, in reſpect to the merchants' charge; and your Engliſh friends were too thoughtleſs of all your pains, in not procuring for you an empty protection, which would have coſt them nothing. Do not make yourſelf uneaſy, I will give you an Imperial paſſport, ſeeing which, the Turks will not moleſt you. Mr. Kinlock acts as conſul for this port, as well as for the Engliſh Turkey Company." He added, That he was ſorry for that famous Engliſh nation, who are apt now and then to neglect a man of merit. At dinner, Mr. Thompſon acted a ſecond time as dragoman between Emin and the governor of Leghorn; who with cheerfulneſs expreſſed his ſatisfaction, finding the narrative exactly

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agreed with the intelligence he had before. The meal being cloſed, he ordered his ſecretary to write a paſſport, which was tranſlated by an Arab mula into Turkiſh, ſomething in this form: "This is to certify, and to give notice, to all the Paſhas or Governors in the kingdoms of the Othmans, that the bearer, Joſeph Emin, an Armenian, native of the city of *Hamadan* in the kingdom of Perſia, having been in our Imperial ſervice of the republic of Leghorn, we have been pleaſed to inveſt him with our moſt auguſt Imperial commiſſion, to paſs your dominions unmoleſted, into the mountains of Upper Armenia, to collect different kinds of flowers, or roots of various herbs, or ſuch birds as we have not ſeen, or are not to be found in our climate; to ſend, or bring them with him, for our Imperial muſeum. Further, ſhould he the ſaid Joſeph Emin, our moſt beloved faithful ſervant, ſtand in need of guards, to travel with more ſafety, you are to grant them to him without any objection, and even with reſpect and politeneſs; the ſame ſhall be conſidered as done to us. We have in like manner been pleaſed to grant, and have granted him a permiſſion to ſhew this paſſport to our palioz Kinlock in Aleppo, to reſpect and to protect him

in caſe of neceſſity. Given under our hand and ſeal, dated at Leghorn, in the year of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt 1760, and in the month of October."

The moſt humane governor ſaid, "This paſs will entirely indemnify and keep you from that people's pretenſions: whether you ſucceed in your plan, or not, we ſhall be very glad to hear from you: and here is a letter likewiſe to Mr. Kinlock, who will receive you with politeneſs. Go on and proſper, without fear; put your truſt in God, who will take better care of you than all mankind."

Mr. Thompſon, on Emin's inquiry, informed him, that his excellency the governor was a prince of the blood of France, in the ſervice of the German emperor. Sir John Evelyn's grandſon, his old ſchool-fellow, the elder of the two brothers at Mr. Middleton's academy, was then married to an Engliſh lady at Leghorn; and behaved, with his family, very hoſpitable to him during the time he ſtaid there. His younger brother John, Emin's friend, died of the ſmall-pox, while at ſchool in London. He omitted inſerting this before, and, in gratitude, eſteems it proper to be mentioned here.

Emin,

Emin, a fortnight after, took leave of his friends at Leghorn, the governor, Mr. and Mrs. Thompſon, her amiable daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn, who diſtinguiſhed herſelf like the other ladies of her country, and gave Emin ſo large a caſk when he went on board, that it ſerved exactly every morning at breakfaſt for five perſons, in a pleaſant paſſage of thirty days; namely, Emin, the Dutch captain, his two mates, and a cabin-boy, and that with a voracious ſea appetite, till they arrived at Scanderoon, the corner of the Mediterranean. According to the uſual cuſtom, he ſent to acquaint Mr. Hay, an eminent merchant, to whom he had a letter of recommendation from his moſt celebrated friend Mrs. Montagu. After five or ſix days, he received an anſwer by an Armenian cowaſs (or a mule-driver), with four horſes, which carried him, with his baggage, and the Dutch captain.

The firſt ſtage, after about four hours travelling, is at Baylong, on a high mountain, in the beginning of the heavy rains. There they alighted at a mountaineer's houſe, called Chapan Oglu, a head of banditti, and a great robber; who very fortunately was not at home, which prevented their arms from being taken away. There was only his concealed lady,

lady, with a few ſlave-girls to attend. They ſlept very uncomfortably, and in the morning ſet out on their journey, with a ſtout fellow armed, belonging to the thief, on pretence to guard them. In the mean time the rain poured down like a deluge. After travelling four hours, when they arrived at the foot of a barren rocky mountain, their faithful guardian ſtopped in the road, demanding a brace of piſtols which Emin had in his girdle-faſh, kept dry under a fur coat and an Engliſh cloak, beſides twenty zechins; threatening, otherwiſe, to kill both the captain and Emin. The author was adviſed by the Armenian not to ſpeak Turkiſh; and, while the mule-driver ſtood as an interpreter between the Turk and the captain, Emin ſaid nothing all the while, which made the Turk ſurprizingly mad. He ſaid to the Armenian mule-driver, "What ſort of a Frank is this? He is not in the leaſt frightened like others." He replied, "He does not underſtand the Frank language; he is an Engliſh mountaineer: you may ſee his hand is on his piſtol, ready cocked under his cloak; he waits to receive your fire firſt, and, if you miſs him, depend upon it he is ſure of killing you; and I ſee your piece is as wet as dung,

and his dry, loaded with Engliſh powder." On which bloody argument, the Turk ſpurred his horſe, and ſtood a great way back, ſaying, "Now I ſee a true Engliſhman, of whom we have been told often, beating their enemies with a quarter of their number: do, tell him to give me ſome bukſhiſh for coming ſo far with him, inſtead of twenty zechins." Emin gave him a quarter of a piaſtre, equal to five annas. During this time, the Dutch captain thought he was attacked by the ſoul-taker Iſrafil, the angel of Mahomed; begging of the Engliſh mountaineer Emin, to give the devil any ſum he demanded, for which he would pay double, ſo as to get rid of the fellow. The poor Dutchman was ſo frightened, that, when they came to Aleppo, he fell ſick, and very narrowly eſcaped dying. Here ended the firſt chapter of his dangerous life.

In three days they reached that beautiful city, where Mr. Hay kindly received him. He waited on Mr. Kinlock the palioz; and, in a week's time, bought three horſes, hired three Armenian ſervants, and ſet out with a large caravan, juſt in the beginning of the winter, directly to the north of the continent, or Armenia. The rain continued; and, in ſeven or eight days, turned into ſnow, without ceaſing

ceaſing for one hour. Emin had with him a pair of pocket compaſſes, and a map of Aſia made at Paris, the gift of his good patron the duke of Northumberland. He encouraged his ſervants to leave the caravan, and with great difficulty they were perſuaded at laſt; the poor fellows thought they ſhould have been loſt without a guide, not knowing he had the inſtruments of guidance, the fruits of European wiſdom, in his pocket, the compaſs and the map. For the firſt two ſtages, when they were arrived with perfect exactneſs, they thought Emin was an angel in a human ſhape; more particularly ſeeing him in every village reſpected by the Turks; not that he ſhewed the paſs, which he never made uſe of; but, as he underſtood the language, he ſhewed not the leaſt glimpſe of fear, like the poor Armenian merchants, but behaved in ſuch a domineering way, that the Turks imagined he was ſome great Armenian, a favourite of the ſultan, with a firman in his poſſeſſion. They were obliged to be very complaiſant and civil to him, as well as to his ſervants, who, poor creatures, never felt themſelves ſo happy in their lives, nor travelled ſo freely, commanding over their own lords and maſters. They travelled twenty-eight days in

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the rain or ſnow, over a great many mountains; when, before they entered a village called Yengy-coch, they ſaw the ſpears of the Turkiſh troops ſtuck up before each door, by gueſs about 500; theſe happened to be the broken part of the army againſt prince Solomon, the Emerate Georgian. Emin ſaid to his men, "You may ſtay in that village, and reſt for the night in an Armenian houſe; I will go on, leſt thoſe devils ſhould be inquiſitive about me." Leaving them behind, he puſhed his way through deep ſnow, and, after three hours more travelling, came to another Armenian village called Jinis, juſt in the duſk of the evening. When the countrymen ſaw him mounted on a fine grey horſe, they took him to be a Turkiſh trooper; but when he ſpoke to them in their own language, it made them very angry; they ran to their clubs, in order to beat him heartily, uſing menacing language, and aſking, How he durſt travel alone without a caravan, ſince he was a Chriſtian? Emin, ſeeing this behaviour, and before they could begin their rough operation, ſpoke to them in the Turkiſh language, and threatened to have all the villagers put to the ſword by the troops on march, who would be there the next morning. No ſooner had they heard

heard the ſham Turk, whom they took to be a real one, than the poor creatures were frightened out of their ſenſes, and a hundred of them came down upon their knees, begging for mercy, and promiſing a ſum of money, if he would forgive them, and not think about it any more; at the ſame time expreſſing their fidelity to the Othmans, who are the only people able to travel alone, in the depth of winter, or at any ſeaſon of the year.

Emin, pretending to be ſatisfied, promiſed faithfully to ſay nothing about it. Then alighting from his horſe, he was conducted by them with reſpectful awe to the burgomaſter's warm houſe, where they killed a ſheep, and took very great care of his horſe, with trembling fear. When the pilou and cabat was ready for ſupper, Emin ordered all the people to go to their own houſes, but granted the burgomaſter and his brother the favour to remain in the room, to ſerve and keep him company. The victuals were laid, the table-cloth upon the ground: that day being Wednesday, and a faſt day, he ſeemed backward in eating; the Armenians thought his anger was not over, and that he wanted to be bribed; for that diabolical cuſtom reigns among the Turkiſh troops, who, on their march, for one

one or two days halt in Armenian villages, where they grow ſulky on purpoſe, neither eating themſelves, nor letting their horſes feed, till they exact a ſum of money from the poor landlord. They were going to make a contribution, when Emin ordered them not to ſtir from his preſence; and began to ſpeak very familiarly to them, ſaying, "You, Chriſtians, what is the reaſon of your objecting, if any of your countrymen ſhould take a fancy to be a warrior? And why are you not free? Why have you not a ſovereign of your own?" The anſwer they made was, "Sir, our liberty is in the next world; our king is Jeſus Chriſt." Emin ſaid, "How came that about? Who told you ſo?" They anſwered, "The Holy Fathers of the Church, who ſay, the Armenian nation has been ſubject to the Mahometans from the creation of the world, and muſt remain ſo till the day of reſurrection; otherwiſe we could ſoon drive the Othmans out of our country." Emin ſaid, "Now, my friends, I will reveal a ſecret to you, if you will ſwear by the Holy Goſpel, not to behave as you did before." They ſaid, "Yes;" and did ſwear. He ſaid, "In the firſt place, take away the meat, for I am a Chriſtian, and faſt as well as you." Then taking out of his pocket

pocket the Geographical Hiſtory of Moſes Khorineſis, he ſent for a prieſt that could read a little, ſhewed the genealogy of the kings of the Armenians, and quoted our Saviour's words to the Diſciples, who aſked him, Who ſhould inherit the kingdom of God? He anſwered, "Whoſoever ſhall leave behind him his father, mother, brother, and wife, lift up the croſs, and follow me." He then ſaid, "You muſt have heard of the Chriſtians of Frankeſtan, who, if they had liſtened to their prieſts, and had underſtood the Goſpel in the manner in which our holy fathers have explained it to us, (which may God avert!) they would have been as great ſlaves to the Mahometans as we are now. The meaning of ſhouldering the croſs, is the enſign which the brave ſoldiers carry againſt the Infidels, to fight and die under it; thoſe being the true Chriſtians, who can inherit the kingdom of God; and not they that lead a lazy cowardly life, like us, who are become cattle, devoured by wolves: witneſs David's Pſalm—'Be not ye as the horſe, or as the mule, which have no underſtanding, whoſe mouth muſt be held in with a bit and bridle.' For example, a rational being ſhould not ſuffer himſelf to be a wilful ſlave to others; he ought even to be cautious

cautious not to be domineered over by his own fellow-chriſtians; ſince God has created them all free alike, to be ruled or governed by good laws, with the ſame juſtice to the rich or to the poor; ſhewing that every man is honourable, otherwiſe he is no better than a beaſt: for example—Man that is in honour, and underſtandeth not, is like the beaſt that periſheth."

Emin going on with this harangue, was interrupted by the ſecular prieſt, who cried out very loud, "He is in the right;" and running out of the houſe, called all the people of the village, men, women, and children, who came all in a flock, and would ardently kiſs Emin's feet. He had not, like the holy fathers, ambition enough to let them, but received every one of them in his arms with equal affection, ſaluting them all without diſtinction. There was then ſeen a ſort of joyfulneſs and lamentation mixed together, worthy to be deſcribed by any man of eloquence. The honeſt ſecular cried out, "My dear brethren, love and reſpect him; for he is the very man propheſied of by St. Nerſes the Great, about ſix hundred and thirty years ago, who will be the inſtrument of delivering us from the hands of our oppreſſors, and of the enemies of our faith."

The landlord, with ſeveral others, ſtarted at the prieſt, and ſaid, "What was that you pronounced? or why are we kept in ignorance?" He ſaid, "My dear people, what ſignifies pulling off ſhoes and ſtockings before we reach the bank of the rivulet; every thing in good time: beſides, the holy prophecy is for 666 years to be fulfilled; during that period, we muſt continue as in ſubjection; 638 years are expired, there remain 28 years more to complete our perſecution; then we ſhall become free; then no power in the world can oppreſs us. Our gueſt muſt have ſeen a great deal of the world, as we may judge by his conduct, as well as by his great father; you may be judges yourſelves: you were frightened at firſt, when you imagined he was a *Turk; for your harſh* behaviour on his ſaluting you firſt in a Chriſtian language, any perſon in his place, even myſelf who am a prieſt, would have received the contribution money you offered to give him, and would have gone his way; nor could any perſon have known the impoſition, which you, through your terror, forced upon yourſelves. I ſay, he is the very man; but he muſt wait, and go through various ſcenes of life twenty or thirty years more. I tell it

it to his face; it is not he that does theſe things, it is the great God above, who has protected him, and turns his heart which way he pleaſes, as he did to Joſeph and David." The people, in a good-natured tone of voice, ſaid to him, "Good father, you never before preached ſo well in your life to us." He ſaid, "Yes—I think myſelf inſpired; particularly when I behold the countenance of our noble gueſt, who keeps ſilence till we make an end of our ſpeech."

In this happy way paſſed the time till two o'clock after midnight, when the congregation departed from Emin, and that with reluctance. The next morning the ſervants arrived ſafe, but with dreadful news. They ſaid, "Sir, you have acted very prudently to leave us behind. After we halted, the Balugbaſhi (or colonel) of the Turkiſh cavalry ſent for us, threatening to cut off our heads if we did not tell the truth; adding, the armed Gaur, your comrade, on a Turkiſh horſe, who went through this place, did not alight, nor took any notice of me; who is he? We anſwered, that we knew nothing of him; we know ſo far, that he came from England, and hired us as ſervants: he minded neither the Paſha, nor the Engliſh Paliozbeg;

beg; for twenty-eight days we have been coming day and night; and we only hear the people, Turks and Chriſtians, whiſpering, that he is the adopted ſon of the king of England, and has a white Firman from his auguſt majeſty the Sultan, Grand Signior of Oſmantus: that is all we know of our lord Emin; and he is a man, who ſeems never in his life to have dreamed fear; he made us leave the caravan againſt our will; we thought he would kill us, if we diſobeyed. Upon our anſwer, the froth of his fury abated; he grew very cool, and ordered the Armenian maſter of the village to give us very good accommodation, and treat us with great hoſpitality, which is the natural diſpoſition of our Armenian countrymen. But the poor villagers ſuffered much, paying unlawful contribution money to the Deirliſh Bolukbaſhy and to his troopers; who ſaid, You are Gavers as bad as Georgians, who have deſtroyed many thouſands of us; therefore we will oppreſs you, to have ſatisfaction on them." Some boiled meat was then ordered, and Emin, with his ſervants and the villagers, ſat down together, and made a very hearty breakfaſt, eating enough to ſerve for a dinner.

In this method he ſowed the corn grain of true religion, and planted the admirable zeal

of military ſpirit every where he travelled; and after two days journey more he arrived at Arzroom, one of the capital towns of the higher Armenia. The ſnow being very heavy, almoſt five feet deep, the Armenian merchant, upon whom he had bills for the money paid at Aleppo, could not adviſe him to proceed to the deſtined place. Againſt his will, he was obliged to take advice, and ſpent exactly thirty-two days in ſtaying there. The ſecret of his deſign became common in every body's mouth, Armenians and Turks; the firſt terrified, the other grumbling; till one day a very handſome young Janizary came into the inn, or caravanſerai, where he lodged in one of the chambers, and aſked him, if he would lend his pack-horſe for three or four days work, to bring ſaman (or chopped ſtraw) from the country. This way he took to put him out of humour, and draw him into a formal ſcrape: but Emin managed his temper, made the handſome Janizary ſit by the fire-ſide, called for coffee, and ſweet-meats made of Grales treacle; ordering in the mean time, his own favourite grey horſe to be ſaddled for the Turkiſh gueſt, and the pack-horſe, with a ſervant to attend, to do the loading work; and if he choſe, to keep them as a preſent; only deſiring the

party for the ſervant to be ſent back, with good news of his health.

At this liberality the Janizary was aſtoniſhed, got up, and ſwore by the head of Mahomet his prophet, that he would accept neither, after experiencing ſuch politeneſs; ſaying, "I was ſent by a great man to try your temper, and ſee what ſort of a man you were. The Armenians ſay, you are a man come to free them; but (God forbid) had you behaved in the leaſt ſtubbornly, the intention of my lord, as well as the reſt of the Janizaries, was to have cut you in pieces. Since you have ſhewn that you have a brave and generous heart, and are a lover of us ſoldiers, nobody will moleſt you. I wiſh to God you may ſucceed, when we *Muſulman Janizaries* may be an example, inſtead of ſerving under or bending our necks to the ſlaviſh Paſhas, who in their youthful days, even from their childhood, have been uſed like women, and when grown up men, are created governors and Janizary Agular, to command and domineer over us brave fellows. Even our pretended Sultan is a ſlave, born of a ſlave, a Georgian handſome wench." He then ſaid, "Alaha amanat alaſen;" that is, May your kindneſs be depoſited with God's reward.

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In the evening, about ſix o'clock, twenty Janizaries and a Kahwachi with a large pot-full of coffee, were ſent by Hajybeg their leader, with his compliments to Emin Armany Begy, or, the Lord Emin the Armenian; ſaying, "God ſend his peace to you; reſt ſatisfied without moleſtation; while you continue in this town, you ſhall be eſteemed equally with the light of our eyes; and when you depart, we pray God to proſper you; and may the gates of ſucceſs be opened before your noble undertaking, Amen?" Emin drank a diſh, treated the twenty ſtout fine fellows out of the ſame cup, and gave only half a piaſter to the coffeeman, with return of compliments to Hajybeg their chief.

The reader will be pleaſed to know, that theſe brave fellows, to the number of ſeveral thouſands, are Janizaries, natives of that city; jealous of the Aga, their colonel or Paſha, who are commiſſioned from the Porte to take the command, they are always in revolt; and at that time, very luckily for Emin, they had driven the governor and the colonel into the citadel, a place built in the middle of the town on purpoſe for ſuch an occaſion, where the Paſhas might ſhelter themſelves till the difference ſtanding between them could be

ſettled, otherwiſe Emin would have run a great riſque of his life. In that town of Arzroom inhabited 12,000 Armenian families; the Turks are double that number; and they obſerving the unexpected, uncommon, amicable correſpondence between Emin and the Janizaries, were greatly ſurprized, imputing it to the attribute of God's mercy that he paſſed indemnified through ſo many ravenous tygers and lions, repeating the following verſe of the ſacred Pſalms to him: Thou ſhalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon ſhalt thou trample under foot.

The ſnow began to melt away in the middle of April, when Emin took leave of his friends, and got out for Bayazid, whence, with no leſs danger of robbers all the way, about twelve days journey, he arrived at Etchmiatzin, (that is to ſay, Chriſt deſcended,) commonly called the Three Churches, a large monaſtery where the reverend Jacob Catholicus of the Armenians dwelt, who had that very year ſucceeded to the moſt glorious ſeat of his deceaſed anceſtor. According to the eſtabliſhed order, pilgrims were lodged and entertained there three days; and when the ceremony was over, Emin went out, took his quar-

quarters in another monaſtery called Gayanna, under the direction of biſhop Aharon, an acquaintance of his grandfather Michael, not gratis, but for three rupees a week for lodging only. After inquiry, he heard, to his ſorrow, the death of Avah Vardapit, (or monk Avah,) among the five chiefs of Kharabákh, originally called Artzakh, that is to ſay, Green Garden; where, after a great fall of ſnow in winter, it melts away in twenty-four hours, on the meadows, ſo as to let the ſheep graze upon them.

It will not be little amuſing to give ſome account of this monk:—When he was but a young deacon in the monaſtery of Gánzaſar, ſeeing the Lazguies, or the inroaders of Dágiſton, making an excurſion into that quarter of Armenia, enſlaving the people, carrying off their cattle and flocks; his martial ſpirit could not bear the inſolence of the enemy: he took up arms, headed a handful of brave veterans, and by dint of extraordinary courage and prudence, beat them in ſeveral pitched battles, and obtained many victories over the armies of ſome pretending princes of Perſia, after Nadir, when that empire went ſo topſey-turvey, that to this day it cannot be ſettled through their impenitent wickedneſs. In a word,

word, he was acknowledged to be one of the greateſt generals Armenia ever produced. Prince Heraclius was very fond of him; and ſome Mahometan khans were obliged to preſerve his friendſhip by flattery and great preſents. By his horſemanſhip, and his dexterity in uſing the ſcymitar and fire-arms on horſeback or on foot, he never miſſed the mark. It was ſaid, his amazing voice was ſtronger than that of Nadir Shah. In the beginning of an action, he uſed to ſing a warlike ſong; and in that ſame tune, challenged the whole army of the enemy in ſingle combat: he was ſo formidable, that none durſt ſhew their heads out of the columns. But to Emin's great misfortune, in the year 1760, he was killed by a mountainer ſitting in ambuſh behind a rock. Then periſhed the only father and general of thoſe five unworthy chiefs of Karabakh, who ſince that fate are become the vaſſals of a Muſulman Taracama, which appellation ſignifies, the low claſs of Turkmans of the clan of Javan Shur. This mortifying diſcouragement diſappointed Emin from proceeding to the place above-mentioned, where his intention was to join the monk, and to form a body of men; then go to prince Heraclius with a good grace, agreeably to his offered

offered ſervice by the letters ſent five years before from England.

He lived in that melancholy ſituation from the firſt week of Lent, on his arrival at the Three Churches, to the laſt week on Good Wedneſday, when he thought proper to go thence ten miles to the town of Traveen. The little money, about 200 chequins, which he ſaved from the expences of a fatiguing journey of almoſt three months, he delivered to an Armenian merchant, of whom he received a bill to be paid at Tiffliz, the capital of Georgia, where prince Heraclius was. On his coming back that very afternoon, his ſervant on the pack-horſe, which being loaded with barley corn for the food of three horſes, was too heavy to keep pace with him, told Emin to gallop on, leſt the gate of the monaſtery ſhould be faſtened before he reached it; which regularity is obſerved exactly half an hour after ſun-ſet. Emin ſet his horſe on a gentle trot, and came near another monaſtery on the right of a very ſmooth plain, within half a mile from his abode; and on the left was a flock of ſheep, which the author did not conceive to be the property of Etmiatzin. The ſhepherds took him to be a Turk; and he took them to be Mahometans. They ſet a dozen

zen large furious dogs before and behind to annoy him from going on; and attacked him ſo cloſe as almoſt to pull him down from his horſe. He bore the inſult about five minutes, endeavouring, with great patience, to avoid miſchief, till the poor beaſt could not move forward, and one of the dogs jumped up and fixed his teeth in the horſe's upper lip. This provoked him at laſt to ſhoot the dog with a piſtol, the gift of his friend lord Bolingbroke; the reſt ran away and cleared the paſſage; and the ſhepherds ſtood back threatening him in Turkiſh, as he had committed a murder in killing a valuable dog of the Three Churches. It happened very luckily both for Emin and for thoſe ſaucy fellows, that at the time of firing the piſtol, he broke the butt in two, and the ſharp iron part ran almoſt through the palm of his right hand; by which he was ſo much diſabled, that it intirely took away his ſtrength, and prevented him fortunately from cutting down all ſix of them in a heat of paſſion; he not in the leaſt imagining the ſtupid unchriſtian conſequence of it.

He had hardly got into the court of the church, when there came in two of thoſe fellows as ſpies, who finding by inquiry that the murderer was an Armenian, told him, in menacing

nacing language, that he ſhould ſuffer for it. The next morning, which being Good Thurſday, about eleven o'clock, the chairman of the patriarch Jacob ſent the ſame ruffians. Who ſhould they be but monks, who were the cauſe of the miſchief. They ſaid, in a domineering haughty way, "You are wanted!" When he went, he was carried up to the top of an oven, under which the heavenly bread of the holy monks is baked, a place half as big as the black-hole of Calcutta: the height of the ceiling is about ſix feet and a half, as hot as can be imagined. If the purgatory of the Chriſtians ſhould be as hot, the Lord have mercy upon miſerable ſinners! That place is built on purpoſe to confine tranſgreſſors; and he found ſitting in it a monk in a profuſe ſweat, with another Armenian, a layman, in irons. The gaoler took one of the irons from his foot, and clapped it upon one of Emin's, ſo that the left foot of each was locked in; and they had the ſingular advantage of ſpeaking to one another without any body's attempting to creep between them. Emin, in a natural way, began to inquire firſt of the holy monk the reaſon of his being put in that comfortable manſion? He did not at all like to anſwer the civil queſtion; but was very ready to tell the crime

crime of Emin's fellow-priſoner; and ſaid, "That man, whoſe foot is faſt in iron with yours, Sir, is guilty of fornication: he is of Teffliz, an Armenian, married there; and he came hither, where he married again, his wife living in that city; and he is to have God knows how many hundred Buſbands on the ſoles of his feet; for he is but a poor man, and has no money to pay to ſave himſelf from that ſevere puniſhment. As for your caſe, I can tell you, that you have committed a greater crime, equal to a murder, in preſuming to kill Etmiatzin's dog: you muſt pay very dear for it, otherwiſe you will receive the ſame chaſtiſement." Emin ſaid, "It appears that you underſtand the law, but it is a pity you have not been cautious enough to preſerve yourſelf from this purgatorial diſgrace; and I dare ſay you have committed a ſtill greater fault, which you are aſhamed to confeſs." He then laughed heartily, which made the people come out and interrupt their droll converſation. They ſilenced the monk, and told Emin that his coming into that hot hole was a good omen, and that he would one day or other become a great man; as they have had experience that every one of the monks who had been put there for ſome miſdemeanor, in

in the end, became either a biſhop or a patriarch. Emin concurred with them, ſaying, "You are in the right; for I feel the effects of it already:" as in reality he had been out of order five or ſix days before, that warm room made him perſpire ſo as to be quite well. They ſaid, they did not know who or what ſort of pilgrim he was; but he muſt be poſſeſſed with great faith, ſince in ſo hot a ſituation he was happy, and could expreſs content, not in the leaſt like the other two hard-hearted priſoners, the one a prieſt, the other a fornicator, who had been there three weeks; and if in their minds they had repented, it was ten to one but God would have put mercy into the heart of Catholicus to relieve them from their diſgraceful miſery. In that very juncture, the patriarch coming from Iravan, ſent immediately and took Emin out of priſon, where he was kept but two hours. Had not his holineſs been abſent from his ſeat, Emin could never have been gratified with the curioſity of ſeeing that ſingular place of purification, the exceſſive heat of which has ſublimed many into biſhops and patriarchs.

On the enſuing Eaſter Sunday, which is kept by the Armenian Chriſtians all over the

the country with great ſolemnity, the pilgrims, according to eſtabliſhed cuſtom, make preſents to the patriarch of as many zechins as they can afford; ſome a hundred, ſome more, ſome leſs, agreeably to every one's circumſtances, with a ſheep for an introduction to kiſs his hand and obtain his benediction. Emin followed the example, bought a very large ſheep for three rupees, and with a Turkiſh zechin in his hand, entered the room to preſent them, and on his knees went to kiſs the patriarch's hand. His holineſs laid both his hands upon his head, and began to ſay ſome prayers, and bleſſed him, which continued almoſt half an hour. This extraordinary ceremony had never been ſeen before; and the jealouſy of the ſurrounding biſhops, monks, and deacons, made them burſt out to a declaration in theſe very words: "May it pleaſe you, holy father, this man does not deſerve ſo long a benediction, which your holineſs is beſtowing on him: the preſents he has made are but trifling and inſignificant; put that aſide, his daring preſumption in killing the faithful dog of the holy Etzmiatzin is no leſs than murder." His holineſs ſaid, "Yes, I know that; but it is very well he has not killed half a dozen

of

of you; and I am extremely ſorry for your want of underſtanding, and more ſo for my chairman Petrus Vardapied (or the monk), who prefers a beaſt of prey to a lamb, and committed him to *purnatoon* (or the oven room). I muſt tell you, this man is not come here for pilgrimage; as I can ſee in his countenance that it is for ſomething greater: what it is we do not know; but be aſſured, that he is the only faithful ſon of the church of Chriſt; he does not look like a merchant. I wiſh to God we had many like him."

Emin kiſſed his hand a ſecond time, and went out with double bleſſings from the holy patriarch. But inſtead of ſetting out to the North, and meeting the famous prince Heraclius of Georgia, conſidering the ſmallneſs of his finances, and his want of any recommendation from a man in power, which would be the means of loſing his character, and rendering him contemptible in the eyes of his highneſs's wicked ſubjects, he thought proper to take the money from the merchant, and return back to Aleppo, and thence to England, in order to take a better method, which ſhall be inſerted hereafter.

Three days before his leaving that place, he committed one of the greateſt faults, in com-

poſing a letter to prince Heraclius, that a madman in Bethlem could have imagined, and which hardly any one elſe in the world would have acknowledged, thus expoſing his weakneſs to the public. Criminals at the bar, fearing a conviction, and hoping for mercy, ſometimes confeſs their guilt; but Emin, from a ſenſe of his duty, will give the genuine narrative of his inſignificant life, with a ſacred regard to truth alone. The purport of the letter was this:

"To his High Mightineſs Prince Heraclius of Georgia, whom God preſerve.

"May it pleaſe your Highneſs to hear the petition of your faithful ſervant. Five years ago I wrote a very long letter to your Highneſs from England; the palioz of the Engliſh, Mr. Shaw, at Baſra, delivered it to an Armenian merchant, called Melchon of Teffliz, your ſubject, who has ſafely preſented it to your hands. As I have not received the favour of your Highneſs's anſwer in a period of ſo many years, it has diſcouraged me; and obliged me to return to the country, whence I have been coming to this place, with great danger and fatigue, croſſing ſeas and travelling in depth of winter through the

the ſnow over the high mountains of Syria, Cardiſtan, and Armenia. Part of an inſtruction of my father from Bengal I am bound in duty to inform your Highneſs of: —He ſays, that upon condition you will be graciouſly pleaſed to confer on me the moſt ſingular honour of thinking me worthy to be made, by the order of the church of God, your *Highneſs's ſon-in-law*, and will grant a certificate, ſigned and ſealed by your Highneſs, and atteſted by two biſhops or prieſts, he orders me to repair to your court; But if you conſent not to this condition, he, my father Hovſep, has charged me not to venture entering your territories. I have ſhewn this letter to Zakaria the Armenian archbiſhop of your capital Teffliz, who will ſet out *from this place in a few days, and has promiſed faithfully to deliver it into your Majeſty's* glorious hands. Your faithful ſervant will remain in anxious hopes of receiving an anſwer to it by the way of Arzerum and Aleppo to England. I am, &c. &c. Dated at Etzmiatzin in the month of April *1760.*"

After this mad act, he ſet out, with his ſervants, by the ſame route by which he came, without caring to join a caravan,

though travelling alone was dangerous. When he arrived at Arzerum, Carapit Aga the Armenian chief, banker of the Grand Signior's Vizir, begged to go as a guard with him as far as Cumercap, a village where the banker's houſe and family dwelt, ſituated near the town of Aga, on the mountainous bank of the Euphrates, almoſt perpendicularly ſteep, within the firſt two ſtages from Arzerum. After travelling about two hours early in the morning, when the ſun began to ſhine pleaſantly over thoſe beautiful hills of helpleſs Armenia, which ſeemed bewailing the loſs of a true father, from the foot of an eminence he diſcovered at the top, a body of fifty-two Turkiſh horſemen with bright arms, and all their horſes harneſſed with ſilver. The diſtance between them was about three hundred yards: both parties were alarmed. The Turks, every one of them, diſmounted, except their chief, juſt in the middle of the road, calling aloud to the Armenians to get out of the way. They were but ſix horſemen in all, with the two packhorſes with wine and proviſion, heavily laden under the ſervants, and a bad horſe belonging to the Armenian banker Carapit Aga. He, at the ſight of the Turks, turned back frightened, and

and ſaying to himſelf, "O God! theſe are the very robbers who infeſted the road we have been told of at Arzerum." The indiſcreet Emin could not bear the puſillanimous behaviour of theſe ſervants of Mammon; he preſented his piece, already cocked, threatening to fire at him if he offered to ſtir, and ordered his two armed ſervants to watch the man's motions, leſt he ſhould be weak enough to flie away. He then puſhed on his horſe to the hill where the ſuppoſed robbers ſtood. In the mean time, Carapit finding the danger of running away was double, and of ſtanding to face the enemy but one, was compelled to follow in haſte with the ſervants. When Emin was within piſtol-ſhot, he was juſt going to fire at the Aga, whoſe troops pointed their guns at him; but, inſtead of firing, dropped them, through a panic, upon the ground. Carapit cried out, "Hold your hand, for God's ſake! the gentleman is my particular acquaintance, named Aly Aga, one of the principal men of Arzerum." Both parties then mixed amicably, without committing any further hoſtility. The Aga was ſo frightened, and looked ſo pale, that he could not anſwer the banker's compliments, though repeated ſeveral times. His men aſking

Carapit who that mad Chriſtian was? he anſwered, "He is a mountaineer of Armenia, brought up from his infancy in war by the famous Engliſh nation." To which they ſaid, grumbling, "that is the reaſon he is not afraid: had he been an Othoman ſubject, he would not have behaved in ſo bold a manner."

Several inſtances of the kind happened all the way to Aleppo, with which he thinks it not worth while to fill whole pages; but has the ſatisfaction to ſay, that the modern Turks are not the ſame with the ancient, who carried every thing before them, penetrated as far as Europe, and poſſeſſed the auguſt throne of Conſtantine, to the inexpreſſible diſgrace of Chriſtians; whoſe horrible eccleſiaſtical quarrel alone, made them ſubſervient, even to the meaneſt and moſt deſpicable Turks; whoſe piratical diabolical law never would ſuffer them to execute or puniſh a Mahomedan for ſhedding Chriſtian blood. A dog has more humanity ſhewn to him than the firſt claſs of men, the fathers of the church; who, nevertheleſs, are their chief advocates, praying day and night to prolong the ſovereignty of the Mahomedans; and Emin, wounded to the heart, often heard them curſing their own flocks, and extolling the

the ravenous wolves. With ſuch unnatural and unmerciful boſom friends, how is it poſſible they ſhould become free from ſlavery? unleſs the laymen ſhake off the mean ambition of raiſing money to be deemed lords over the poor, by making preſents to believers in Mahomed. If they would beſtow a quarter of the money upon their own children, to give them a proper education, and enable them to diſtinguiſh a rational being from a brute animal, ſo as to multiply the number of good plants and pluck up the weeds, they will become a free nation.

When he had conducted the Armenian banker Carapit to Aga, the next morning he went one day's journey with his ſervants to *Maſhker, an Armenian village on the confines of Syria, where he ſtaid four months.* The men of that place generally go to Aleppo and to Smyrna, where they enter into the ſervice of European gentlemen. Their Aga, an Oſmanlu Turk, inquiring the reaſon of Emin's making ſo long a ſtay there, they pacified him by ſaying, there was a plague in the city of Aleppo, of which the Franks are afraid; and that obliged him to ſtay away till it was over. This eaſed the Turk of his well-founded jealouſy; and he told the people to treat Emin

politely, as he had ſeen the Franks in Conſtantinople, upon the ſame occaſion, go and live in the country till the plague is over, where they are treated by the Muſulmen with great civility. Here he did not fail to inſtil, as well as he could, into the ears of the Chriſtians, the principles of zeal and honour. Thence he went to Aleppo, and a week after to Scanderoon, where he embarked on board of an Engliſh Turkey ſhip, and in three months and a half arrived in the Channel, where he performed quarantine; and after that arrived in London: the whole journey from England to Etzmiatzin and back, laſted exactly thirteen months, which none of his noble friends would give credit to, except his princely patron the late duke of Northumberland, who ſtood by him like a tender father, having ſeen a letter from Dr. Patrick Ruſſel, then at Aleppo, (now in Vizagapatam,) to the merchants of the Turkey Company, to this effect: "Emin came hither, ſet out in the depth of winter, went to Armenia, and came back again like a comet, but did no damage to the world; for finding the Armenians equally few in numbers, and reduced thoroughly to ſlavery, he reſolved to go among the Turkman clans, wild mountaineers, about Antioch and Scanderoon, and harangue

harangue them into a deſign to take poſſeſſion of this city of Aleppo, and then proceed upon farther exploits. When he came hither, with his two ſervants, I and Mr. Hay his friend, with immenſe difficulty and many expoſtulations, diſſuaded him from that daring dangerous undertaking. Who without money could effect ſo great a deſign? It was by his chriſtianity chiefly that he was bent from it, which is greatly to his honour; his principle of true religion being predominant over his ambition, made him liſten to us. Otherwiſe, any being in his ſtead, with ſuch a favourable opportunity, having already paved the way to a promiſing field of action, would have perſiſted. The earl of Northumberland has great merit in finding out Emin by his lordſhip's ſurpriſing him, and in patroniſing him who is really worthy of eſteem from every man of ſpirit. If he had not hearkened to us, the conſequence of his enterprize would unavoidably have been fatal to all the Chriſtian ſubjects in the Othman empire; nor could the Europeans have been prevented from ſharing their fate."

This letter was unknown to Emin, till his lordſhip, a few days after, ſaid to him, "How came you to have ſo many people

about you? I know you had but 150l. when you went away." He anſwered, he did not know how, but he wiſhed the Armenians had been poſſeſſed of the ſame, or half the ſpirit of the Turkmans and Curds; he ſhould not have had the mortification of returning to England, where his friends hardly believe that he went as far as Scanderoon. His lordſhip ſaid, "Do not mind, my dear Emin; I will convince them all who have been your friends, and will continue their friendſhip towards you:" then, with the utmoſt tenderneſs, he adviſed him to ſtay in England, whether he choſe to enter into his Majeſty's ſervice, or to have a commiſſion in the Eaſt India Company's eſtabliſhment. Emin would by no means be perſuaded; and told his Grace he would go over to Ruſſia, if he would conſent. He ſaid, "The difficulty will be greater: Mr. Elton, an Engliſh gentleman, was in Nadir Shah's ſervice, and raiſed a jealouſy in the Ruſſian nation, who will be ſtrongly againſt letting you paſs through their territories." The duke aſked again, if he wanted money? made him accept a few guineas more, and paid alſo for his paſſage. Emin took leave, and went to his lodging: this was in April 1761. He ſtaid in London

about

about eight months, very buſy all the time to find ways and means for going to Peterſburgh. The late earl of Bath, after dinner at Mr. Montagu's, ſaw Emin much dejected. Mr. Montagu ſaid to his lordſhip, "Our friend Emin cannot get a letter of recommendation from any gentleman to Ruſſia." His lordſhip immediately anſwered, that he would give him one to *Mr. Keith*, envoy to that court. Mr. Jonas Hanway, author of the Hiſtory of Nadir Shah, procured him a paſs from prince Gallitzin the Ruſſian miniſter, to whom Emin had before the honour of being introduced by the late lady Yarmouth. Dr. Secker, then archbiſhop of Canterbury, wrote a letter to Doctor Dumareſque, chaplain to the *factory*; *Miſs Talbot* to the princeſs of *Georgia*; and *Dr. Mounſey of Chelſea-hoſpital*, to Dr. Mounſey, unſeen, his relation, chief phyſician to the late empreſs Elizabeth. When he had ſecured all theſe letters, he waited upon his patron the duke, who was much ſurpriſed and equally glad of the ſucceſs he had met with.

Two years before his proceeding on this journey, it happened one day, that the foreign miniſters, after waiting on his Majeſty, came to lady Yarmouth's apartment, to pay their reſpects

reſpects to her ladyſhip, and among them was lord Huntingdon. In converſation, the king of Pruſſia became the ſubject. His lordſhip ſaid, "It is ſingular that we cannot have an exact likeneſs of his majeſty painted, nor can I diſcover the reaſon of it?" Emin ſaid, "My lord, the reaſon is very plain, a child may know it very eaſily, by looking at his face about half an hour." His lordſhip ſmiled, and the reſt of the gentlemen were ſomehow ſtartled; they had taken but very little notice of him before: they aſked him if he could tell the reaſon? He ſaid, "Yes;" and added, "that the king was not made like the reſt of mankind; that he changed his complexion with every thought that paſſed in his mind; that ſometimes he looked pale, and at another time freſh-coloured, white, black, yellow, in ſhort he anſwered all ſorts of colours like a camelion; wherefore it would be impoſſible for a painter to draw a true picture of him." On this ſolution, every one of the company cried out, "that is the very reaſon—well ſaid! this is Aſiatic penetration:" then they took proper notice of him; and this pleaſed lady Yarmouth as much, who took that opportunity to introduce him to all of them in form; and among the reſt, to Prince Gallitzin.

litzin. His lordſhip putting a ſecond queſtion, "What is the cauſe of his aſſuming thoſe different colours?" Emin anſwered, "When he looks freſh, he thinks he is ſure of conqueſt; when pale as aſhes, he is afraid of being cruſhed by the united powers of Europe; when yellow, he fears Voltaire will publiſh a ſcandalous book again to ſmite his mind, and ſo forth." On the ſecond explanation, his lordſhip with both hands moved his chair, and ſat cloſe to him, and invited him to dinner that day, if he was not otherways engaged. The foreign miniſters ſpoke in French to lady Yarmouth, with a ſatisfied pleaſing countenance; and ſaid, "Although we thought before he was not worthy of the notice taken of him by the nobility of England, now we are very well convinced that he deſerves to have honours conferred upon him, and that his Royal Highneſs the duke, and the earl of Northumberland, had really great merit in patronizing him. The levee broke up; the gentlemen went away; and, though Emin underſtood what they ſaid, yet lady Yarmouth took pains, with great good-nature and ſatisfaction, to expreſs it to him.

According to his promiſe, he went to lord Huntingdon's; at dinner there were two brothers,

thers, doctor and captain Hamilton, the ſecond of whom was equerry to his preſent Majeſty, at that time Prince of Wales, and lord Huntingdon was then his maſter of the horſe.

When they had dined, the converſation turned upon various ſubjects, and his lordſhip in a bantering good-natured way, ſaid to Emin, "Your beſt method will be to compoſe a new ſort of religion like Mohamed, and reform your countrymen to your way of thinking; otherwiſe the religion they have now, will never ſuffer them to follow your example, ſo as to become a free nation. I dare to ſay, you know of the reformation among the Engliſh; who if they had continued papiſts, might have been retained ſlaves to this day." This propoſition, though delivered in jeſt, agitated him not a little, by mentioning the polluted name of that Arabian impoſtor; and he ſaid, "If your lordſhip will not be diſpleaſed with my boldneſs, I will tell my opinion on that head?" His lordſhip ſaid, "Not in the leaſt." Then Emin began with his rough compariſon, proceeding thus: "My lord, it appears to me that you are very learned, and your elegant converſation is moſt improving to the minds of every hearer; but you ſeem exactly like a ſurloin of beef

beef turning upon a ſpit, and roaſting before a very large fire in a chop-houſe; where the cuſtomers coming in one after another, the maſter of the houſe, with a ſharp carving knife in his hand, like a Turkiſh executioner, cries out, What will you pleaſe to have gentlemen? Roaſted beef, maſter, they ſay: he cuts the outſide and inſide of it, where it is beſt done, ſerving his cuſtomers; who being ſatisfied, and the reckoning paid, the beef ſtill going round on the ſpit by the help of the jack, till at laſt it is eaten up, and reduced to the very bone, without the leaſt benefit to itſelf. Now, one may look upon you juſt in the ſame light; and nothing ſurpriſes one ſo much as to find her ladyſhip, your mother, ſo very religious, and your lordſhip ſo irreligious. Several free ſpeakers like you, have brought down the true Chriſtian character of the moſt noble Engliſh nation to the loweſt degree of heatheniſm; and even propagated a notion all over the eaſtern quarter of the world, that (which God forbid) the Engliſh are not Chriſtians." This grave repartee made his lordſhip hang down his head, and both the brothers cried out laughing, "He ſerves you right, my lord, upon our honour; we will acquaint his Royal Highneſs with every word

Mr.

Mr. Emin has ſaid to you." Some days after, captain Hamilton ſent for him, and acquainted him, that he had been very induſtrious in giving an account to his Royal Highneſs, of every ſyllable that paſſed at dinner, between him and lord Huntingdon; that his Royal Highneſs was greatly pleaſed, and ſaid to his lordſhip, "I am very glad you have at laſt met with your match." He graciouſly inquired, if it was the Emin who had been in the late campaign in our ſervice, and whether he was rewarded for his trouble or not? "We ſaid," added the captain, "that we believed not; and now, my friend, it is high time for you to inform your patron, that the prince is much intereſted in your behalf; ſo that his lordſhip, who attends every levee day, may agree with his Royal Highneſs to do ſomething for you."

Emin mentioned this to the duke, who went to the prince; his Royal Highneſs favourably inquired about the matter, and expreſſed himſelf very ready to aſſiſt Emin. The duke ſaid, "He is already provided for," meaning by his Grace; and added, "He ſhall have any ſum of money he chuſes." The duke told Emin what his Royal Highneſs had ſaid; adding, "It is not proper you ſhould have more

money

money than is neceſſary; you came hither without any; without language or friends; and, by your own activity, made yourſelf known to the greateſt princes in Europe: you have letters of recommendation to the court of Ruſſia, who will certainly write to prince Heraclius, and he immediately will employ you in his ſervice; by which means you will be as rich as any prince in Aſia." Emin ſaid, "My lord, your advice is excellent, but I ſhall never be able to compaſs my deſign without money, or being independent; at leaſt that country is very well known to be poor; if not, prince Heraclius's father would not have gone to Ruſſia, to ſolicit like a beggar for aſſiſtance." The duke ſaid, "No, my dear Emin, you are miſtaken; he is gone for ſome greater affair unknown to us." Emin ſaid, "My lord, when I was in Armenia at Etzmiatzin, the archbiſhop of Teffliz told me, that king Tahmuras of Georgia, through mere neceſſity, being at variance with his ſon, was ſent to Moſcow to be maintained by the Ruſſians. Has not your lordſhip read of Sir John Chardin's Travels, which ſay, that the Georgians are the handſomeſt, the worſt, and the pooreſt of mankind?" "No, no, Mr. Emin, you will do very well with prince

Heraclius." "Yes, my lord, if I were independent, I ſhould do better with all the world; but ſince your lordſhip has that great opinion of your humble ſervant, that he can live upon air, he ſhall ſay no more about it; he is ready to obey your command in gratitude, even if you order him, he is ready to ſhoot himſelf at the feet of your lordſhip; that the world may have the pleaſure to ſay, Emin behaved obediently and gratefully to his laſt breath, to his princely patron."

This conſultation being over, the duke gave him a hundred guineas, and promiſed him two hundred more, to remit after him a hundred each year, and to continue for three years and no longer. What could Emin do, but make much of a little. Mrs. Montague, Lady Sophia Egerton, and Miſs Talbot, made up about ſixty pounds; Lady Anſon, his valuable friend, was dead; he was therefore worth 160l. deducting 30l. for fitting himſelf out; paid five guineas to the captain of the ſhip; took leave of his friends, and ſet out on the 15th of October 1761. He arrived with moderate wind in eight days at Elſinore, a ſea-port town in Denmark, where he ſtayed two days; on the third day ſetting ſail, on the fourth a ſtorm aroſe with ſuch fury, that

nothing could equal it; in a few days more made the Iſland of Bornholm. Here the ſailors embracing the opportunity, (which was very near proving fatal to the ſhip, and all who were in it,) half a dozen of them got drunk, ſet the whole place in an uproar, and did not care a pin for the captain. Emin had much ado to quiet them. At laſt every one of them got on board; and no ſooner was the anchor weighed, than a contrary wind began to blow three times ſtronger than before; half of the crew mutinied, and laid a ſcheme to kill Emin (the only paſſenger) and the captain, becauſe they adviſed them not to drink more than was neceſſary, and then to carry the ſhip to France, at that time engaged in war with England. Emin finding no other remedy, to quiet them, he, with the captain, reſolved to ſhoot the ringleader, a very ſtout young man, a deſerter from a man of war; the reſt ſeeing what was going on, ſubmitted to join Emin's and the captain's party, and with much ado the young lion was ſecured in irons. The captain drew up an affidavit of their unruly behaviour, and the poor fellows every one of them ſigned a paper, confeſſing themſelves guilty of a conſpiracy. Exactly in fifty days, they with great difficulty came to an anchor at Riga.

It may not be unpleaſant to ſay ſomething of the paſſage. The ſhip being a prize from the enemy, which, when in their own poſſeſſion, carried fifty guns, with 600 French ſailors in it, was bought by the Ruſſia merchants in London, and converted into a timber ſhip. In that hard weather (in the month of November), on the terrible Baltic, where the buntings froze up to the thickneſs of three inches, and all the ropes, in proportion, the ſhip like a ſnowy mountain ſailing upon the water, there were no more than eight men to take in, reef, or furl the main-ſail, when there was occaſion. This ſhewed the difference between the Engliſh and the French, for the whole ſhip's crew, with the captain, mate, and paſſengers, were no more than twenty-four hands. Theſe are the brave men to be admired with awe—who are ruled by the wiſdom of Old England—the very bulwark of that famous nation—who maintain the liberty of it in the midſt of ſo many malignant jealous princes of Europe!—Brave fellows! what hardſhips they go through! how unſparingly do they work for a livelihood! to the ſhame of many Jew-like Chriſtians in the Eaſt, who live and loll in a ſlaviſh idle life, like ſo many beaſts!

When

When the captain was going on ſhore, he took the bloody affidavit, to puniſh them all by the Ruſſian law. Emin ſnatched the paper out of his hands, and tore it to pieces; ſaying to the captain, "How can you be ſo cruel, and act ſo raſhly? Who will work your ſhip back? Do not you know the ſeverity of the law of Ruſſia? Yourſelf muſt remain in the place, *before the bloody affair* is decided. Come, come, be quiet; forgive them; they are all honeſt fellows." They came all on the gangway, crying out, "God bleſs you, noble ſtranger! Excuſe us, we do not know your honor's name: we are in duty bound to acknowledge, if you had not been with us on the paſſage, we might have periſhed *through our own fooliſhneſs. It was owing to the brandy we bought in that Daniſh iſland.* We beg both your and the captain's pardon; ſince you have made peace between us and our commander, we pray God to proſper you in all your undertakings." Here every thing ended amicably. The captain and Emin went on ſhore at Riga, where the captain was not a little ſenſible of his paſſenger's good behaviour; did not fail to inform ſeveral gentlemen of his acquaintance, a few Engliſh, and

many Swedes and Germans, who all came and thanked him.

The houſe where he took up his quarters belonged to a German, about fifty years of age, named Miller, who had been ſettled and married there for ſeveral years. He was originally a journeyman baker, and ſaved enough to make up a capital, ſo as to ſet up a ſort of eating-houſe, which went on pretty briſkly. He uſed to go to Poland, and buy horned cattle, providing ſhips with beef, by which he made a fortune of 60,000 dollars. By his firſt wife, who was then dead, he had children, a girl and a boy; he married his daughter, and himſelf married a ſecond time; and by his ſecond wife he had four more. Emin made an agreement with him, to pay half-a-crown a-day both for his lodging and boarding, and ſtayed exactly ten days in the houſe. Miller the landlord became ſo fond of Emin, as to ſit up and keep company with him every night till almoſt two in the morning; ſomething more than common appearing in his countenance, which made Emin ſenſible he would ſpeak it out; this he did at laſt, after many apologies; and ſaid, "Sir, excuſe the liberty I am going to take; I know you are going

going upon very great buſineſs; as far as I can learn, you have but little money, and I am worth many thouſand dollars; I can ſpare 2000 of them, with perfect good-will, towards the expences of your journey: I ſhall be extremely happy, if you will be kind enough to accept of it; no ſoul in the world ſhall know of it, and I will not even take notice of it to my wife. *Pleaſe to take it here,* or by a bill on a merchant at St. Peterſburgh." Emin thanked Mr. Miller for his generous offer, but would by no means accept of it; and ſaid, "Your good-will is ſufficient; you have an encreaſing family; it is beſt that the money ſhould remain where it is; as for my part, I am a ſingle man, and can make a ſhift any how to live and manage for myſelf." *Mr. Miller was not in the leaſt pleaſed with his refuſal; he ſeemed in great pain, as if he* had been ſtabbed with a dagger to the heart, and ſtill continued urging, like an affectionate father, till at length he began crying like a child, and ſaid, "Sir, if you do not accept of it, you will break my heart." Yet all his expoſtulation was to no purpoſe. Mr. Miller, finding the impoſſibility of prevailing, ſtood up, and ſaid, "Good Mr. Emin, ſince you will not conſent to oblige me in this trifle, I

give you my hand and heart to ſhare your dangers; I will go and ſerve you with the half of my fortune, while the other half will very comfortably maintain my family; and my wife (thank God!) has both ſenſe and prudence enough to take care of them: my male children, when of a proper age, will come and find us out in any part of the world." Having ſaid theſe words, he ran out, and brought the Bible to ſwear upon. Emin entreated him to put up the ſacred book; and, finding it impoſſible to diſſuade him from his generous heroic reſolution, he ſaid to him, "My worthy friend, I am going upon an imaginary plan, exactly like that of making a ſolid figure of a man's ſhadow; unleſs the Supreme Being ſhall pleaſe to turn it into ſomething ſubſtantial. Should it happen to fail, I ſhould never forgive myſelf if any accident ſhould befall you, and I ſhould be the occaſion of ruin to your harmleſs lambs and family; I ſhould conſider myſelf then as a rogue, villain, or an impoſtor. But ſo far I give my word of honour, that if ſucceſs favours me in my undertaking, you may depend upon it, my blunt pen will find you out in any part of Europe. I beg you will ſay no more about it; let us ſit down half an hour

hour longer, to enjoy the ſociety of our true hearts, which the Great God has made under the ſame planet." The poor man then ſhed tears bitterly, and ſaid no more. This amicable converſation began at midnight, and ended at half-an-hour paſt two in the morning, when every one elſe was aſleep in the houſe. Emin had a good mind to repeat to him *his Grace's prediction, That too much money would do him no good*; but he thought proper to ſay not a word of it, leſt he ſhould hear a ſarcaſtical anſwer.' Mr. Miller then changed the ſubject, and told the hiſtory of his life, which was very entertaining, and equal in variety of hardſhips to that of Emin; who dares to declare, that the German nation, by what he has ſeen in Weſtphalia, *are equal in goodneſs both of heart and tongue to the Engliſh themſelves.* God ſeeing the plainneſs and honeſty of their hearts, has given moſt of the ſovereignty of Europe to that nation; as for example, the king of England, the empreſs of Ruſſia, and the reſt; and ſhould any learned man be curious enough to trace the genealogies of other European princes, he will find their anceſtors to be all of German extraction: and this is a proof, that ſimplicity is more acceptable to God,

God, than cunning and artfulneſs: for inſtance, who is more cunning than the Jews, Hindoos, and others that are no better than they? Every one, according to his merits, is ſtationed by the inviſible hand of the Almighty, ſo as to let his truth ſhine over all. The good Mr. Miller, and his friend Emin, at three in the morning parted, and each retired to his bed.

After two days more, he hired a covered cart for Emin, who took his leave, and proceeded towards St. Peterſburgh, where he arrived in twelve days from Riga. He waited on the chaplain doctor, who received him with great politeneſs, and invited him to live in the houſe with him all the while he ſtayed in that place. The other letters introduced Emin to other gentlemen; the firſt, to Mr. Keith; the next, to count Worronzoff, the Ruſſian Imperial chancellor; then to doctor Mounſey; the fourth letter was from Miſs Talbot to the princeſs of Georgia, her correſpondent by the means of doctor Dumareſque, who, to Emin's great misfortune, was then dead. She being married to prince Dolgorucky, the letter he gave to the prince her huſband, who is uncle to prince Heraclius by the mother's ſide. If this lady had lived,

Emin

Emin might have ſucceeded in ſome points, as he owed ſo much of his ſucceſs to the noble ladies in London. The gentlemen to whom he was recommended, divided Emin's time ſo, that he could never dine at the doctor's; who was very glad of his being taken ſo much notice of, and accompanied him wherever he went, like a guardian and a father. *A few days after*, Emin's character excited the curioſity of St. Peterſburgh, like the dromedary brought over by a Greek, and exhibited in London.

Mr. Keith, doctor Mounſey, and doctor Dumareſque, by the deſire of count Worronzoff the chancellor, took Emin along with them to the houſe of that nobleman, who aſked him ſeveral queſtions, doctor Dumareſque *acting as interpreter between them.* "Your intention," *ſaid he*, "as I underſtand by the letter from prince Gallitzin, is to go to prince Heraclius in Georgia. He is very poor, and his father king Tahmuras is come hither, to beg our aſſiſtance both in money and troops; what can you do there in a prince's ſervice, where thoſe two great articles are wanting?" Emin anſwered, ſaying, "May it pleaſe your Excellency, neither of the two are in fact wanting, with ſenſe and proper

proper management; the country is one of the richeſt upon earth, and produces two very valuable articles of commerce, ſilk and cotton. As for eatables and grains of all kinds, no country is ſo plentifully ſupplied with them; and great part of the people perhaps have hardly taſted water, for wine is their common drink; they have good meat, and all ſorts of grain and honey in abundance: ſo that, with a little European management, that country may flouriſh and be happy, without being obliged to depend upon any other nation; when, in the mean time, the Armenians will join with a good will to expel, as they eaſily may, the Mahomedans out of their country. Therefore I am ſorry for king Tahmuras, who at the age of ſixty-five years, almoſt worn out in his wars againſt the Lazgi mountaineers, comes ſo far for ſuccour. God, when he created man, gave him a head, with two hands to take care of it; but if thoſe hands are not ſufficient to help that head, they deſerve to be cut off. A little ſmattering of a Turkiſh education will make a poor Georgian ſlave-boy, when he grows up, created a baſha or grand vizir; while a naked mountaineer Armenian, at the head of 200 men, will be able to beat a whole Turkiſh army.

Another

Another goes to Conſtantinople, and becomes a head banker of the Grand Signior; a third works for his paſſage as a groom, with ſome horſes from Baſra, on board of an Engliſh ſhip, and becomes maſter of ſome lacks in Calcutta, where he domineers over his countrymen like Nadir Shah; while your Excellency's humble ſervant, who now has the honour of *ſtanding* before you, ran away from his father *in Bengal, without ſhoes*; and having worked on board of an Indiaman, became a porter in London for almoſt five years, and ruſhed through thick and thin, till he made himſelf worthy to be taken notice of at preſent by your Excellency. Therefore, why may not the Armenians or Georgians be as enterprizing in their own country, as they have *ſhewn themſelves by frequent examples*? *The difficulty lies in the beginning of it.* When they have once opened their eyes from the ſlumber of ignorance, they will go on as well as their neighbours." This ſpeech of Emin pleaſed his Excellency the chancellor ſo much, that he became his friend as warmly as Mr. Pitt in London; and with inexpreſſible cheerfulneſs ſaid to Dr. Mounſey, "Prává aſchen khóróſhá gávárial vót èta dobri châllavéte;—that is, Well ſpoken, he is an honeſt man."

man." He then ordered one of his attendants to go with his compliments, to call king Tahmuras. When he came, the chanc took Emin by the hand, and put it into king's, ſaying, "This is the only man recommended to us ſtrongly by our noble friends in England. We can with great ſecurity preſent him to your majeſty. Beſtow him upon your poor country as a treaſure, who will, we are in great hopes, riſe with artillery, ammunition, and every thing neceſſary, provided you will hear him."

Upon this ſudden ſcene, the mighty king was ſurprized as if in a dream; he ſtared about five minutes at ſo ſmall a body, the Georgians generally being tall and ſtately; thanked his Excellency for his great preſent, and with humility and cheerfulneſs lifted up his hand and head, praying to God, and hoping that his ſon Heraclius would concur with Emin, and hearken to his counſel; and he declared that in reality they were more in want of men of knowledge than of any thing elſe; and that, if it pleaſed God that he ſhould live, Emin ſhould be his ſecond ſon, and eſteemed next to prince Heraclius. Emin, upon this, with great reſpect kiſſed his majeſty's hand, and was honoured with being kiſſed by him on the forehead. His Excellency ordered dinner. The king

king was placed between Mr. Keith and the chancellor, with an interpreter ſtanding behind the chairs: the reſt of the company ſat at the ſame table; and during dinner, the Engliſh envoy was giving an account of Emin's tranſactions to the chancellor in French, and he, by the Georgian interpreter, explained it to the king.

When dinner was over, Tahmuras took Emin in his chariot to the houſe where he lived; delighted much in his converſation; gave him great hopes that they ſhould ſucceed in defending their country from the encroachments of the Mahometans; and ſaid, "He did not in the leaſt doubt that, by the means of Emin, the Armenians would ſoon unite with the Georgians to ſhake off entirely the yoke of ſubjection," not knowing thoroughly the jealous diſpoſition of his ſon Heraclius. After a converſation of two hours, Emin took his leave, when the king deſired him to make the houſe his own, and come there as often as he pleaſed. He went thither conſtantly every day, and dined ſeveral times with Tahmuras at the chancellor's, but more commonly at Mr. Keith's, who was to him as kind as ten fathers. Doctor Mounſey in particular, and his lady, were equally polite: he told Emin twenty

twenty times, that the late empreſs Elizabeth, who was then ſick and inacceſſible, had declared, that if Emin was fortunate enough, and ſhe ſhould recover from her illneſs, "he ſhall be taken," ſaid ſhe, "better care of, and properly ſent to Armenia, ſo as not to be much indebted to the Georgian prince. The Armenians are an honeſt and faithful people, for whom my dear father Peter the Great had taken conſiderable pains; and had he lived longer, would have delivered them from the ſlavery of the Mahometans. Poor Emin! who without either a real friend, or money, treads the ſame ſteps with equal zeal of patriotiſm, ſhall not want help or a friend, if I can but recover from this diſorder." But, alas! to the great misfortune of Emin, and to all the Armenians, ſhe died in the month of December; and exactly a fortnight after, died king Tahmuras of Georgia. Emin was left again fatherleſs and motherleſs.

Doctor Dumareſque, during the time, uſed to come home very late, ſometimes at one, ſometimes at two o'clock in the morning, and found Emin always up in his room, where they talked another hour before they went to bed. He generally happened to have been ſitting with the preſent empreſs Catherina, at that

that time ducheſs of Holſtein, whoſe celebrated character is known to the world, and her very name a terror to the proud Turks. She hearing of Emin's motives, often ſignified to the doctor her opinion, that if there was a ſort of government or principality in Armenia, it would be of great conſequence to the empire of Ruſſia, eſpecially in time of war, ſince they would harraſs the Turks pretty ſmartly; and as they are an induſtrious nation, not in the leaſt wicked nor treacherous like the Georgians, they might thrive better, ſo as to become a free and flouriſhing people. (Her late atchievements in the paſt war againſt the Ottomanlus juſtified her ſentiments.)

To prevent Emin from being too vain of himſelf, Dr. Dumareſque ſaid to him, "Before you came to this place, or were taken notice of by the Engliſh nobility, her Imperial majeſty hardly miſſed in converſation mentioning Armenia, when he happened to ſpeak of the Perſians or Turks." He muſt not forget, in gratitude to his German friend, Mr. Miller of Riga, that unknown to him he had wrote a letter to his correſpondent, a German gentleman, and an eminent merchant in Peterſburgh, to offer him the ſame 2,000 dollars which he refuſed at Riga. Emin thanked him again, without

accepting the generous offer, which ſurpriſed the merchant, who was well acquainted with many Engliſh great men, and knew Emin's narrow circumſtances as well as they did, but was not thoroughly acquainted with the pride of his heart, who would by no means be beholden to any nation but the Engliſh; nor, like ſome mean-ſpirited perſons, ſcrape the ruſt of the world from different people. As for his beloved Engliſh, they are both father and mother to him; and from them, whatever favour he has received, it is his principal ambition (though they by no means expect it) to return it tenfold when able: but if he continue poor, which cannot be helped, it ever ſhall be as it has been, his duty to remember their goodneſs all the days of his life, and record it from generation to generation.

After the death of the empreſs and king Tahmuras, Peter II. ſucceeded to the throne. His Excellency Mr. Keith, Dr. Mounſey, and Dr. Dumareſque, propoſed to Emin to enter into the Ruſſian ſervice, ſince the new emperor was very fond of ſoldiers, and it would be of conſequence to him; but Emin would, on no conſideration, conſent to become a turncoat, ſtill continuing firm in his reſolution to proceed for Georgia and Armenia.

His

His Excellency approved his ſentiment, and procured a paſs for him, with a letter of ſtrong recommendation from the chancellor count Worronzoff, his friend, to prince Heraclius, written in Ruſſian, and tranſlated by Dumareſque into Engliſh.

The purport of it was as follows:

"*To Prince Heraclius.*

"Sir,

"The bearer of this letter, Joſeph Emin, an Armenian Chriſtian, native of the city of Hámádán, in the kingdom of Perſia, educated in England, and brought up in the art of war, made ſome campaigns in Germany, where his conduct merited him the notice and friendſhip of that renowned nation; and there, hearing your name extolled as one of the greateſt captains and officers in your ſituation, inclined him to come and enter himſelf into your ſervice. His noble friends in London, and our Imperial envoy prince Gallitzin, thought proper to favour him with letters, recommending him ſtrongly to our notice and protection. When he came hither with thoſe credentials, we judged it beſt to preſent him to your late father king Tahmuras, who, ſeeing his conduct, took great

notice of him, and promiſed to take him to Georgia before his death. Almoſt in his laſt will, he told him to go to you without fail or delay. To this he readily conſented. In caſe you ſhould not be pleaſed with him, or diſagree with him, it is our pleaſure that you let him return back to us in a moſt ſatisfactory manner, ſince he may be employed by us with great pleaſure, in our auguſt Imperial ſervice: his character and good conduct being better known to us. Given under my hand, count Worronzoff, high chancellor of the empire of Ruſſia," &c. &c.

With this letter and paſſport, Emin ſet out in the middle of March, in a ſledge, over the ſnow to Moſcow, and went thence to Aſtrakhan, where, hearing that the ſnow of the Caucaſian mountains had ſtopped the paſſage, which is commonly every year choked up from the month of January till the month of May or June, he thought it neceſſary to ſend a padamar with letters to prince Heraclius, and to the Armenians in the mountains of Karabagh (or the Black Garden). It took exactly five months before he received anſwers. The prince ſaying nothing worthy of inſertion, that the Armenians would ſerve and die under his horſe's hoofs. He

ſtayed

ſtayed about nine months at Aſtrakhan, where, after travelling from place to place, and ſpending half of his capital, 130l., he heard that Peter the Second was no more. He had reigned exactly one year, from the firſt of January 1761, to the firſt of the ſame month 1762, leaving the empire to his wife, the great Catherina.

At laſt, thirty Armenian lads, with their arms and horſes, joined Emin; and, in the month of May, he ſet out from Aſtrakhan to Kizlar, the frontier town of Ruſſia, chiefly inhabited by Armenians and Georgians. About five hundred yards to the eaſt of it is a ſmall fortification, built with mud only, and with four baſtions to it, big enough to hold a battalion, and the general with his family; and beſides, a large room for about thirty or forty ſons of Lazgey mountaineer chiefs, as hoſtages for their father's good behaviour, to keep them quiet from revolt or inroading: theſe, like a ſort of priſoners, are paid by the government, and relieved every three or ſix months by their brothers, or near relations, in turn.

As horſes are very cheap in thoſe parts, the Armenians hearing of Emin's arrival, about three hundred of them, two miles from that place, not conſidering the bad conſe-

quence of that imprudent meaſure, made a grand entry with him, together with five or ſix hundred Tartars on horſeback; men who live under tents thereabouts, on the banks of the river Tuvky, and who joined the party out of curioſity as mere ſpectators. This terrified the puſillanimous general Stupition ſo much, that he drew up the bridge and crept into the fort; the reſt of the Armenians and Tartars, with their families, coming out of their houſes, with a joyful clamour, ſaying, "Here comes the prince of Armenia!" ſo that any perſon in Stupition's ſtead would then have been frightened. Emin acted very cautiouſly, and would not take a quarter without the general's order; he therefore ſent a meſſenger to know his pleaſure. In the meanwhile he pitched tents in an open place between the fort and the town; but had much ado to perſuade the mob to go away from him. The general ſent word, with compliments, that he had inſtructed Galuſt, the chief of the Armenians, to accommodate him in his houſe, where he alighted, and took quarter. The next morning the general came to viſit Emin, who returned the compliment in the evening, and ſhowed the paſſport; which Stupition, on ſeeing the name of Peter the Second

Second to it, did not at all approve, but took it from him and kept it, telling him he would conſider it. Emin dined with him that day and the next; and on the fourth day after his arrival, the general, with a company of grenadiers and ſix hundred Circaſſians and Tartars, came to him; and after ſome cringing whining ceremony, told him, that the paſs was *not clear, being made in Little* Petrus's time; adding many abuſive expreſſions concerning the deceaſed. He aſtoniſhed Emin with this unpoliſhed barbarity; and added, that Petrus was not worthy to reign, nor had ſenſe enough to know the laws of the Ruſſians, which ſtrictly forbad ſuffering a military man to paſs the frontiers of the empire. Emin made no objection, but told the ſtupid *general, that he was very ſorry to find a man of his rank poſſeſſed of ſo foul a mouth,* and ſpitting out ſuch poiſonous unbecoming words upon the character of an unfortunate prince, who was the grandſon of Peter the Great, of glorious memory, that enlightener of the Ruſſias, and lawful huſband to the famous empreſs Catherina. He added, "What is the reaſon you brought ſo many fighting men? and on the day of my coming hither, you run, like a luſty fellow, into the fort? It

ſeems you are afraid of a ſingle Armenian, who is aſhamed to ſee a Ruſſian general like you frightened at the ſight of a mob, who were all the time your own ſubjects. Such a general as you, is more fit to graze cattle than to command a fort on the confines of an empire." The man looked as pale as death, and uttered hardly a word for five minutes, the accompanying Circaſſian and Tartarian officers, with the reſt of the troops on horſeback and the grenadiers in a circle, ſeeing this behaviour of Emin, which may appear raſh to the reader, it gave thoſe barbarous wild mountaineers a very great opinion of his undaunted reſolution; and they took care ever after to report it among the Lazguis, from whom it ſpread all over Georgia, Turkey, Armenia, and even to Perſia. In that critical juncture, they began to mutter to one another in the Tartarian language, ſaying, "This man, while he is alone, has ſo great a liver, (the Aſiatics commonly call a man of courage a man of liver,) how much greater will he have if he command a thouſand of us?" Stupition began to hang his head, and ſaid, "Sir, I am afraid for your perſon, if you lie in this houſe without a proper guard. I have authentic intelligence

gence of five hundred men, about two days journey from this place, waiting to lay hold of you." Emin ſaid, "No, Sir, they wait to join me, an Armenian Chriſtian, whoſe principles are well known all over Europe, and in England in particular, where I was eſteemed worthy of being recommended to the court of Ruſſia: but I underſtand your meaning; that I am your priſoner; do your duty, poſt the guards properly, leſt you ſhould run away, as you did ſome days ago."

The intention of general Stupition in making this difficulty, was grounded to extort a ſum of money, ſince it was hinted to Emin, through an Armenian, that if he would fee the party handſomely, he might go with ſafety by the general's free permiſſion uninterrupted. He thought Emin was worth a great many thouſand Engliſh guineas; ſince a ridiculous report went about then, and remains to this day all over Perſia, that he was favoured by the ſon of the king of England with a million ſterling, and had ſuch certificates or Bank notes, that in any part of the world, the merchants who ſhould ſee them, would immediately pay any ſum of money he pleaſed: but they little imagined that his finances, at that very time, were reduced to three hundred Ruſſian dollars;

and

and the million was three hundred pounds allowed him by the earl of Northumberland. The late king George of England had preſented him before, by the late lady Yarmouth, with 25l. in Bank notes; and after waiting at the late duke of Cumberland's levée door without daring to enter, when he did enter with the late lord Ancram, who thought even that was too much, he had the ſingular honour to kiſs his Royal Highneſs's hand, by virtue of which Emin maintained the character of the richeſt man in the world. It is ten to one but the Ruſſian Stupition might have heard of this mighty ſum, and believe it to be fact; but the poor man was deprived of taſting any of its ſweetneſs, which Emin was moſt ſpitefully unwilling to let him have. The argument ended, and ſixty men with ſome grenadiers were poſted round the houſe to guard Emin, who gave his thirty Armenian troopers leave to proceed on their journey to Teffliz, ordering them to wait for him till the next year. The poor fellows went away almoſt broken-hearted; and the ſight of their diſtreſs would ſenſibly have affected any one of the leaſt humanity. The Tartars, joined to the Armenians, made a loud lamentation, curſing the general moſt heartily. For all

all the ſtrictneſs of the charge, and the ſtrength of the guard, could not keep the Tartars, Circaſſians, and Armenians, from the houſe where Emin was a ſort of a priſoner. This cauſed great apprehenſion in the general's mind, and ſaved Emin from remaining there a long time, in a ſtate highly diſagreeable to a man of ſpirit. He remembered that when he was at *Aſtrakhan*, two gentlemen, *Aſbeg* Tartars, came from *Bokhora*, in their way to Peterſburgh upon ſome negociation, and were detained by the governor, flayed to the very ſkin, and kept there nine months; and, when he was coming away, they were not permitted to proceed further. The ſame might have been his lot, if thoſe wild Tartars had not frightened Stupition, who was glad to conſent to Emin's return back to the capital. The general, who wanted activity with diligence, (qualities common to fearful people,) drew a formal proteſt, and made about four hundred principal Armenians, Georgians, Tartars, and Indians, ſign their names to it; ſetting forth, That in caſe the Armenian Emin, who came thither with a wrong paſſport, were ſuffered either to ſtay in the town of Kizlar, or to paſs the frontiers, the whole mountainous country of Lazguis,

and

and the inhabitants of the woody plains of Chacham and Muchkez, would flock to him; the conſequence of which might end in dangerous troubles, and prove injurious to Kizlar.

Having delivered this paper to a Ruſſian ſerjeant, he ordered a ſquadron of twenty Coſſack horſes, with a Circaſſian centurion, to conduct Emin from ſtage to ſtage, relieving the guard with freſh troopers, to Aſtrakhan, to acquaint the governor with the buſineſs, and thence to ſet out with the ſerjeant alone and his two ſervants to St. Peterſburgh. As the ſuſpected track of land was between, and as the governor, to whom he had a letter of recommendation before from Count Worronzoff, was very firm, and wrote a letter to the general, and gave Emin a paſſport, perſuading him to return again to Kizlar; he conſented, and was preparing himſelf to proceed the next day: but in the morning, behold, there came a courier from Stupition, with a letter to the governor, urging him ſtrongly not to let him remain a day longer, nor permit him to return to Kizlar, ſince he, having the command of the frontiers, would not be the cauſe of letting him paſs; and adding, "he is a dangerous Armenian, brought up in

in the military profeſſion among the Engliſh; his preſence will bring on a rebellion of the Lazguis mountaineers on our ſide, which the Georgian ſide of courſe will join; you are ſitting at Aſtrakhan in peace and quiet, not conſidering the difficulty and the danger of this command in the middle of ſo many wild barbarians; therefore I deſire you will let the man return from whence he came, but will order the ſerjeant to guard him to his excellency the great chancellor."

The governor told all this to Emin, through Mr. Rèntil, a Swediſh merchant at that place, at whoſe houſe he had before ſtayed nine months, who being brought up in London, underſtood Engliſh perfectly well, and by whom Emin was treated with great politeneſs and hoſpitality. He was in great concern, expreſſing himſelf with extreme ſorrow. When parting, Emin comforted him, ſaying, "My good friend, I am very glad for what has happened:—in the firſt place, my little money is almoſt gone; I am ſure of being ſupplied a-freſh by my Engliſh friends in Moſcow and Peterſburgh. Stupition's ill-natured behaviour, with an intention to hurt me, has made me more conſiderable in the opinion of that brave wild people, who if I had

had been allowed to paſs, would have looked upon me as one of the common Armenians; but this affair has gained me great reputation; for they will not reſt idle to propagate among themſelves an opinion, that I muſt be a very able man, of whom the general was afraid, and prevented me from going on. In time, it will be of infinite ſervice to me, when once I ſhall be in Georgia and Armenia, the poor ignorant men not knowing that I am but a ſchool-boy in the art of war, for the Orientals are chiefly overcome by the ſound of a great man, without which, let a perſon be ever ſo brave or rich, they care but very little for him. A man muſt ſpend vaſt ſums of money, go through great difficulties, and run into many dangers in hazardous battles, before he can be able to eſtabliſh a name, and induce the minds of fighting men to follow him, eſpecially when, by God's aſſiſtance, I ſhall come off with honour, to the joy of my countrymen in Kizlar, and to the mortification of my enemies. As for the fearful Armenian merchants at Aſtrakhan, who are propheſying that it will coſt me 20,000 l. to clear me out of the ſcrape, or that I ſhall be an exile to Siberia, I ſnap my fingers at them."

Emin's

Emin's good friend Rentil was made eaſy by this. He therefore took leave and ſet out, travelling back the ſame 1,500 miles, over the beſt part of the kingdom. It was in the month of Auguſt, neither hot nor cold, but pleaſant enough, with plenty of victuals, and very cheap, ſince the governor had charged the orderly ſerjeant, that he ſhould be treated reſpectfully at every ſtage; and he had a waggon full of water-melons as preſents. He did not go ſo expeditiouſly as before. In about thirty-five days he reached the city of Moſcow, and ſaved twelve days journey to Peterſburgh, by the empreſs Catherina's coming thither to be anointed; and all the Engliſh gentlemen came a fortnight after to ſee the grand ceremony. Emin, with a rich Armenian, named Ivan Lavarwitz, the empreſs's head jeweller, and the ſerjeant, went on Monday morning, and waited upon the count Worronzoff. The ſerjeant delivered the packet. His excellency, when he broke it open, aſked him the reaſon of his coming from Kizlar? He anſwered, "I came by the order of Stupition, and with a ſerjeant alſo to guard me all the way." The count was very angry, and immediately ordered the man to go out of the houſe. He then began to read the report, ſhook his head,

and aſked Emin, ſmiling, the reaſon of his being ſent back ſo many hundred miles? He ſaid, he could not tell; but as far as he could underſtand, Stupition thought himſelf more wiſe in obſerving men than his ſuperiors: and this prevented him from going about his buſineſs; ruined him by the expences of travelling backwards and forwards; and moreover cauſed an unneceſſary trouble to his excellency. He ordered the Armenian Ivan Lazarwitz to tell Emin, that this very morning, before Stupition's report came, he had received a letter from a particular friend of his in England, in Emin's favour, giving an account of his honeſt principles; "and," added he, "in my opinion, your character is ſuperior to the treacherous letter of Stupition, and his report, which when one caſts an eye upon, one forgets the contents of the letter from England; but when I look over the letter again, it has the ſame effect, and I ſhall prefer it to the report. Go home, and reſt ſatisfied: we will take care of you for your own ſake, and that of our good friends in England." Emin made his bow, and went away with triumph; but did not dare to aſk who was that good angel of a friend who ſaved him from the deſtructive fury of Stupition, who thought him

but

but a ſheep; but never had imagined that God's hand was upon his head wherever he went.

After a few days refreſhment, he was ſummoned to attend the ſecret college of foreign affairs, or ſecretary's office as it is called by the Engliſh; and when he entered the awful chamber, found there the count Worronzoff, prince Gallitzin, the envoy his old friend, and a very good-natured well-looking man an interpreter, ſtanding by the ſide of the table. Emin did not miſs the happy opportunity to expreſs joy in his countenance on ſeeing the prince, and made a dumb compliment with a low bow. He had arrived but a few days, and was created a ſecond chancellor immediately. He ſmiled on Emin with good-nature in his looks. Worronzoff aſked the prince if he knew him? He ſaid, "Yes; and a very honeſt Armenian he is." They then ordered the interpreter to inquire of Emin from the firſt to the laſt of his coming to that place. He ſaid, he would anſwer every queſtion they aſked him with infinite pleaſure. Then the examination began in form, and took up almoſt three hours. Emin did not conceal the ſmalleſt article, ſticking cloſe to the truth, and laid before them his whole mind. They ſaid,

"By your converſation, we are apt to think that you are deſcended from ſome ancient princely family of Armenia." He ſaid, "I humbly beg your Excellencies' pardon, if I do not deny it: but prince is he that acts like a prince. I am the ſon of an Armenian. There are many born handſome; but they are not like that man who acts handſomely, which is an Engliſh phraſe. And how is it poſſible to find a prince in a nation who have been made ſubjects to Mahometans above 600 years?" They ſaid, "What do you hope ſhould be done for you?—If you ſtay here in our ſervice, we ſhall favour you with our friendſhip to your ſatisfaction." He ſaid, he had not left his friends in India, to come to Europe for a livelihood, but for knowledge, to be of ſome uſe to his poor countrymen, who are an induſtrious, brave, honeſt people, and will ſoon become formidable, provided they can receive the light of underſtanding, to acknowledge, by real ſervices, the goodneſs of Peter the Great, of glorious memory, who took the greateſt pains for them, and indulged them more than his own ſubjects. "How came you to know him ſo well?" ſaid they. "By hearing of him from my father," anſwered he, "more

" more than a hundred times, and by reading of his fame in England.

" In the year 1727, his Imperial majeſty endeavoured to fix upon ſome Armenian to be their leader; but, to my great ſorrow, he could not find a perſon reſolute enough to concur with his godlike magnanimous mind, and head that people. Mr. Hanway, in his *Hiſtory of Perſia*, ſays, That Peter the Great ſent Iſrael the Armenian upon an embaſſy to Shah Sultan Huſin, in Iſpahan, who loaded him with riches enough to raiſe an army. When he came back, Peter aſked his own people how the ambaſſador (unworthy of the title) was received? They ſaid, with great reſpect. But he changed the route of Peter, and paſſed through Shamakhy and Sherwan, where 18,000 armed Armenians in a few days gathered about him, in hopes that his glorious Imperial majeſty had commanded the Armenian ambaſſador to head them. This good news to a great and good mind muſt have afforded extreme ſatisfaction. All the valuable preſents that were ſent by the Shah, the generous emperor gave to Iſrael, not taking to himſelf the ſmalleſt part of them; and with undaunted reſolution was going to confer on him the honour of a general, and the title of

chief of the Armenians, when he, like a low, deſpicable Jew, made an excuſe, ſaying, that he was a merchant, and could not on that head obey his commands. Peter's great ſoul even tried and expoſtulated, but it was to no purpoſe; he could be made nothing higher than a Banian.

"A ſecond inſtance of the ſame kind happened:—My father Hovſep having told me, that when Iſpahan was taken by the Akhvans, a party of horſe was ordered by Mahmud Shah to march up to Gilan, and drive out the Ruſſians, who had it then in their poſſeſſion. There was a Julpha Armenian, named Lazar, at the head of an hundred Armenian or Georgian dragoons, who behaving as well as they could, put the Akhvans army into diſorder, and coming up with the colonel of the regiment, defeated the enemy, and obtained a complete victory over them. The news being ſent to Peter, and an account given of the conduct of theſe brave Armenians, his majeſty ſent for Lazar. On his arrival, he honoured him with the order of the garter, and the commiſſion of a general, with the command of 12,000 men, to march and join the grand army againſt the Oſmanlus, or Turks: yet this man, with the ſame mean excuſe, ſhrugging

up

up his ſhoulders, and ſcratching his ears like a brute animal, ſaid, that he could not hold ſo great a command; which was again no ſmall vexation to Peter. His extreme patience overcoming his anger, inſtead of degrading, he only pitied the Armenians, among whom could not be found a ſingle perſon, at that favourable time, to head them. There was wanting your humble ſervant Emin to ſatisfy his majeſty in his wars: but now you are at peace with the Turks: and as to my accepting your kind offer, for which I heartily thank your greatneſs, it would be the means of eating the bread of idleneſs, and buying the cruel character of an impoſtor; when the world will ſay, Emin has broken his word: inſtead of going to Armenia, he made a pretence by the failure of a paſs, and ſtayed in Ruſſia, to live, like the reſt of his countrymen, a penſioner. If you were at war, I ſhould by all means prefer entering your ſervice inſtead of going to prince Heraclius, who is as poor as myſelf. In caſe of my not ſucceeding with that prince, I will do my utmoſt to return to Ruſſia, ſince his Excellency has already graciouſly favoured me with a letter to Heraclius, ordering me to be ſent back in a ſatisfactory manner."—When this diſcourſe was ended,

both chancellors wiſhed him ſucceſs, telling him never to mind returning to their country whenever he ſhould think proper, where he would ever be received with great pleaſure. They promiſed to give him a paſs when he was ready to ſet out. Emin made another ſhort ſpeech, with prayers for the ſucceſs and proſperity of the empire; then went to his lodging.

He had hardly been at Moſcow ten days, when he was taken ill with a ſevere fit of the pleurify, the ſame diſorder he was attacked with in Florence. To be ſhort, he recovered in ſeven days, with great pain and difficulty. Prince Gallitzin then ſent for him to his own houſe, and ſaid, That they had acquainted her Imperial majeſty with his deſign; that ſhe was extremely pleaſed with the ſpirit of it, and willing to forward his honeſt purſuits; but that he muſt wait with patience, as there was time enough for him to attain the end of his wiſhes. This ſingularly gracious meſſage of invitation was received three different times, and even an offer made to give him the command of the Armenians at Aſtracan, if he would conſent to kiſs her hand, and enter into her ſervice; but he could not be perſuaded or moved from his former reſolution; and they

they finding him obſtinately unchangeable, were pleaſed at laſt to grant him a paſſport, which coſt him but a ſingle ruble, equal to four ſhillings of Engliſh money.

Not having left a ſingle penny in his pocket, he was now as diſtreſſed as ever, but did not in the leaſt repent of refuſing to accept the 2000 dollars from his German friend Mr. *Miller of Riga*. He borrowed twelve rubles of Sukiaz Vardapit, an Armenian monk, and deſired him to keep it a great ſecret from the reſt of the Armenian inhabitants of Moſcow, leſt they ſhould grow cool from the warm reception of him in their houſes; as he has on ſeveral occaſions remarked, that if a nation be once ſubdued, their minds of courſe will be. A man ever ſo enterprizing, if he is found moneyleſs or poor, is deſpiſed by them, loſes his credit, and is hardly ever taken notice of after a calamity. As the common people entertained an impoſing opinion, entirely of their own compoſition, that the king of England had made him a preſent of a million pounds ſterling; ſuch ignorant credulity might be fit for an impoſtor like Mahomet, to reform them which way he pleaſed, but not for Emin, who in gratitude to his Engliſh benefactors and friends, and in reſpect to his late majeſty, did

not contradict this fable in Ruſſia, but told them the truth afterwards, in honour to his principles.

His friends who arrived from Peterſburgh were very anxious to know what was become of Emin: the chaplain of the ambaſſador, lord Buckingham, who had been there before they came, acquainted them with all his tranſactions; and added, that his lordſhip was frightened, and would by no means ſee him, but ſaid, he was a dangerous mad-man. When he was ſo diſtreſſed for want of his lordſhip's intereſt to ſpeak a good word for him to the miniſters, the chaplain (whoſe name is forgotten) did all he could to introduce him to his lordſhip, but it was not poſſible, he not in the leaſt reſembling the late envoy Mr. Keith, who was gone to England, and would have run into the mouth of a lion for him; nor were his two great friends Dr. Mounſey and Dr. Dumareſque preſent, both having gone away with Mr. Keith from Peterſburgh. Though lord Buckingham was taken more notice of than any other miniſter, and even played at cards with the empreſs, which might have given him courage, yet it was ſaid his hands ſhook, and he could never utter three words together to her, but was all the time

time as timorous as if he had been ſitting in company with a dragon, and afraid of being ſwallowed.

When Emin (by God's help), without money, or a ſingle interpoſer, finiſhed his buſineſs alone, he was not inſenſible of that angel of a friend, who had ſent the letter to count Worronzoff. His lordſhip, hearing of all theſe proceedings, told his chaplain, Emin's good friend, that the Armenian was a devil. He begged the meſſenger of this ſpeech to tell the mighty lord, that he was neither a devil, nor a child fit for ſchool, but a man who knew himſelf to be a mortal.

Mr. Boad, an eminent merchant, Emin's great friend, hearing all this, unexpectedly came to his quarters, where, through diſtreſs, his heart was hanging by a ſingle hair; took him into his chariot (which had coſt 1000*l.*), and carried him to the tavern, where is lady and the few Engliſh uſed in the day-time to dine, and in the night they went to their reſpective quarters to ſleep. He there ſaw Mrs. Boad, his wife, and ſeveral gentlemen; ſhe deſired her huſband to take Emin to his lodging to drink a diſh of coffee: ſhe ſtayed behind, and he went with Mr. Boad, wondering why they could not have coffee in the tavern.

vern. When they came to the houſe, Mr. Boad ſaid, there was no neceſſity Emin ſhould give himſelf any trouble in relating his diſtreſſes; he knew the whole of his manly behaviour, and he had no time to ſpare. He then ſaid in a friendly manner, "Pray, Emin, why will you not go away from this place? I know you have the paſſport, and ſuſpect the reaſon of your delay to be this—(taking money out of his pocket, and adding)—here are twenty-five Ruſſian gold pieces (each worth twenty rupees), take them for your journey expences, and give me your note of hand; ſay nothing, or I ſhall be very angry with you, and Mrs. Boad will never forgive you; it is her deſire, and not mine; ſhe has a great regard for you, and loves your ſpirit. I know your ſtubbornneſs of temper, and that you think meanly of accepting a favour, as you did poor Miller's offer: you kept it a ſecret from us, but a friend of his told me all that had paſſed between you and Miller at Riga; it is to your honour, but you are lawfully bound to hear me, as I am an Engliſhman, and not a German. Here are pen, ink, and paper; let me have the honourable pride to ſay, that the hero of Armenia is going with his own hand to ſubſcribe himſelf my debtor." Emin could not

not refuſe this friendly offer; he took the pen and wrote the following note: "I Joſeph Emin, the ſon of Hovſep Emin, do hereby acknowledge and certify, I have received of Mr. Boad the ſum of twenty-five Ruſſian gold pieces, each equal to ten dollars, which makes 250 dollars. The ſaid Mr. Boad, without my giving him notice of my diſtreſs, of his own accord offered that aſſiſtance, which I in great neceſſity accepted, on this condition, that he would be pleaſed to receive the above-mentioned ſum of twenty-five gold pieces, out of the ſum which the earl of Northumberland, my patron, will ſend or remit in a ſhort time. Witneſs my hand as," &c. &c. With this Mr. Boad ſeemed to be ſatisfied, ſaying with a ſmile, "Damn all great men! Come, come, let me take you to your quarters."

The Armenians, ſeeing this kindneſs of his worthy friend, began to make bows lower than uſual, joining in belief with the common people's imaginary million, ſince they ſaw him paying the twelve dollars to Sukiaz the monk, on purpoſe to make a ſhow. Two days after, comes again his friend Mr. Boad in his chariot, and ſays to him, "Come, Emin, let us go, my wife wants to ſpeak with you." Emin had a couple of rooms in a large

large houſe, with a ſpacious court to it, where the church was, and ſeveral Armenian merchants lodged in different chambers of it; it was in a caravanſerai, with the maſter of the houſe. Theſe men naturally had the cuſioſity to learn every thing from his ſervant, of what paſſed between him and his Engliſh friends; nor did the ſervants want the quality of buſy bodies, to brag of their maſter's being ſo much honoured. He went with Mr. Boad again to the ſame tavern, whoſe lady, as before, deſired them to go to the ſame place to drink coffee. No ſooner had they entered it, than Mr. Boad drew his ſword, and laid it on the table: the coffee was brought by a Ruſſian ſervant, who ſeeing the naked deſtroyer on the table, was frightened out of his wits. Mr. Boad, in a very grave tone of voice, ordered him to go out; he then ſhut the door, bidding Emin draw his ſword, at the ſame time preſenting him a diſh of coffee, which he took with great compoſure, and ſaid, "There is no occaſion to draw." Mr. Boad filled a pipe with tobacco, and ſaid to Emin, "I will tell you a ſtory." He ſaid, "The ſtory-teller is at the table, there is no occaſion to give yourſelf any trouble." "No, no," ſaid he, "an Engliſhman will not take an advantage, unleſs you draw

draw likewiſe: but I muſt tell my ſtory firſt." Then ſaid Emin, "Go on, Sir." Mr. Boad began thus: "As one day the king of France was ſitting after dinner with his favourite Madame de Pompadour, all the ſervants being gone out, he wanted to light his pipe by the candle on the table; there was no paper, and they were at a loſs for it: Madame de Pompadour put her hand into her pocket, took out an Engliſh bank-note of 25 l. and applying it with her delicate fingers to the candle, lighted the king's pipe. This made ſuch a noiſe, that afterwards, for three months together, it was publiſhed in newſpapers all over Europe, as an act of liberality: ſhe having at that time 200,000l. ſecure in our Bank of England. Where is the merit of that? I, who have not the tenth part of that ſum, am a man, and hearing of a woman, who, if ſhe had not been the king's miſtreſs, would be deemed no better than one of the common women in Covent-garden, will bid a defiance to thoſe who praiſed her to the ſkies. As to lighting my honeſt pipe with your note, I ſwear, if you ſtir to hold my hand, or prevent the burning of it, I will run you through immediately." He then burned it to aſhes, after lighting his pipe. Emin thanked him heartily for his uncommon

common mode of generoſity, and the pretended challenge turned into a ſtronger amity, and eternal friendſhip; for, twenty-four years after, lord Macartney, when he came from Madras to Calcutta, told him, that his friend Mr. Boad at Peterſburgh ſpoke of him very kindly.

Mr. Thomſon, another gentleman reſident at Moſcow, made him a preſent of five of the ſame pieces. The Armenian gentleman mentioned before, Ivan Lazarwitz, head jeweller to the empreſs, and his only friend among ſo many Armenians in all the Ruſſian empire, ſeeing the Engliſh ſo willing to ſerve him, was obliged in honour to lend him twenty-five ten-dollar pieces, but never would be paid ever after. Before his ſetting out from Moſcow, his patron the earl of Northumberland, by the hand of his amiable friend the late Miſs Talbot, remitted 100 guineas. The Armenian's father Lazar, who was not acquainted with his ſon's liberality, gave him five of the ſame coin, with a large loaf of ſugar weighing forty pounds, and five pounds of tea.

Had Mr. Boad, or Mr. Thomſon, been worth half as much money as Ivan Lazarwitz, they would with pleaſure have ſaved Emin the

the pain of being beholden to any great man exiſting: but, inſtead of that, the former was at that time 15,000 tumans in debt to the Ruſſian government, and loſt every part of his capital in merchandizing in the late war, amounting to 300,000 rupees. The capital of the other, who was in a tolerable good way, was about 30,000 dollars. It was therefore great merit in the Armenian jeweller, whoſe father but lately died, leaving three ſons and a daughter; and to the eldeſt ſon Ivan (Emin's friend) had left the grand manufactory, together with 8000 Ruſſian ſlaves bought by him; all which were then valued at 40,000 tumans, or 800,000 rupees; and he gave alſo to the other two ſons, and to the daughter, 12,000 tumans each, and 6000 tumans to the churches and the poor. With all this wealth, Lazar thought himſelf doing a generous action, in giving Emin five pieces of gold, with a loaf of ſugar; and his ſon, in lending him twenty-five pieces! Emin ſhould not have made this remark, to expoſe the Armenians' ſtingineſs, but ſpeaking the truth is doing juſtice to all; for a ſoldier in particular, whoſe tongue and heart ſhould go together. If the Armenian merchants had half the attachment to liberty that they have to money

and to ſuperſtitions, which are ruinous in many reſpects, they would have been made free long ago: but that horrid ſuperſtition has become ſo predominant, and ſo inſtilled into their minds, running through every muſcle and vein, and ſo intermixed with their blood and humours, that they really deſerve the pity more than the reflections of the public. They actually do not know what liberty is; could they once but taſte the ſweetneſs of it, and drive old women's ſtories out of their good hearts, they would certainly be a great nation. It has been Emin's darling ambition only to tear off that obſcure curtain from before their eyes, which motive forced him to go through ſuch a multitude of toils. In any other caſe, he ſhould have eſteemed it imprudent to reflect on *himſelf*, as well as his poor countrymen, almoſt in every page of theſe memoirs; but when the reader ſhall candidly conſider the ſubject, he will find the writer acts, in ſpeaking openly concerning them, for their own good, and by no means with an intention to give the ſmalleſt offence or diſſatisfaction to them: on the contrary, his chief object is to rouſe them from their innocent ſlumbers, which happineſs, he is ſenſible, cannot be in any man's power to confer,

confer, unleſs God graciouſly beſtow it on them.

Having now provided himſelf tolerably well with money, the neceſſary evil of life, he took leave of all his good-hearted friends, ſet out with a ſingle ſervant, a relation of his, in a ſledge, by the Imperial order, in the month of March, and arrived in fifteen days at *Aſtrakhan*; where he ſurprized the propheſying *Armenian merchants*; who, ſeeing him come back ſo very quick, in five or ſix months time, took for granted that he was the very man whom Haly Moſes, the great patriarch, had foretold ſix hundred and twenty years before; and bringing their children with them, proſtrated themſelves at his feet. He begged they would leave off that *ſlavish mode of paying reſpect, ſince he himſelf was one of them*: but the next morning, when they came to viſit him, and brought preſents, he refuſed to take them, making apologies, and ſaying, that he had done nothing yet to deſerve them: they were very fine rich pieces, various ſorts of tiſſue, to the value of ſome hundred dollars. Mr. John Rentle and his wife, at whoſe houſe he lived before, were more rejoiced than all of the others together. Every one naturally wiſhes

to ſee a man of an extraordinary character, or his portrait, when he is talked of, as either good or great. Mr. Rentle was in every reſpect brave and generous to the very ſoul, fit for enterprizes in forming governments, and worthy of his illuſtrious nation the Swedes; but his very look, eyes, face, ſhape, and height, exactly reſembling Emin, who ſhall never forget him as long as he lives. He offered more earneſtly than Mr. Miller to leave his wife for a time, and follow Emin's fortunes.

Emin had now a houſe to live in, which ſaved Mr. Rentle the trouble of entertaining him; and to preſerve himſelf from temptation, he went over the frozen river Edel, pitched a tent, and lived there three weeks, about half a mile from Aſtrakhan, till the ſnow melted and the roads were opened. His reaſon for ſo doing was very ſtrong. When he was at Kizlar, he found Avankhan's wife, an old lady of ſixty-five, with her grand-daughter, who had been abſent from Aſtrakhan for ſome time, and were juſt returned from Borughan, a Circaſſian village, a-day's journey to the ſouth of Kizlar, where people go to bathe themſelves in the hot waters; and thoſe two ladies had been there for the

change of air. He was adviſed by his friends to promiſe marriage to the young damſel of fourteen, as ſhe was the only girl in that country of beauty and education, and of the moſt diſtinguiſhed family in all Armenia. The hiſtory of her grandfather Avan would take up volumes, if it were written in a proper manner. To make it ſhort, he was born of a noble family in Stirvan, revolted, with eighteen others, and deſerted from Calbaly, ſultan of that province, whom he ſurprized by night, on the Armenian ſide of the river Cur; and by firing repeated vollies in different places, induced him to believe, that an army of mountaineers had ſurrounded him, ſo then he decamped precipitately with 18,000 men, leaving behind him conſiderable booty; which Avan's party, aſſiſted by the neighbouring Armenian villagers, carried away: five hundred mule-loads of fire-arms were diſtributed among the ſubjects of five chiefs of Karabagh; where, by all accounts, there had been no more than two match-lock pieces in each chief's arſenal. It was Avan the Firſt who introduced complete fire-arms in thoſe mountains. This happened ſome years before the deſtruction of Shah Sultan Huſin. The laſt, when Peter the Great was alive,

and not wanting to encourage him with his letters. The Armenian mountaineers from that time began to hold up their heads. Avan made himſelf an independent prince, with a formidable army, while he had to do with the Perſians alone, whom he beat in ſeveral battles, killing no leſs than 70,000 of them; but when the Oſmanlus took poſſeſſion of great part of Perſia, with a larger army, yet he could not have been overpowered, if the odious Turks had not brought with them the plague, which obliged Avan to go over to Ruſſia.

The writer is not ſure he was created prince by Peter, or, after his death, by his niece the late Empreſs Anne. When he was in Ruſſia, the government made him general; and at the head of 12,000 men, he marched to Derbund, in order to enter Armenia, but died there ſoon after, to the great misfortune of the Armenians. His ſon, Prince Atlukhan, having been in that ſervice long enough, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant general, but was unworthy to be called the ſon of Avankhan; and after a moſt debauched life, died at the age of thirty-three years, leaving an only daughter, then an infant, and heireſs to a great landed eſtate, beſides an immenſe treaſure

treaſure in jewels. When Emin returned from Moſcow, he found the grandmother, with her grand-daughter, returned from Kizlar. He choſe to live in an aſylum, rather than in a princeſs's houſe with peace and plenty, and with a young lady of fourteen, when he was about thirty-three. The old lady was ready to conſent, and even to perſuade, and *nothing could have hindered* his being married: ſo that he *might have done very well*, and by this time have been high in the Empreſs's ſervice, whoſe predeceſſor, Elizabeth, was extremely fond of the princeſs, Emin's friend, and ſent three times for the young angel to ſee her, with the old dowager. Peter the Great alſo, the father, ſent a letter to prince Avankhan, in which the dear brother, and *his glorious ſignature, promiſes that, as ſoon as ſhe is married, provided it be to a ſoldier* by profeſſion, he ſhall be made a general.

This gracious letter of Peter the Great, the young lady had ſhewn to Emin three times, perhaps with an innocent intention, that he might form an inclination to matrimony; but he was ſtone-hearted, like Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, and ſacrificed all that proſpect of advantage to the cauſe of his country, except the ſingular ſatisfaction of

having acted honourably, in not cauſing a ſpot to be caſt upon the reputation of that harmleſs angel.

The old princeſs ſent over his breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper, every day; and each time with letters ſo moving, that they would have brought down an iron town; but he only ſhed tears bitterly, and ſent apologizing anſwers. The princeſs Avan was a woman of great natural ſenſe, and finding he would not conſent to coming over to live, was very uneaſy leſt he ſhould catch cold, and propoſed to him to ſleep in a ſeparate houſe; but he could not be perſuaded: he only went three different mornings very early, ſtayed juſt time enough to read the letter beforementioned, and immediately went away to his covered waggon. On the laſt day, when he took his leave of them, he ſaid he would be as good as his word, and return to them, if it ſhould pleaſe God to grant him ſucceſs in his plan; otherwiſe, he never ſhould think himſelf worthy of being one of her Highneſs's common footmen. The ſcene was pathetic; all three were drowned in tears; hardly able to ſpeak, hanging over one another's necks, and juſt able to bid adieu. Emin only conſoled his mind, by thanking his Maker, that he

he had done no harm, but had a good intention in that uncommon proceeding, when he might have married and acquired an immediate fortune, without being obliged to ſee the face of the Greek prince Heraclius, whoſe heart was full of envy and jealouſy.

When he arrived at Kizlar, he waited on Stupition, who could not believe his own eyes, but thought he was in a dream, when he ſaw Emin with a powerful paſſport and a ſtrong commanding letter from two very great miniſters, ſetting forth, that if all the Armenian inhabitants of Kizlar (excepting thoſe who had been naturalized) ſhould follow Emin Hovſepwitz, they were to be convoyed without any pretence or hindrance; and that whatever behaviour, good or indifferent, general Stupition ſhould ſhew to the ſaid Emin Hovſepwitz, ſhould be placed to their account. And, to convince him more fully that he could be a judge of the character of Emin, and of his principles, it was added, "By our will and pleaſure he is to paſs through the town of Kizlar honourably, without any ſort of moleſtation. And whereas by a calumnious falſe imputation, he was obliged to return to the Imperial college of foreign affairs; he there paſſed an examination, and came off with ho-

nour and applauſe. Given under our hands," &c. &c.

Stupition, ſtupified and confounded, grumbling like a bear with his tail cut, did not know what to do with himſelf. He had been weak enough to believe his German wife, who ſaid, that ſhe had ſeen Emin in the king of Pruſſia's army, commanding the death regiment of huſſars, where he did more havock, and deſtroyed more Ruſſians in the battle of Caſtrin, than the greateſt part of the king's army. When her huſband put the queſtion to Emin, he ſaid, he ſhould be very proud if it were true, not of deſtroying Chriſtians, but of juſt fame; but that in fact he had been no more than ſeven days with the king. However, they took for granted that he was the man, but did not think proper to ſpeak the truth. Then the lady thought herſelf very wiſe to prig up her head, and her huſband looked vain, thinking he poſſeſſed a jewel of a wife. This happened before the report was made and he was ſent back.

Emin's name, through ſuch report, grew every day more and more like a ſnowball, which in a few days melts to water; for his Engliſh education had ſo good an effect upon him, that he never could be made ſo weak as to be in the leaſt

leaſt vain of himſelf: and he muſt acknowledge, that if, inſtead of a ſnowball, his fortune had been turned into real ſolid gold, (which would equally have melted with a ſtrong fire,) he ſhould have choſen to beſtow it rather on honeſt ſoldiers, to fight for the liberty of their country, than to ſit drinking wine to the healths of rich Armenian merchants, who would have been glad to hear of his profeſſion, eſpecially ſince their own purſes are made inacceſſible through good and ſalutary laws.

After Eaſter holidays were over, he ſet out with three ſervants on horſeback; and the general, to his mortification, by an order from above, ſent 120 coſſacks to accompany him to a village belonging to the Circaſſians, at the foot of Mount Caucaſus. After five days travelling from Kizlar, he and his ſervants were obliged to halt a fortnight on account of the ſnow in the paſſes, and to ſettle with the mountainers about the payment for allowing them to go over. This commonly amounts to twelve pieces of coarſe linen, each to make a ſhirt worth two Engliſh ſhillings: every man pays beſides for his bedding; and the packs of the horſes are carried on the backs of thoſe Herculean fellows, for no more than four ſuch pieces of linen for a horſe-load, all the way,

or

or two days journey. It is incredible how they climb up thoſe high mountains, whoſe ſummits reach above the clouds. At length, with infinite fatigue, they paſſed over them, deſcended, and pitched tents at the foot of them, near a village called Stepan Sminda (or St. Stephen). The maſter of the place had orders beforehand, from prince Heraclius, to accommodate him with quarters, proviſion, and ſo forth. According to cuſtom, the man begged Emin to give notice in writing to the prince of his arrival, which he did very readily, and ſent it by one of the villagers. The anſwer of his highneſs was received in ſix days from Kakhet. After ſome cool compliments, it ſignified to him, that he was to march to Ananor, one day's journey from that place, to be entertained there till further orders. They ſtayed there four days more, and received freſh orders to march down to Teſſliz.

His thirty men, who had been ſent away by him a year before, came every one in good health, and met him in the way as he was ſlowly advancing. On drawing near a village about twelve miles from the town, on both ſides of the road, as cloſe as could be, were ſtanding, ladies of the city, with white veils,

veils, and about 4000 horſemen, Georgians or Armenians, who met him juſt half way, in the avenue made by thoſe lovely ſpectators, Armenian ladies of all ranks, praying for the ſucceſs of Emin as he paſſed along, loud enough to be heard by him. He ſeemed to be pleaſed, ſeeing handſome forms, and hearing agreeable voices; but his heart, all the time, *whiſpered to him*, "No.—Heraclius is not a man to be *depended on.*" Since he was ſent thither by his friends the Ruſſians, he could not help otherwiſe putting on the beſt countenance.

In that grand manner he made his entry: his men increaſed to 800; but he diſmiſſed all except eighty of them. He was conducted to an Armenian merchant's houſe, and his *ſervants to different places; his horſes, with the grooms, to an inn.* He was very well-ſupplied with wine, and all ſorts of proviſions. He ordered guards of his own men to ſtand at the door, and not to admit any Armenian or Georgian merchants, with an intention to avoid giving umbrage to the prince, who came ſix days after from Telav, the capital of Kakhet Georgia, and the next day ſent for Emin, who took along with him a brace of piſtols, with a couple of ſpying-glaſſes, and the letter

of

of count Worronzoff. On preſenting them, he told his Highneſs they were not worthy the acceptance of a prince like him; but he could aſſure him, that he was come to preſent his heart and ſervice to be wholly devoted to him, and was ready, on word of command, to ſhed his blood for him at any time. The prince appeared to be vaſtly pleaſed, and was not wanting in words. After returning the compliments, he thanked him, making ſome apologies for not anſwering his letters, and ſaying, he was very glad of Emin's reſolution;—that it was God who ſent him thither. Then he made Emin ſit by him. Emin thought it prudent to beg his Highneſs to let the audience be private, which was granted immediately, and the people ordered to go from the levee. He then ſaid, "Your Highneſs judges of my coming to the duſt of your feet, agreeably to my heart's wiſh. Nothing in this world can be done without God; nor a ſingle hair fall from our heads without his decrees. I have left a country which is no leſs than a paradiſe upon earth, and preferred Georgia or Armenia, which, without you, (whom God preſerve,) would be no more than a chaos. The people, as far as appears, are diſorderly and ignorant; no good can be expected

pected from them, but only confuſion and miſ-chief; whoſe ears are deaf to good words, and open to bad; and who are ready to magnify a fly to the ſize of an elephant: therefore, I humbly implore that your Highneſs forbid their coming to me, or viſiting me upon any account; for the healer of my wounds, and the phyſician of my maladies, is your Highneſs alone."

Heraclius, on this repreſentation, opened his ſympathiſing heart, and ſaid, "God has made our minds alike, and under the ſame planet: you are in the right; they ſhall not come to fill your ears with nonſenſe, for they are not worthy to be in company with a perſon whoſe mind is as pure as unmixed gold." He then began to complain of his wicked nobles, and their unruly diſpoſition; and added, "With all my care and pains, I cannot make any thing of them, nor find a ſingle ſoul who has ſenſe enough to incline his mind or bend his thoughts towards meaning well; but, on the other hand, they are wicked to the ſoul; falſe to the very bone: in a word, they were born twenty-four hours before the devil. As for fighting, they do not want courage: but what of that? the wild beaſts in the field have as much; beware, and take no notice

notice of them: but what ſhall we do, my Emin Aga, to make men of them?" Emin ſaid, "Break them into ſmall pieces like glaſs, to be caſt afreſh." The prince laughed at the expreſſion, deſired him to come near, to ſit cloſe to him, knee to knee, and then aſked how that was to be done? Emin ſaid, "It is impoſſible for any man, who has been brought up in a wild way, without education or experience of the world, to give juſt hopes of any thing good. The only method will be, to ſet up two or three common ſchools, and make their children go to learn the principles of religion, from ſeven to ſixteen, that their faith may be well grounded: when that is done, frame them into companies, to be taught the uſe of arms like the Europeans, from ſixteen years of age to twenty. Let that be the work of the morning, and about three in the afternoon let heroic lectures be read to them, about three quarters of an hour; ſhort and ſweet: then let them go to play."

Here the prince interrupted Emin, ſaying, "What ſhall we do for money to pay the ſchool-maſters?" He ſaid, "It may very eaſily be managed: let every man give a penny every morning to his child, when he goes to ſchool,

ſchool, to put into the maſter's hands; ſix pence a-week, makes two ſhillings a-month. Fifty boys will bring a hundred ſhillings; and five pounds in ſo cheap a country, are ſufficient to maintain a family, where a bottle of wine is ſold for a penny, an Engliſh ſhilling loaf for three half-pence; a ſheep, one year old, for five or ſix ſhillings (in that place called *Abaſys*). *When at the age of twenty-one they ſhall be diſciplined in uſeful learning, they* will be exactly like birds of prey. A general like your Highneſs at the head of them, or one of your ſons, may eaſily then find game for them in the neighbouring country of the Turks and Perſians, whoſe rich army is no better than a mob. The difficulty is in the beginning; when once the loſt end *of the yarn is found, the coil of it may eaſily be opened as the wheel goes round; and then* it may be wound into clues. In the meantime, the wiſdom that has deſerted this fine country will come back of itſelf, and make it flouriſhing, thus enlightened, as it has all the kingdoms of Europe." He added, "Though I am poor, and my advice blunt, yet if your Highneſs will liſten to it, you will ſurely never repent." The prince was all attention to his ſimple way of giving counſel,

counſel, and ſaid, almoſt at every word, "Good, true, very right." Yet he could not check his avaricious Aſiatic diſpoſition, inſiſting, that they muſt have money to commence ſo great a work. This made Emin recollect the old Armenian proverb, Gaili gekhin avitaran cardatzin aſatz vochkhary hotten antzav;) that is, when they were preaching the goſpel over the head of a wolf, he ſaid, A flock of ſheep is paſſing: which is as much as to ſay, a man cannot change his nature.

From that ſingle meeting, Emin ſoon found of what metal the mighty prince was made, and remembered his late father's prophetical hint, when he wrote from Bengal to England, That Heraclius was not a ſoul to be much depended on. And added, "My dear ſon, do you judge him to be like the princes of bleſſed Europe? Can you compare a tiger to an angel? Go to him, and remember me, when I have departed from this vain world; he will meditate all the miſchief he can againſt you. But never fear, God is with you, for your good heart: go to him; he will never be able to injure your perſon." When Emin hinted his being poor, or a ſoldier of fortune, he perceived that the prince's countenance

countenance changed to a yellow colour: his common complexion was black, mixed with green; his ſtature was ſhort, half an inch taller than Emin's; but he was well made, and ſtrong in bones and nerves. Heraclius had been one of the greateſt men living, if his mind could have been turned into the path of truth. In regard to the character of the people, Emin agreed with him, he was in every reſpect the firſt man among them, which enabled him to have the command over all.

The firſt conference being ended, Emin took leave and went to his lodgings. A few days after, Revaz Eſhigu Agaſy Baſhy (or the firſt aid-du-camp) was ſent with compliments to Emin, with orders to enliſt as many Armenians, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, as would enter into the ſervice; news being received that Carim Khan had overcome all his competitors in the kingdom of Perſia, and, at twelve days diſtance, was preparing to march with a hundred thouſand men to Tiffliz, if prince Heraclius would not conſent to the condition brought by Carim's meſſengers to him; namely, to ſend his daughter-in-law, the wife of Wakhtan Mirza, his late eldeſt ſon by the firſt wife, and his

brother Gorgin Mirza, the hereditary prince of Georgia, or ſecond ſon to prince Heraclius, together with his ſon-in-law prince David, and twelve other noblemen's ſons, with twelve beautiful Georgian virgins not older than twelve years.

Though ſorry for the demand, Emin was glad with all his heart of the opportunity, and enliſted 800 ſtout Armenians in ſix days time. When he acquainted the prince, he told him, with no leſs jealouſy than ſurprize, to ſtop, aſking his advice in regard to Carim's demand? Emin ſaid to him, "Why do not you conſult your nobles?" The prince anſwered, "I have conſulted them; they are willing to ſubmit, and have made me almoſt liſten to their advice; alleging, that the conſequences of falling out with the king of Perſia may bring on the total deſtruction of Georgia; for my nobles tell me, it will be a difficult undertaking to ſtand againſt a powerful nation, without money, artillery, or ammunition." Emin ſaid, "May it pleaſe your Highneſs, the character I have heard of you in England, differs greatly from what you now confeſs, which is downright puſillanimity: your agreeing to it will be an action of a coromſak, or pimp, not of a prince, to take

take with your own hand the hands of your ſon and daughters, and thoſe of your ſubjects' innocent children, and deliver them to the luſts of dogs to be defiled!—Brute beaſts would not be guilty of ſuch an action!—Let them come—let us die firſt—let us not ſee that horrid day with an open eye. You conquered with a handful of men Azad Khan; the Afghans ſold him for 300 tumans not long ago to Carim, who was twice as powerful.—Never fear, God will fight for us.—It ſtands againſt reaſon that Carim ſhould get the better of you; his inclination is to debauch your family, while you pray for the peace of your country."

Seeing Emin thus exaſperated, the prince told Ter Philippus (an Armenian ſecular prieſt, the prince's grammar maſter in the Georgian language), to ſay, "The prince thanks you for your heroic advice." Indeed, if Emin had not been preſent, the prince's heart would have fallen like a tower whoſe foundation is undermined, and perhaps he would have conſented to Carim's unnatural villanous demand. Within twenty-four hours, Heraclius wrote a ſhort ſarcaſtical letter to Carim, and diſpatched the meſſengers. Not many days after, news arrived that Zakiz

Khan, Carim's brother, had revolted in Iſpahan, and carried all the inhabitants of that great city to the mountains of Loriſtan; which had obliged Carim to march with his whole army in precipitation, making two ſtages in one, to put a ſtop to his rebellious brother's proceedings; which ſaved Heraclius from becoming, like his predeceſſor's father-in-law, tributary to the king of Perſia.

This lucky event made Georgia enjoy peace to this juncture. Had the prince complied with that diabolical condition propoſed by Carim (and he had very great merit in not complying, for Emin's advice was but wind in his ears), that country, as well as the Emerate Georgians, who were chiefly made free from the ſubjection of the Oſmanlus through the prince's wiſe politics, might have fallen into everlaſting ſlavery to thoſe two Mahometan nations, as they had before fallen for a period of about 130 years; nor would they have been ſo happy as to become provinces to the empire of the mighty Ruſſians, when the glorious empreſs Catherina compaſſionately accepted thoſe two ſmall principalities under her auguſt and moſt auſpicious protection, which, very fortunately both for Heraclius and Solomon, took place in her Imperial Majeſty's reign;

reign; for their anceſtors many years before, namely, the princes Archil, Vaktang, and Bakar, had been ſupplicating that court, even in Peter the Great's time, but could not effect their purpoſe of becoming ſubjects to Ruſſia, and were obliged to live and die there in grievous anxiety; whereas her benevolent majeſty received the propoſals of Heraclius and Solomon with pleaſure and cheerfulneſs. Who knows, but in time to come the Armenians may join the Georgians, and bring a formidable army into the field, for the downfal of the Mahomedan kings. But to ſpeak the truth, Emin was not at all pleaſed with Carim's marching back from Romia to Iſpahan; had that prince come to Georgia, he might have acquired the glory of dying honourably, or have performed ſervices ſufficient to win the prince's heart, and thus have ſucceeded in his main deſign, delivering the Armenians, and forming a reſpectable alliance with Georgia, and then becoming tributary to a Chriſtian power.

When the juſt-mentioned news was authenticated, the prince ſent Emin orders to diſmiſs all the new-raiſed men but forty of them. He obeyed, and propoſed to the prince to let him have the command of about

1000 Georgian horſe, to fall on the rear of Carim's army, before he could leave Azarbaijan, as it was reported that he was on a haſty march, with heavy baggage, and could not poſſibly reach Arakiſtan in forty days, whereas Emin might in five days reach it with light troops; beſides, the Armenians in the way had ſent a promiſe to join him, and he was ſure of diſperſing that rabble of an army, which, with Carim at the head of them, were almoſt defeated, not a year before, by a body of 300 Armenian mountaineers; and they would have gained a complete victory, if Fataly Khan Avſhar their general had ſtayed, but he ran away with 15000 Kezelbaſhes; which Carim hearing, rallied his mob, and in two days, with the loſs of 1500 men, overcame them at laſt, and put them all to the ſword. The Perſian ſtragglers often told Emin, ſome days after he came to Tiffliz, that if thoſe 300 Armenians had only water and ammunition, Carim could never have taken them; and that on the capitulation, he took his oath upon the Koran not to kill them who ſurrendered. Emin with great ſincerity was proceeding with his propoſals to ſerve Heraclius, not minding the jealouſy of his heart, and imagining, that as he was a Chriſtian, he might overcome it;

but

but the ſerpent grew bigger and bigger every day. The prince told him, there was no neceſſity for ſo dangerous an undertaking; and ſaid to the ſecular prieſt Philippus, that Emin's heart was made of ſteel; this was only to puff him up, and conceal himſelf from Emin, ſuppoſing him weak enough to miſtake flattery for applauſe.

That ſummer, Heraclius took Emin and his forty men with him to the fine fields of Georgia, where they paſſed the time partly in buſh-fighting againſt the plundering Lazguis, and partly in taking pleaſure. The prince kept him always in his company, either on horſeback or in the tent, with an intention to pump out of him the ſecret of making money, and to know if he had any, or was really poor. He complained moſt bitterly of thoſe hard inroaders the Lazguis, and ſaid, they were the ruin of Georgia. Emin ſaid, "If you will give me leave, I will tell you, that thoſe very Lazguis are your beſt troops, ſince their incurſions impoveriſh the country of your nobles, and oblige them to be ſubſervient to your will. You may very eaſily prevent their entering the country, if you pleaſe; you ſuffer their coming, and take no notice of it till they have ruined a village or two, and made the in-

habitants captives; then you ſet out with your houſehold troops, and a pretended zeal, to deſtroy the poor creatures, and that with no loſs of your own men; and of courſe you acquire the fame of a conqueror; the nobles grow poor and exhauſted, and are obliged in ſpight of fate to ſubmit to you; while you think yourſelf in the right to keep them under, by paying them in their own coin. It is very well known to all, that when Shah Abbas took the country of the Cartuel Georgians, which you are now in poſſeſſion of, and marched to Kakhet Georgia, which is your Highneſs's own hereditary country, the poor people of it fled to Cartuel for ſhelter; but the nobles, inſtead of protecting them as their fellow Chriſtians, took and ſold them by thouſands to the Turks, till they almoſt depopulated Kakhet; and, on the other hand, both countries were enſlaved by the Perſians. Shah Sultan Huſſein, the laſt king of the Sophy family, being killed, and the Turks and Afghans having gotten poſſeſſion of the kingdom of Perſia, prince Buker of Cartuel, your uncle by the mother's ſide, inviting the Paſha of Oſmanlus to Tiffliz, was forced to fly to Ruſſia, and the Lazguis over-ran Kakhet. Then Nadir Shah comes out of Khoraſan, delivers the

whole kingdom, drives the Turks away, ſends for your father king Tahmuras, who died in Moſcow, and by whoſe will I came hither. He fearing to go to Nadir Shah, the deliverer of Perſia, your Highneſs's mother Tamer undertook the journey, went herſelf to Nadir, and obtained the rank of Vali, or feudatory, for her huſband your father. After the deſtruction of Nadir, when no hereditary prince was to be found in Cartuel, you being then the heir, became maſter of the country, and recollecting the paſt conduct of its nobles, and their former unnatural barbarity, you approved that method to revenge yourſelf; though you do not ſell their ſubjects to the Mahomedans, as they do yours, you let the Lazguis do the buſineſs for you; and leave the world to ſay, that Heraclius is the defender of the Chriſtian faith, and the protector of thoſe who profeſs it! You have only this to anſwer before God, and the world will vouch for you, that you have ſold no Chriſtians as ſlaves to the Mahomedans, like the nobles of Cartuel; but you have ſuffered them by thouſands and thouſands to be made captives by the Lazguis!"

A few weeks after this converſation, Chouchol Muſſa, a man ſeventy-eight years of age, a cap-

a captain of banditti of the ſame mountains, at the head of 200 hundred of them, was taken alive, mounted on a mule like Mahomed; and when he was brought before his Chriſtian Highneſs, he was in hopes of eſcaping the ſword on account of an intimacy with him and his father. As ſoon as he found that he muſt loſe his head, he ſpit at the prince's face, and ſaid to him, "You, that pretend to defend Chriſtians, can you deny before the Supreme Being a box full of letters, which is now in my houſe, both from you and from your father, pointing out the way to Cartuel Georgia, and inciting us to kill and enſlave its inhabitants? Do not you remember how many hundred meaſures of wine we and our party drank in your houſe, and how many hundred monds (a Georgian meaſure of bread) they have eaten in it?" He added, That beſides 20,000 ſlaves ſold to the Turks, that he had for his part at different times debauched 416 beautiful Georgian virgins, and that he had nothing more left in his heart to wiſh for. Then ſtretching out his neck, he began ſaying, "Laila ilalah," and ſo forth. His head was ſtruck off with a ſingle blow of a ſword. All the while Heraclius was grinning at the nobles, when the man boaſted of the

the deſtruction of Chriſtians; and he might not have been executed, if he had not ſpit in the face of the prince. Thus had prince Heraclius maintained to himſelf, and kept poſſeſſion of both the Georgian provinces, Cartuel and Khaket, for thirty-nine or forty years; and at laſt gave them up, with a pretended good-will, to the management of the Ruſſians, fearing, very juſtly, that after his death, it would not be well governed by any one of his numerous children, who were all growing up to manhood, but none ſo enterprizing nor ſo active as himſelf.

He one day propoſed to Emin, if he had ſuch a man as could be truſted with a ſecret of great conſequence, ſo as to form ſome enterprize, and try if poſſible to take by ſurprize the fortified town of Iravan—"If that be done, it will be the only place for you to ſettle in; the Armenians will come to you in crowds from all parts, hearing that Heraclius is the author of the plan, and is a friend to Emin; there is no doubt of our becoming invincible; as for thoſe Khans of Perſia, they are but ſchool-boys; we can play with them as with dolls." Then he repeated the ſame queſtion to him. Emin anſwered, "Yes." The prince ſaid, "Who is he?" Emin ſaid, "I

am

am the very man, your Highneſs's humble ſervant." Heraclius aſking in what manner, he ſaid, "In a very eaſy manner; pleaſe to ſend a file of twelve men to ſtand as a ſham guard upon me; order a cryer to proclaim in the city, that the Armenian Joſeph Emin, having, in Ruſſia, forged falſe letters in the names of the nobles, miniſters, and generals, in recommendation of himſelf; and we having diſcovered the ſpuriouſneſs of them, have commanded the prince Heraclius of Georgia, on the receipt of this, to ſecure the ſaid Emin the Armenian, and ſend him with proper guards, over the ſame mountains of Cowedous, to conduct him to Moſcow; then order five hundred men of your beſt troops to come from Kakhet, your own country; deliver him to their charge, and command them to take him to Ruſſia. Having given me a letter ſigned and ſealed by your own hand, to ſhew to the commander of the five hundred men, let him ſet out in the afternoon; this will prevent the people from ſuſpecting any thing; and when about midnight I ſhall ſhew it to the officer, he will learn the contents, that the commander with his troops ſhall be entirely under my command, and that the report was a fiction; that he is to follow me wherever I pleaſe to lead him,

him, and obey me to the laſt drop of his blood; then depend on it, Iravan will be no longer in poſſeſſion of the cowardly Huſin Aly Khan, who has but ſeven hundred men in the fort."

Upon this, the ſuſpicious prince was ſtruck with amazement; hung down his head, putting his elbow on his knee, and his hand upon his forehead, but did not ſpeak a word for half an hour? He then aſked, How he would proceed afterwards: Emin ſaid, "Sir, there is no occaſion to trouble yourſelf farther; your buſineſs is to command ſo far, and mine is to obey. I will take the oath of fidelity to your Highneſs, if you miſtruſt me." Then, to take away the unneceſſary ſuſpicion which appeared in his face, he ſaid, "There are four capital religions in the world, from its creation to the preſent time; the firſt is, that of the heathens, who ſwore by fire and water; the ſecond are worſhippers of God, but Jews, who take oaths on the Old Teſtament; the third ſwear by the Holy Goſpel, the foundation of Chriſtianity; and the fourth by the Koran of Mahomet. No man can be out of theſe four faiths, upon which I will take an oath, and proceed on the expedition; if not, the empty project will be like building caſtles

caſtles, in the air." The prince ſaid, "He firmly believed that he was a zealous good Chriſtian; but that to venture on a deſign ſo dangerous, might be attended with bad conſequences. Emin could not help laughing, to ſee the prince departing from his propoſals, and contradicting himſelf without ſenſe of ſhame or honour; and he thought of his father Hovſep, who knew the man without having ſeen him.

Then the prince deſired Emin to ſend his head-man Simon, with his forty ſervants, to Iravan, to inliſt in Huſin Aly Khan's ſervice, and continue in it long enough to become well acquainted with the Khan's Armenian troops in the fort, whom by ſome means he might entice away. Emin would by no means undertake ſo baſe a buſineſs, or teach his countrymen treachery; neither he nor they were Mahomedans, to proceed in that wicked way, to eat a man's bread and ſalt, and inſtead of ſerving him to cut his throat. "Why will you not ſend," ſaid he to the prince, "ſome of your own men, whoſe very nature is made up of treachery and cunning?" The prince ſaid, "Huſin Aly will ſuſpect them; as for your ſervants, who are Armenians, they may ſay their maſter is poor, and has no money

money to ſupport them, and that neceſſity brought them to ſerve Huſin Aly Khan." Emin then found that it was Heraclius's deſign they ſhould be diſperſed; he could not help ſaying, "Yes; do as you think proper." The little money he had he divided among them, and gave them permiſſion to go which way they pleaſed towards Armenia, not loſing the opportunity of writing a long letter, which he gave to his ſervant Simon, to carry to the archbiſhop Honan or Jonas, of the monaſtery of St. John the Baptiſt, the only friend of Emin's among ſo many thouſand eccleſiaſtics, in the province of Mooah, N. W. who anſwered him very kindly, aſſuring him, if he would come away from Tiffliz, with about fifty Georgians, and that by the conſent of Heraclius, in order that the Turks might know he was Emin's friend, four thouſand men would be ready to put themſelves under his command; but without Heraclius's name or aſſiſtance, it could not be done. This letter he carried and ſhewed Heraclius, as he did every letter from the chiefs of Carabagh; and reported every ſmall negociation or correſpondence with them, to be before hand with informers; and this alone ſecured him from falling a victim to the prince's incurable jealouſy.

jealouſy. No ſooner had his wicked followers gone to give him intelligence of Emin's receiving letters from his poor countrymen, than the prince told them, he had broken the ſeals at Emin's own deſire, and read the contents himſelf firſt; and he many times declared to his people, that Emin was an honeſt Armenian; and, if he had not been a dangerous man, by writing only, and without money, he would have gained the minds of all the Armenians, in every part of the country.

Emin in his ſecond letter acquainted him, that he was as poor as Job; and the biſhop, in his fatherly anſwer, told him, that the brave Chriſtians had ſworn, and would again ſwear, to ſerve under him for ten years, without expectation of pay; and that if they took a rich town, the booty of it ſhould not be touched by them; but that every part of it ſhould be given to him, provided that he would come to them with the good-will of Heraclius. To all theſe propoſals, the prince grew deafer and deafer every day, and was very watchful to find ſome pretence to lay hold of Emin. Simon Catholicus, the ſucceſſor of Jacob, at firſt was inclined to concur with Emin; but when he found that the prince's heart was not the ſame with his outward behaviour

haviour to him, whom he wanted only to make a tool of; he ſent a letter to Heraclius, to ſignify to him that he was the king of Armenia and Georgia, and that he would do beſt to ſend the imprudent prince to the place whence he came; thinking to be in favour with Heraclius by this flattery, not looking deep enough into the meaning of his expreſſion; which made Heraclius ſo angry, that he ſaid in his council to Philipus the grammarian, and to all the nobles, "Pray, Sirs, how can I be the king of Armenia, when the Catholicus of Etzmiatzin adviſe me to ſend their imprudent prince away? How can Emin, the ſon of Joſeph, born in Ivah in the city of Hamadan, be called by Simon Patriarch *our prince*, which is as much as to ſay, hereditary prince of Armenia? What do you think of this, Sirs?" Their anſwer was, "May it pleaſe your Highneſs, Simon Catholicus is one of the moſt learned men of the age, and has ſeen a great deal of the world; ten to one he muſt know Emin's family better than any one, elſe he would not have entitled him *our prince*. Emin muſt have been a ſorcerer, if without money, beauty, or other qualification, he could poſſeſs the hearts of all his nation. As your Highneſs declares, you have peruſed every one

of their letters, the very direction of them are ſurprizing—*To God's Protected, his Majeſty Emin, King of all Armenia.* May it pleaſe your Highneſs, neceſſity has no law, this man muſt be demoliſhed, or put out of the way; otherwiſe Georgia will be trampled under the feet of the Armenians who out-number us ten to one."

Secander Aga, a Perſian Turk, chief of the clan of the Coſſacks of 15,000 men, came forwards, making his ſpeech, and giving his Mahomedan opinion in the caſe, and afterwards offering the prince 500 tumans, (equal to 10,000 rupees,) the price of Emin's blood, to kill the Armenian Gaur; who, if he ſhould ſucceed in the ſmalleſt degree, would be another Nadir in Aſia. "Have not you all ſeen, when the prince pitched his pavilion with a body of four thouſand troops by the village of Mardhop, and went in every evening with the people for fear of a ſurpriſe from the Lazguis, how Emin, with forty Armenians, never ſtirred for a fortnight from his ſtation? Was not he attacked ſeveral times by the enemy four times ſtronger than himſelf in number, and had he not always the better of them? My own clan, your Highneſs' ſubjects, are become ſo fond of him, that

that I am afraid it will not be long before they will all go over to him; in ſhort, may it pleaſe the Valy of Gurjiſtan, (or feudatory prince of Georgia,) to take care of that great Caffer."

Turkhan, an Armenian merchant, the ſon of Agamal, who is, to his great ſhame, an old acquaintance of Emin's father, did not fail to give his envious ſentiments; ſaying, that he knew Emin in Calcutta, where, with all the ſtrictneſs of his father and four uncles, they could not manage him; that at laſt he ran away from that place, and went into an Engliſh ſhip, working his paſſage to England; the people of which country, famous for being warlike, ſeeing him ſpirited, took notice of him. The prince ſaid, "I know all that by his own writing: all you have ſaid is more to his honour than his detriment or diſcredit: nor am I diſpleaſed with his being alert. But my queſtion is, How comes he to be ſtyled prince?" Turkhan, and the other Armenians, ſaid, their Catholicus, according to the rites of the Armenian church, could do more than naming a perſon *prince*,—he could make a king of him, or of any man he pleaſed, provided the party concerned had ſufficient talents to deſerve it. All they wiſhed, was to

ſend him away from the perſon of his Highneſs, for fear of any accident, ſince he had not a field large enough to act in, ambitious as he was. Should he take into his head (which God avert!) ſome violent method, it might draw the two Chriſtian nations into miſerable calamity. Thus far they petitioned his Highneſs; and ſaid, "He is more able in his wiſdom to judge for the reſt, and for the welfare of the Chriſtians." The poor prince did not know what to ſay; and, after a long pauſe, told them, they were Haramzadas, (or baſe-born,) and the patriarch juſt as bad; who ſome time recommended Emin as a faithful ſervant of Chriſt, adding, that for all the world he would not wrong his truſt, or diſgrace his credentials from the Chriſtian nobles of Frankiſtan; and another time, would be glad to turn him out of my houſe. "It is my opinion," added he, "that when he firſt ſpoke favourably of him, he was in expectation of ſome great preſent from him, like you fooliſh Armenians, looking upon him as a god who would give you lapfuls of gold; but when he found Emin was a ſoldier only, and as poor as Heraclius, he then thought proper to write entirely the reverſe. It is my firm belief that God has ſent Emin to me, who is ſitting innocently in his houſe,

while you are digging a pit for him; and I am in great fear, that you, the Armenian prieſts, and the Georgians, will teaze me ſo much, as to make me part with my Emin Aga, whoſe heart is as clear as a mirror. As for you, Turkhan, merchant of Iſpahan, what ſervice have you rendered to me in theſe ſeven years paſt? I have made you a preſent of a houſe and garden: I honoured you with a ſervant and horſe; yet you never, in all that time, went with me thirty yards from the gates of this city of Tiffliz; nor are you carrying on a trade by which the people are benefited (the cuſtom-houſe): my poor Emin Aga has been here but four or five months, yet is every day on horſeback with me, and has fought againſt the enemy before me more than a dozen times; and at my word of command, he is ready to run through ſword and fire." Then he began a ſevere lecture to the chief of the Turkiſh clan, ſaying, "You, Secander Aga! are you ſo rich as to pay 500 tumans to ſhed a Chriſtian's innocent blood? What has he done to you? is he guilty, becauſe he is brave, which your envious malignant hearts cannot bear to ſee? We are Chriſtians; not like Mahometans, who kill their fathers, and murder their brothers. Get out of my ſight all of

you! Father Philipus, go tell my Emin Aga all that has happened here; and let him know I ſhall be very glad to ſee him to-morrow morning, and every day, without ceremony." Emin hearing all this from father Philip, ſaid, "It is true, the prince is a Chriſtian: but it is a pity he is alone; thoſe wicked men will effect their deſign at laſt."

About the month of June, Emin petitioned the prince, that if he would be pleaſed to grant him a firman, or patent, with 100 horſe-load of flour, he would go with his twenty-four men juſt taken into ſervice to the biſhopric of Haghpat, two days journey to the ſouth-weſt of Tiffliz, the inhabitants of which diſtrict had been partly carried away by the inroaders, and had partly emigrated to Kakhet, the prince's hereditary country, to live in the monaſtery. In this deſerted and mountainous country, the Lazguis generally hold their rendezvous. The prince made no objection to the propoſal; but favoured him with due authority by the following commiſſion: "This is to give notice and certify, that I, by the grace of God, and Chriſt my Saviour, Heraclius, king of Cartuel and Kakhet, have, by my pleaſure and authority, authoriſed my moſt beloved faithful ſervant Joſeph Emin, with

with commiſſion to go with his men to the inhabited biſhopric of Haghpat, to take poſſeſſion of, and to live in it; and alſo to annoy, kill, and deſtroy, without giving quarters, thoſe Lazguis who are enemies to the faith and the country of Chriſtians. We have been alſo pleaſed to command, that if any Armenian or Armenians ſhould go to him from any part of the country, he ſhall receive and protect them as he ſhall think proper: and no perſon or perſons ſhall ſtand in the way to prevent him, nor take them by force from him. We ſhall hear no complaint, if any man's ſubject ſhould chooſe to go and put himſelf under Emin's command: and ſuch complaint ſhall expect no kind of redreſs from us. Given under my hand and ſeal, &c. Dated at Tiffliz, in the month of June."

In regard to the hundred horſe-load of flour, he told Emin to go to Beydar, about ſixteen miles or more from Tiffliz; and that in a few days he would ſend an order for it to be given by the Muſulman Coſſack clans, in his way, about five miles from the place abovementioned. The prince went to Kakhet, and the next day Emin, with his 24 men, marched out; but were not gone ſix miles from Tiffliz, when they diſcovered, at a great diſtance,

a body of horſe: who ſhould they be, but fifty-two ſtout Lazguis. He and two more of the men were on horſe-back: the reſt were on foot. The rogues drew nearer and nearer, while he took no notice, going on in the road till they came within 500 yards of him, making ſure of Emin's party, who were ſo few, and their charging and his diſmounting happened at one time. He facing his men to the left, checked their coming to cloſe quarter, who, firing their pieces all in a volley, diſmounted directly, and led their horſes to a ditch on the left ſide of the road, deep enough to cover them, leaving the horſes behind it, and making the bridge of the ditch a breaſtwork, within fifteen yards of Emin, who ſtood in the road expoſed with his men to the rogues' fire, from eight in the morning till ſix in the afternoon. The loſs on his ſide were only three wounded, one of his horſes killed, and another one, the only Georgian among them not belonging to Emin, mounted in the heat of action, and rode away to ſave himſelf; but two of the Lazguis horſe overtook him, and made him a ſlave. The enemy had none killed on the ſpot, only thirteen of them wounded, as Emin's people were told. Three weeks after, they went home and all died.

The

The Lazguis finding it very difficult to overcome the few Armenian boys, when both parties were tired of fighting, and in the heat of the ſun, without a drop of water, they ſpoke to one another, and aſked if they were Ruſſians who ſtood the bruſh ſo many hours? Emin's little followers anſwered, "You, Mahometans, why do you ſtand aſking queſtions? this is neither a hummum to waſh, nor mejid to pray in; fight away till you bleed." At that very time a big-headed Lazgui called Emin bad names, beſides Caffer, as is common with that nation, and at the ſame time aimed his piece at him; he miſſed three times; and at the ſame inſtant the fellow was anſwered by an Engliſh piece, the gift of the duke of Richmond, the ball of it took him juſt in the mouth, carried away the upper teeth and the jaw with half of the face. When this man was out of the way, they retreated, and carried their wounded about half a mile from the place of action. Emin perceiving by their motions, that they would not go away, eaſily formed his men all in one rank, charging them ſtrictly not to fire at random, as they had done before; then, having marched a great diſtance from the place, when the enemy took advantage of the ditch,

ditch, they ſtood in an open field to receive them; who forming their body into a deep column, cried out, "Glory to Mahomet, and deſtruction to the Chriſtians," charged, and halted within a hundred yards. Being taken no notice of, they diſperſed to the right and left about; and in about five minutes more, gathered again together to complete the third onſet; coming a little nearer than they did the ſecond time, but found it impoſſible to provoke Emin's party to fire at that diſtance, as it was their wiſh they ſhould, in hopes to frighten them into diſorder, then to fall on them ſword in hand. Emin's men called to them to come nearer, and not be afraid, ſince they had neither powder nor ball left; and there were with them half a dozen pretty Georgian boys, who would ſell for two hundred tumans each. "O ye Caffers!" ſaid the Lazguis, "you want in that way to kill us all at once. We know you reſerve your fire; but not becauſe you have no powder; you are neither Georgians nor Armenians; you muſt be from the Caffers' country, where the ſeven carolls and the reſt of them reſide: but we muſt tell you, that all our comrades will not ſurvive, as their wounds are mortal; once more, farewel!"

Then

Then each party marched away, after a ten hours ſkirmiſh; ſince, when Emin's men were in order, the enemy thought it adviſable not to have any thing to ſay to them.

About nine o'clock they reached the place mentioned before, the Armenian village Bayder, and took quarters there; but, inſtead of forty-five days, the time limited by the prince, Emin waited five months for an order from him to get the promiſed flour, and was then obliged to diſmiſs the men, keeping only four to take care of two horſes, and wait upon him. At the latter end of November 1763, the prince ſent him an order in writing to receive one month's proviſion only, to maintain twenty-four men and himſelf, with forage for four horſes, of which two were deſtroyed; one run away with the Georgian, and the other was killed in that little fight. Emin anſwered, and thanked the prince for his liberality, and ſaid, "Great Sir, this one month's proviſion will be juſt enough to maintain four men for forty months to come; as the reſt are gone away, there will be no more need of it till then; but, in a country like this, every eatable is ſo cheap, it ſurprizes me to find your Highneſs ſo niggardly as to diſgrace the very name of œconomy; which

which puts me in mind of a merchant in Iſpahan, who almoſt ſtarved his own children to ſave his money; but as he was travelling in a caravan, a highway-man, with fifty companions, robbed him of all his riches, and left him on the road ſtarving. He was ſorry," he added, "that he did not hearken to count Worronzoff's friendly hint, when he ſaid, that prince Heraclius was not the man to ſatisfy him: ſure his prophecy was nearly coming to paſs, and he was not far from being ſtarved." The prince, in his anſwer, comforted him, and deſired him not to take it to heart, adding, "Every thing in good time, patience will conquer all; come to me, my dear Emin Aga! I will do all in my power to make you happy. Pater Philipus, your only friend and mine, tranſlated every letter you ſent into the Georgian language; when I read them, I ſwear by the grave of my father, it would be infinite pleaſure to make Emin happy." So it might; and he was able, at that time, to make all the Armenians both free and happy, if the dark angels had not ſtepped in the way with their black hearts, which made him at laſt loſe his poor Emin for ever.

In

In obedience to the prince's order, Emin immediately marched, with his four ſervants, from the Coſſack clans, two days journey back to Tiffliz. In his way he convoyed a caravan to Telave, the capital of Kakhet Georgia, a pitiful town, containing twelve hundred mud houſes. When he waited upon the prince, he was received with extraordinary kindneſs, more like that of an affectionate father than a prince. Heraclius thanked him for his behaviour againſt the Lazguis, expreſſing great ſurprize how, with a handful of boys, he could ſtand ſo many hours under ſo hot a ſun, againſt fifty-two veteran mountaineers; and he added, "after your engagement, the ſame men robbed a caravan of five hundred men, well armed, going from Tiffliz to Baydar, on the very ſame ground, killed ſeveral, and carried away above a hundred of them." Emin ſaid, "If your Highneſs would have ordered the promiſed hundred horſe-load of flour, they would not have enſlaved away an hundred good ſubjects, beſides taking their arms, horſes, and baggage, while their miſerable families are groaning. May God in heaven direct your Highneſs's heart to the right way of protecting them!" The prince ſaid, "I, in firm belief, agree with you, that nothing

nothing can be done without Him: they deſerve it very juſtly; if you knew them as well as I do, you would not be ſo great an advocate for them, or feel ſo much for their miſery. I do all I can to defend and keep them happy; but go yourſelf, enter into them, and read their hearts, what is there written will ſoon bring you back to my way of thinking; and take this from me, it will not be long before they will do their utmoſt to divide my heart from you, and will glory in their wicked minds, as if they had effected a great thing: come, ſit nearer to me, let us enjoy one another's company, while we are in Kakhet, for Tiffliz is not a place in which we can remain cheerful for half an hour." It had in fact become a common remark in every body's mouth, that the Valy changed his temper as ſoon as he went out of town; and eſpecially when he was in Kakhet, turned entirely to an angel, with good-nature, politeneſs, and pleaſure. Emin enjoyed the prince's company for ſeveral days, which was really very improving, as if it had been the converſation of a learned Engliſh nobleman, without the leaſt pride, ſtiffneſs, or domineering deportment, which are ſo common to Aſiatic princes; and with ſuch a quickneſs of apprehenſion,

tenſion, that at the opening of any ſubject, he underſtood the whole extent of it. His voice, in pronouncing words, converſing or treating any topic, was ſo melodiouſly ſweet, that the hearer, without ſeeing his greeniſh brown complexion mentioned before, would have thought an angel was haranguing. Of pride he had not the leaſt particle; he never perhaps boaſted in his life, though he overthrew in many battles almoſt every competitor ſince Nadir Shah; and it would have been all the ſame to him, if he had been in poſſeſſion of all the kingdoms in the Eaſt.

One evening about nine o'clock, he ſent for Emin and Pater Philipus; when they came, they found him ſitting alone; he ſaid, "Come, my dear Emin Aga, we are not in Tiflis now, to be interrupted by any one of thoſe great fellows; we can talk at our own pleaſure." He ſeemed to be very cheerful, and his fine eyes ſparkled. The converſation turned on various ſubjects, till it reſted upon religious matters. He ſaid very wiſely, that ever ſince the two brothers, meaning the Armenian and Georgian nations, differed on points of faith, they had become for that ſole reaſon divided from each other; the conſequence of which diſcord was ſo apparently effective,

effective, as to make them both fall headlong under the dominion of infidels; that unleſs they would join in one opinion, and unite in one body, like two hands (opening his fingers, and claſping them cloſe into one another), they would never be able to form any noble deſign. Theſe ſentiments made Emin riſe, lay hold of both his hands, which he kiſſed ſeven times. Heraclius returned the compliment, kiſſing his forehead, and both ſhed tears of ſympathy; which Philipus ſeeing, he was no leſs affected with ſenſibility: and the ſympathizing prince added, "I do not mean that your countrymen ſhould entirely change their way of thinking, which is morally impoſſible; it will be only neceſſary to cut off ſome ſuperfluous and uſeleſs ceremony on our ſide, and ſome on yours; that alone can make the two nations one: what do you ſay to that, my Emin Aga?" He anſwered, "I have already approved it by kiſſing your hands; and it is my humble opinion, that none but your Highneſs can effect that great deſign, being by God eſtabliſhed both in fame and power; provided you will not hear the tales of thoſe who will be ready to ſacrifice your good mind, and make your ſublime councils fall victims to the hoſtile ambition of men, who

are

are entirely ſtrangers to unity or peace between the two churches: the beſt way will be, to take no notice to them of ſo grand an enterprize." The prince aſked Emin, if he could give advice how to go about it? He ſaid, "This moment give orders to 6000 horſe and 10,000 foot, which will be ready in five days time; put yourſelf at the head of them; march *directly to Bujazid*, the country of the Curds, without *ſeeing Tiffliz*; it is but a march of ſix days; invade that country firſt, where, ſee by this very letter, 4000 Armenians are ready to join you: paſs thence to Arzerum, in three days: the next countries are Baſſan, Suſan, and Betlis; there you will have 12,000 foot, before the Turks will riſe from their everlaſting drowſineſs. The Armenians *of Muſh*, with 10,000 horſe, will *join you*; the whole making 40,000. Then iſſue a proclamation, that you are come to claim Armenia by hereditary right, as lawful heir to that kingdom; and that your anceſtors in former days reigned 300 years over it. Do *this*, you will ſucceed; but your Highneſs *will do* nothing. This letter of biſhop Jonas of the monaſtery of St. John the Baptiſt, will tell you, that the Armenian nation do acknowledge, and have acknowledged for theſe

twenty years laſt paſt, that you are their ſovereign; it was through neceſſity that they invited your Highneſs's humble ſlave to enter into thoſe parts; for by writing only he had awaked them to a noble zeal, and that not without your conſent and permiſſion; and that it is poſſible for a layman like him to be their king. When you were angry laſt year at their calling him prince, who is the ſon of Hovſep the Armenian now in Calcutta; can he pretend to the ſovereignty of Armenia, whoſe real ſovereign (whom God preſerve!) is living, with ſeven princely ſons, and five angelic daughters?"

By theſe words of Emin the prince was ſo rouſed, that his inward emotions made him, from ſitting croſs-legged like a taylor, change his poſition, and ſit upon his knees. He began to twiſt his whiſkers, reſembling a fierce lion, and ſaid to Philipus, "Chriſtis madlema zaliſuy utkhar;" that is, "By Chriſt, he ſpeaks very ſtrongly." The prieſt ſaid, "May it pleaſe your Highneſs, if he had not been extraordinary in every reſpect, how could the princes in Frankeſtan have eſteemed him worthy to be recommended to your Highneſs's favour: by what I can judge, without being partial to the Armenian nation, your Highneſs

neſs will never find another like him, even among your own people. I am told by Armenian merchants, that his father is in a good way, and himſelf might have lived very happy with great credit in England, but he muſt be inſpired with love for your name and glorious actions; otherwiſe how could it have been poſſible for him, without ſeeing your perſon, to have ſo great an attachment for your Highneſs, whoſe life may the great God prolong, for the happineſs of your ſubjects!" Then the prince ſaid again, "My Emin Aga, every word you have ſpoken is a gun in my ears, and I hope we ſhall act with great ſatisfaction and ſucceſs, provided God himſelf will be our conductor. I only wiſh my eldeſt ſon had been alive, whom the ſmall-pox ſnatched away from my arms two or three years ago, and that at the age of twenty (ſaying this, he burſt into tears); he would have joined you with hand and heart, and with all his might, to eaſe me of my troubles, which have almoſt worn me out for the laſt twenty years; I ſhould then have lived at my eaſe. Can you recollect a letter, when you were laſt at Travan, ſent by the archbiſhop Zachariah of Tifliz, and the advice of your wife father, in regard to matrimory?" He was juſt going to

complete the ſentence, and to ſay that Emin had demanded his daughter, when Philipus, thinking to do Emin ſervice or honour, and well underſtanding the prince's meaning, interrupted him, ſaying, "He has made an engagement already at Aſtrakan, to marry Avankhan's rich grand-daughter, named princeſs Marian." At this rapid, violent, and moſt imprudent ſpeech of Philipus, the prince ſtopped, and never ſaid a ſingle ſyllable of what he with cheerfulneſs had begun, which brought on a profound ſilence of all three, like perſons thunder-ſtruck, looking down without ſpeaking a word almoſt half an hour. This forwardneſs of a prieſt knocked on the head all his project of friendſhip and union; after he had taken ſo much pains, and gone through ſo many hardſhips, he was reduced at laſt to nothing by this over-haſty interruption of a man, for being honoured with being admitted interpreter between prince Heraclius and the rough ſoldier Emin. The rejoicing prince was moſt bitterly dejected, and lifting up his head from deep thought, aſked what hour it was? Then looking at his watch, he ſaw it was paſt three in the morning; and ſaid to Emin, "I wiſh the old prieſt had not been here this night, he ſpoiled our council;

I am very ſleepy, are not you ſo, Emin Aga?" This was exactly twenty-four years ago, and no ſoul knew this ſecret, except Heraclius, Emin, and the prieſt. Emin cannot help thinking, that many who are not well acquainted with him, nor have ſeen him in that country, will ſuſpect what paſſed between him and the prince to be fabulous; ſuch a ſuſpicion may be excuſable in thoſe who conſider his preſent ſituation in life, which, though honourable, is not equal to the dignity he aſpired to; or in thoſe who are not well verſed in the diſpoſition of the Georgian nation, whoſe nobles ſell their own children to the Turks; ſo that it would have been no great wonder if prince Heraclius had given his daughter in marriage to an Armenian Chriſtian ſoldier, to fight and bleed for him. He remembers, one day in Peterſburgh, at the prince's father's houſe, the late king Tahmuras aſked Emin, if he was married? He anſwered, "No." The king ſaid, he would take care to marry him to a handſome daughter of one of his Armenian merchants in Tifliz. Emin ſaid, his choice was to have a Georgian tavat's (or noble's) daughter, who would be handſomer. One of the tavats ſtanding by, ſaid in a tone of anger, "Do

not you know that you are an Armenian; that our law abominates the very name of thoſe who are as bad as heathens?" He ſaid, "Yes, Sir, you would rather give away your daughters to circumciſed Perſian dogs, who are worſe than heathens. For my part, if I were a king, and had an only daughter, and if the ſultan of the Turks and a Chriſtian young Georgian were rivals in her love, the Chriſtian ſhould have her ſooner than that powerful Mahometan." This ſhews the difference between Armenian Chriſtians and thoſe of the Greek church, who are full of malice. The good king, not underſtanding their converſation, as they ſpoke in Turkiſh, when it was explained to him, put his hand on his breaſt, and ſwore by *Jeſus Chriſt* that Emin was in the right. He then added, "Never mind what he ſays, you ſhall have my daughter;" and if he had lived, he would have been as good as his word, for he was the moſt pious king Georgia produced; but hard-hearted fortune was too cruel to let him ſucceed in either of his views. The late duke, his patron, hearing all this from his letters, comforted him in his anſwers, ſaying, "My dear Emin, fortune ſports with you; go on, never mind her croſſneſs, for one day or other

ſhe

ſhe will favour you fully to your heart's ſatisfaction."

He had been in Kakhet three weeks, when the prince was called upon ſome buſineſs, and ſent Emin word to get ready, and go in company with him to Tiffliz, the city of diſcontent, out of which, from its firſt building to the time when he was there, no man ever came without being diſreſpected, diſtreſſed, or inſulted. After ſome days paſt, the prince ſent word he wiſhed to ſpeak with him, and deſired to ſee the letter from the patriarch. Emin obeyed with pleaſure, and ſaid to the prince, "I can very eaſily perceive, that your Highneſs's heart is changed, having intelligence of Simon's plot, who has deſired of you to take the letter from me, leſt I ſhould ſhew it in Ruſſia as a certificate that I have been complimented with the title of Prince of Armenia, as the three churches of Etzmiatzin are in ſome meaſure under your protection; and then to invent ſome calumny to lay hold of me as your Highneſs ſhall think proper. It is to be hoped," added he, "that your Highneſs will take into conſideration, that both Ivan and Turan will be angry with you; that the Grand Signior will put all the Armenians to the ſword in Conſtantinople; and

who knows the conſequence of encouraging Emin the Armenian, who has neither money nor troops!" The prince had very juſtly obſerved before in Tiffliz, that if Emin had made the patriarch a preſent of a great ſum, his Holineſs would not be ſo rigidly inveterate againſt him, who made God Mammon and himſelf the God of the innocent Armenians; and ſaid, that his Highneſs is not better than the patriarch, if he hears him; that is to ſay, the prince was as fond of money as the patriarch. On this ſpeech, the prince ſaid to Emin, "Are not you afraid to ſpeak ſo boldly before my face?" He ſaid, "he ſhould be, if he had been treacherous and falſe like his neighbours." "If you kill me," he added, "the world will ſay Heraclius was afraid of a ſingle Armenian, who fell a ſacrifice to the good cauſe of his country; and that each drop of his innocent blood, by the inviſible hand of God, will become fire and ſword to thoſe who have been the inſtruments of his death. As for me, who am a ſoldier, it is the ſame to me whether I die to-day or to-morrow; but woe to thoſe cowardly wretches, intoxicated with black ambition, who never even dream of dying!"

This expreſſion ſeemed to move Heraclius a little;

a little; and he ſaid, "Emin Aga, what can I do? Your own patriarch, with all the biſhops and monks are againſt you; the beſt part of my ſubjects are Armenians, who look on them as prophets and apoſtles; if I proceed with you, without minding what they ſay, they will think me no more a Chriſtian than the Grand Signior. Do you remember, that at our firſt meeting I told you a little money would be of great uſe; with money we could make them as dumb as if they had no tongues in their mouths." Emin ſaid, he was very glad he had none of it, for he was ſure the prince would be the firſt man to take it away by force: his Engliſh friends better knew the character of the Georgians, elſe they would have ſupplied him ſufficiently; but hearing prince Heraclius's name and truly Chriſtian conduct, they relied upon him, and ſuffered Emin to come to him. "Now, Great Sir," added he, "all this you hear, and ſeem as if you were affected by it; but, take my word for it, that your Aſiatic nature will not let you reſt, till I become your priſoner." The prince ſaid, "I do love you, Emin, I aſſure you." He anſwered, "Saul loved David." Then gave him the patriarch's letter, made a bow, and went away.

When

When he came home, he found that thirteen Curd Armenians had brought a letter from archbiſhop Jonas, of St. John the Baptiſt, mentioned before, to this effect: "The bearer Melih Stepan of this place, of the province of Curdiſtan in Armenia, will bring you this letter; you will receive from him 600 Zarmabab zekins, to defray your little journey expences, and make your coming to us as expeditious as poſſible. Deſire the prince, with God's bleſſing and my prayers, to give you twenty Georgian horſe, for the ſatisfaction of the people here, and for their aſſurance that he is your friend. Should he be prevented by the enemies of union, from complying with your requeſt, never mind it; God will do you juſtice; but be not backward in receiving the ſum abovementioned; take it, and ſpend it at your pleaſure: when you find the prince will not favour you with his aſſiſtance, make yourſelf eaſy, think nothing of it. I received your letters mentioning the malicious proceeding of thoſe wolves who pretend outwardly to be the diſciples of our Saviour, but who have always been inſtrumental in the downfal of our harmleſs nation, and who are no better than tools in the hands of infidels. I have been working for eleven months paſt

by

by writing, and have very eaſily brought over to your intereſt and heroic way of thinking, all the great Armenians in Turkey, Conſtantinople, Smyrna, Caiſary, Tokhat, Arzerum, Diarbeker, (in which laſt place he was born,) Vuer, &c. &c.—they are citizens. As for fighting men, you ſhall have 40,000 to meet you at the end of ſix days journey; the Aſſyrians and Yezdy Curds are likewiſe ready to join us. Do not ſay to the Georgian prince, that they muſt have money; for to make you more compoſed in mind, they all have taken their oaths on the holy ſcripture, and by the bloody croſs of our bleſſed Saviour, that they will fight for it under your command ten years, without any expectation of money; as for proviſions and ammunition, they likewiſe have their own well provided. The Turks are not the ſame as they were an hundred years ago; without fighting, they will give up all; and as their towns are not fortified, you may ſuppoſe the taking of them will be very eaſy. A ſuperſtitious prophecy has taken root in their minds, that their ſovereignty is near its end, and that their fighting againſt Chriſtians will be of no ſignification. They have alſo heard of your coming from the Ruſſian empire, ſtrongly recommended by its bleſſed Empreſs

Empreſs to the prince of Georgia, and the Turks will never dare to ſhed a Chriſtian's blood; that ſince your coming from England by the way of the Mediterranean, three years have elapſed, and that, when you exhorted the people of the villages you paſſed through, every Armenian betook himſelf to arms; that even the women were ready to fight, provided Heraclius would engage to ſtand by you. Let this ſuffice in writing. If you ſhould not ſucceed with Heraclius, my fatherly advice is, that you never deſpair; but go on with all your might, fear no manner of danger, put your truſt in God; whether you ſucceed or not, you will have fame: but I am in hopes you will be the means of freeing your poor diſtreſſed countrymen, *from the chain of ſubjection, and from affliction. I pray God to protect and preſerve you,* to the honour of Armenia, and remain, &c. &c. Jonas the Monk, the ſervant of Chriſt. Dated 1763, in the ſacred houſe of the ſon of the Carrin woman, Saint John the Baptiſt." [Carrin woman ſignifies Elizabeth, Saint John's mother, to whom the Armenians generally give that appellation.]

The Armenian Malich Stephen, who brought the money, happened to fall into company with

with the Georgian Zaza Beg as officer or ſervant of Heraclius, from Iravan to Tiffliz, bringing the letter from Simon the patriarch, who, with hopeful flattering words, pumped every ſyllable out of Stephen, by telling him, that the prince was making proper preparations to ſend Emin away, with ſome thouſand horſes to Muſh, Saint John the Baptiſt's monaſtery. They arrived in town at the ſame time, when the poor man told Emin with joy, what the officer ſaid, and that he thought it no harm to tell the Georgian of the ſix hundred pieces of gold. Emin laughed at him, told him to go away from him, and keep the money himſelf, leſt the prince ſhould ſnatch it away from him; nor would he be ſo mean as to accept of it, and act the play of an impoſtor by robbing Honan of his money. "The prince, he added, will probably be apprized of it by that fellow Zaza, who is his ſpy, and very cunning; to-morrow or next day, you will hear of it?" Stephen ſaid, "Zaza told him on travelling, that beſides what he told before in the letter from his holineſs to the prince in your favour, he is to give you forces to take firſt Iravan, and then proceed to Muſh?" Emin ſaid, "You will ſee in time, the conſequence of it to prove the contrary."

trary." The villanous Zaza, inſtead of 600 zekins, named 6000; ſetting the poor prince's heart in agitation, to ſtudy how to get the caſh; ſeizing the letter of the holy Simon Catholicus, for a pretence to ſeize upon Emin.

Two days after, one of his Marin ſervants, a native of Aſtrakhan, who had been diſcharged before, mounted on horſe-back, armed with bow and arrow, being ſent on purpoſe to breed a quarrel with his other ſervants, by the wicked contrivance of Zakaria Varapet, the archbiſhop of Tiffliz—(many ſuſpected the prince had a hand in that low buſineſs, but Emin cannot credit it)—As the fellow was paſſing by the door, he began to uſe bad words, and one of the Curd Armenians lately come, named Purſeck, of the firſt family of Muſh, being a perſon of great courage, returned the language, which immediately brought on a real battle; the diſtance between them was ten yards. The ungrateful man, Marcus, took out his bow and arrow, and aimed twice at him, but miſſed, as Emin was ſtanding on a terrace looking over, to whom the fellow let fly two more arrows, which miſſed again, ſtruck againſt a ſtone wall, and broke to pieces. The brave Purſeck ſtanding below, aſked Emin for leave

leave to return the aſſault; and he had no ſooner opened his lips to ſay, Drive the ungrateful fellow away, than Purſeck drew his ſcymitar and ran at him. Marcus ſeeing him like a looſe lion, turned his horſe's head to run away. Purſeck deſpairing to come up with him, at the diſtance of ten yards let fly his ſword after him like lightning, and the end of it took the poor beaſt behind, cutting him from the top up and down twenty-four inches, and almoſt ten inches deep. Marcus, extremely terrified, galloped precipitately to Zakaria, who was waiting, ready to ſtir the fire of miſchief, and cried out for joy, "The buſineſs is done, Emin is caught in the trap!" He then took the fellow and the beaſt to the prince, who ſent for Emin and Purſeck. When they were aſked the reaſon of the fray, Emin anſwered, "The reaſon, Sir, you know beſt; I told you two days ago, when you aſked for Simon Catholicus's letter, and declared that you loved Emin—who now is in the way of reaping the benefit of your love—Oh! my good prince! I pity you with all my heart; do your worſt, that you may not diſoblige the holy Simon. The horſe which is maimed, had been my own property, and was given away by me to the ungrateful man, who not long

long ago was in my ſervice. If you think this a breach of peace, I am ready, according to the Moſaic law, to give tooth for tooth, but not a man for a beaſt, eſpecially one who, not long ago, was ſitting knee to knee by you. I am ſorry to ſay, I cannot ſave your good ears from the calumnies of the unworthy, falſe, treacherous inventors."

All this paſſed in the Turkiſh language, when Carim and other Khans, meſſengers, or officers of note, who had been in the late Nadir's ſervice, were preſent. One of them, pretty much advanced in age, ſaid, "He ſpeaks vaſtly like Nadir, when in Melich Mahomud Khan's ſervice at Maſhad, a city of Khoraſan, which provoked Melich to order him to be baſtinadoed." The prince, at that time, was ſitting high up ſtairs, laying his right elbow on the wooden rails; while the author, with the Curd Purſeck, were ſtanding below in the open court under the ſun, like malefactors to receive ſentence. The prince ordered his executioners to take Emin's ſword from him; but Purſeck ſtanding cloſe to his left hand, with ſword and ſhield kept the fellows off, who were about forty in number; and told Emin, that they ſhould not come near, if he would but give the word; which behaviour

behaviour frightened the fellows, and the prince roſe in a hurry from his place, and cried out, "Pull down the man!" but they dared not; and were juſt going to gather a mob. Emin quieted Purſeck, alleging, that they were not among Mahometans to behave in that manner: "pleaſe the prince's fancy, and let us ſuffer ourſelves to be taken." The prince hearing that, ſaid to the Georgians, "Be gentle with Emin." He therefore, giving his ſword up to them, ſaid, "Sir, you did not give me this ſword, which has been in your ſervice theſe fourteen months without reward; and the giver of it can give thouſands inſtead of it." Then the bravos fell on Purſeck, began to ſtrip him, and tried to pull him down. When almoſt naked, after a ſtruggle of three quarters of an hour, he ſtood like a tree immoveable. The prince, from the varanda, called out to them to let him alone; rebuking his people, and ſaying, "It is a ſhame, that forty of you are not ſtrong enough to bring down a ſingle Armenian." They, in the agitation of their blood, ſaid, "Pleaſe to come down yourſelf and try, for he is made of iron, not of fleſh." When the hurly-burly and joſtling was over, Heraclius aſked the Armenian lion "Why he cut the

horſe in that manner?" He anſwered, "My maſter ordered me to defend myſelf." The prince ſaid, "How far would you go to obey him?" Purſeck ſaid, "To the laſt drop of my blood." Then the prince ſaid, "Barakalah yegeed!" as much as to ſay, Well done, brave boy! Then the prince was going to make it up, but was interrupted by the malignant angels, Zakaria the biſhop and others, alleging, that he would diſoblige the holy patriarch if he did not confine Purſeck, to which he agreed with reluctance.

Emin was ordered to his quarters, with a ſingle officer for a guard, and Purſeck to another place; but he was releaſed the next day; and, by order of the prince, his arms were reſtored to him, and all his things. Two days after, the prince ſent two Georgians with compliments, and demanding his two ſmall boxes, with the keys. They contained his books, clothes, and papers. In two days more he ſent back the boxes, but kept the letters from different parts of Armenia, and detained the books to examine them; for poor Heraclius had been weak enough to have been perſuaded that Emin was a conjurer, whoſe ſecrets were in thoſe books; by which, and without money, he charmed the prince,

prince, and made all the Armenians acknowledge him as their ſovereign. They being at a loſs for a perſon who underſtood Engliſh, ſent for two Roman Catholic prieſts, one of them a German, and the other an Italian, who, by the title-pages, could juſt tell that they were books on the art of war. Emin laughed at their ignorance and barbarity in thinking that Europeans could be ſo ſtupid as to publiſh books of conjuration, when they ſcorn the very believers of ſuch nonſenſe; but he did not then know the wiſe prince's intention, which had a double object; firſt, to ſatisfy his people, and then himſelf, by finding out, if he could, the ſix hundred pieces of gold ſent from biſhop Hovnan for Emin. After the examination, the books likewiſe were ſent back; but his gun and bayonet, which were the gift of the duke of Richmond, were kept.

Heraclius finding it impoſſible to appeaſe the falſe accuſers, thought proper to let Emin continue in confinement in his own quarters, with intention to ſet him free. The officer, or guard, who only ſlept in the houſe at night, told him, that the prince never paſſed a day without mentioning him with expreſſions of ſorrow for what he had done. In

that manner twenty-four days paſſed, when two Armenian ladies, born in Georgia, hearing from the people what was paſſing in the court, and how thoſe unjuſt enemies were working to injure him more and more, in hopes of provoking the prince to make an end of him at once, adviſed Emin to draw a petition to his Highneſs, in order that they might dreſs it up in their own ſtyle, which muſt be very ſubmiſſively ſmooth, ſo as to convince the prince that he had not ſpoken a ſingle word to, nor even ſeen, from the time of his arrival in Tiffliz, thoſe wicked wretches who had accuſed him of ſaying, That himſelf only was the king, not Heraclius; that he had never uſed any ſuch expreſſion; and that the people of that pitiful unhappy place would never afford half an hour's peace to his Highneſs's humane mind, whoſe great benevolence was his only protector; which he hoped would defend and keep him from their malice, who think themſelves immortal, not apprehending the tremendous judgment of God.

A letter was accordingly written, ſomething in that ſtyle. They then ſent for a clerk to copy it fair; and kept it ſo ſecret, that it has never been known to this day. The amiable

ladies

ladies tore the original with their own hands, and gave the writer two rupees for his pains; begging Emin to ſend their well-compoſed petition immediately to the prince, who happened to receive it at a very critical time, when he had juſt ſeen the form of a petition to put an end to Emin's paltry life; which writing, the prince tore to pieces on ſeeing Emin's humble addreſs, and immediately ordered the petitioners to be driven away with ſticks, like ſo many Jews. On the next morning, a meſſage came to Emin from the prince, that he ſhould be ſet free very ſoon. The conſpirators ſuſpecting what was going on, went with ſome preſents, Zakariah the biſhop being at their head, begging that Emin might be ſent back to Ruſſia, whence he came, to pleaſe at leaſt the patriarch Simon Catholicus, the god of the Armenians.

Here he is entirely at a loſs to know, whether the ſenſe of that pathetic letter compoſed by thoſe female angels, affected the prince ſo deeply, or whether it was through the reſpect due to the Ruſſians, that Emin narrowly eſcaped falling a victim to the fury of thoſe who made themſelves the inſtruments of ruin to Georgia and Armenia: for Heraclius, from that time to this very day, if he is exiſting, has

been able to ſhake off the yoke of ſubjection from the necks of the Armenians: none of the two Mahomedan powers could hinder him; that is to ſay, neither Othmans nor Perſians. For, ſince the fall of Nadir Shah, all the Georgians, and the five Armenian chiefs of Carabagh, have been engaged in war almoſt every day of their lives againſt ſeveral competitors, (if any one were to write an account of their actions, it would fill volumes); and theſe being inured to that noble practice, in a period of almoſt forty years, were continually giving battle to different nations; the Lazguis in particular, who were at laſt obliged to give their ſons as hoſtages for their engagement never to make incurſions. This ſtopped their horrid depredations, ſo that they were not able even to kidnap a child; but, on the contrary, were ready to put themſelves by thouſands under the command of the prince, who in reality defended both the kingdom of Turkey on the weſt of Georgia, and Perſia on the ſouth, and has been a complete bulwark all this while: otherwiſe the ſavage Lazguis, for the ſake of booty, would have obliged the former to run headlong into the Black Sea, and the latter (if they eſcaped ſtarving on the barren mountains of Farſiſtan) into the Gulph of Perſia.

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Therefore it is to be lamented, that the prince loſt Emin through ignorance of his faithful heart, which is the characteriſtic of a true Armenian. And it is ſtill more to be regretted, that another prince cannot be found, who merits, like Heraclius, the ſovereignty of the Armenians and Georgians. But the poor prince's heart was compoſed of two different metals, Perſian and Greek, which deprived both him and Emin of the happineſs and glory of ſeeing their country freed from ſlavery.

Six days after the petition, his confinement having laſted exactly thirty days, the prince ſent him word to get ready and march with him to the north of Tiffliz, to a place called Havchaula, about eight miles diſtant. On ſetting out, about four in the afternoon, one of Emin's ſervants was miſſing, who had 400 rupees of his, and ſtayed behind on purpoſe to ſerve his own ends, and enjoy himſelf in that wicked town of Tiffliz. This was the only money he had in the world to depend upon, being the remainder of 600 rupees ſent by Hovnan, the biſhop's firſt draft of 100 zekins; the ſecond, mentioned before, brought by Malich Stephen, for 600 zekins, he did not think it honeſt to accept, ſince he was

prevented from going to Muſh. He was greatly diſtreſſed by the accident; ſince the next morning he was to march to another ſtage, in company with the army, and then part from the prince to proceed three days more to the foot of Mount Caucaſus, where he ſhould not have had money to buy linen, or to give the mountainers for allowing him to go over thoſe high paſſes. The villanous ſervant well knew that he would go on farther and farther every day; and that the money would remain ſafe in his poſſeſſion. Emin therefore thought it neceſſary to ſpeak to prince David, Heraclius's ſon-in-law, to interpoſe for permiſſion to go back after the ſervant who had his rupees; and he ſaid, go, leſt the prince *ſhould be tempted to rob him of it (for Heraclius was fonder of money than of his eyes)*.

Prince David, with great good-nature, ſeeing him almoſt in deſpair, went into the tent to ſpeak to his father-in-law, who being in one of his bad humours, grunted like a provoked bear, without ſpeaking or anſwering him, which was a ſignal of his wrath, and made David remain ſtock ſtill. Emin, ſtanding behind the tent in hopes of redreſs, waited almoſt half an hour without a word coming

out

out of the dark pavilion, where there was not even a ſingle candle lighted. He therefore withdrew from the place gently, calling God to his aſſiſtance, mounted his Arabian bay horſe, and told the Armenian Anania, (whoſe two horſes he hired, one for packing, the other ſaddled for Gregor, the very man who wanted to make away the money by ſtaying behind in Tiffliz,) to accompany him. Honeſt Anania conſented; and they then ſet out in the night along the river Cur. When they reached the city gates, Anania diſmounted, and began to knock as hard as he could; but there was neither centry nor watchman to hear. At laſt a porter came out of his bed, and ſtood within the gate, aſking, who it was? Anania ſaid, "Open the door." The fellow ſaid, "I can not: it is Heraclius's ſtrict order not to open the gates till ſun-riſe." Anania ſaid, "Fooliſh man! I have a letter from prince David, the king's ſon-in-law, to his father Rewaz, the great Sardar, who is next in rank to Heraclius,—and I will give you an abaſy, which will buy you a tabriz maun of wine." No ſooner was the name of that generous liquor mentioned, than the gates were opened before them, the door-keeper being ſo ſleepy as to forget the money; but Emin told

Anania

Anania to give the poor devil the abaſy. Anania ſaid, "I hate him as a Georgian, and his king too, for bringing you to this condition. Did you not underſtand what the troops were ſaying to me as they were paſſing by us on the road?" Emin anſwered, "You know I do not underſtand Georgian." Anania replied, "They were ſaying, that you were not yet diſcharged from your confinement; and that if you ſhould run away, I muſt ſuffer for it; that the king would cut my head off, and ſell my children to the Lazgüis. Now I will open my heart to you: I am ready to loſe my life, if thoſe thirteen Curd Armenians will have the courage to go with you to Muſh, though ſent for that purpoſe from the biſhop of St. John the Baptiſt. *I will guide them out of the great roads over the mountains; for Heraclius's oppreſſion is inſupportable;* it is worſe than that of Heathens; let him deſtroy my family."

This ſpeech of the brave Anania ended juſt as they reached the door where Emin's quarter was. On their inquiring after Gregor, the woman of the houſe directed them four doors higher, where they found Purſeck, but not Gregor who had the money. There came out a woman, who was a widow, and

had an only ſon, a weaver, named Vardan; (both mother and ſon knew where Gregor's houſe was;) and Vardan's wife ſaid, "They will hardly be lucky enough to find him at home." Emin aſked, why? The good woman ſaid, "O, Sir! he has a great many loves —ten to one if we find him in his own houſe." They went winding about ſeveral narrow lanes, before they could come to the place; and the woman begged him to ſay nothing all the while, leſt the man, hearing his voice, ſhould hide himſelf, or go from his houſe to another. Emin ſaid, "Very well, good woman; do as you think proper." Then the woman began to knock gently at the door, behind which were ſleeping ſix perſons; and with a very faint voice, ſhe called out, *Tamar! Tamar!* On the third call, Tamar, who was the wife of Gregor, awaked, and ſaid, "Who is at the door?" The good woman in the ſtreet ſaid, "I am Vardan Nana;" which ſignifies, I am the mother of Vardan. Then Tamar ſaid, "What do you want?" The woman ſaid, (with a tone of voice as if ſhe was crying or bewailing ſome dear friend,) "Is your huſband Gregor at home?" Tamar ſaid, "Yes; what will you have with him?" The woman ſaid, groan-

groaning and ſighing, "The Curd Armenians, who were ſent from the biſhop of St. John the Baptiſt, to carry Emin to Muſh, have brought ſome wine and meat, and can neither eat nor drink without your huſband's company, wiſhing particularly to hear him tell the ſtory of Emin's fighting againſt the Lazguis." No ſooner was the name of wine pronounced, than the door was opened, and Gregor awaked, ſitting up in his bed. Then the wiſe woman ſaid to Emin, "Now, Sir, it is your time!" He therefore flew like lightning, ſeized Gregor by the collar, put his hand into his waiſtcoat pocket, and took out the purſe with 200 rupees in gold, while the other four perſons never dared to ſtir out of their beds; for Emin *threatened, in a fury, that if they did, he would ſtrike off their heads.* Then, with his *ſword* drawn, he brought out the ungrateful wretch; made him kneel down, pretending that he would cut off his head at one ſtroke. The night-watches, with a lantern, were paſſing by, but durſt not ſay a word. Terrified to ſee him in that deſperate attitude, Gregor was almoſt out of his ſenſes, having juſt breath enough to beg for mercy; when Purſeek laid hold of his wriſt, and intreated

treated for his pardon, which Emin was very glad to grant, as he would not have ſhed his poor countryman's blood for all the money in Aſia. Anania, admiring his merciful behaviour, cried bitterly, ſaying, "O, my God! why will you not ſtand by this man, to make him proſperous for his compaſſionate heart? For ſo much money as this, the unmerciful Georgians would have deſtroyed half a dozen Armenians, and ruined their families for ever! O Heraclius, and Simon the Patriarch! I wiſh you may never draw a comfortable breath in your lives; may you die groaning in anxiety; ſince, without the leaſt fault, you have forced this man away from my country!"

Emin then gave notice to the thirteen Curd Armenians, and ſaid to them, "Now, gentlemen, you ſee I am free, will you agree to go with me to Muſh?" They anſwered, "We would go with all our hearts, but you will be kind enough to conſider, that it is not our orders, nor can we venture to do it without Heraclius's good-will." Then they offered to return the 600 zekins, which he again refuſed, though they expoſtulated, but he could not be perſuaded, nor did he take them at laſt. He only told them to carry word to the biſhop Hovnan, and ſee how far Emin ran a riſque of his

his life in going to Muſh; but his men had not ſufficient reſolution to follow him, ſince they had not received orders from him. He then took his leave, and left them in tears. Anania ſaid, "You have done all you can; it is neceſſary to go out of town before it is light, for Heraclius is in ſearch of ſome pretence; ſhould he make an inquiry in the camp, and miſs you, he would ſend a file of horſe; and if we are caught here, he will play the devil with us." They then took ſome corn, juſt enough for the horſes, and went to the ſleepy porter, who opened the gates.

No ſooner had they come out, than Anania ſaid, "Let us feed the horſes here under the wall cloſe to the gates, for the poor beaſts are tired; they have been ſixteen miles backwards and forwards, eight miles more which we have to march to the camp will make twenty-four." Emin conſented; and having drank ſome water, reſted a little. In a few minutes, who ſhould come but two Coſſack troopers, with an order from Heraclius to take him up. Emin aſked them, in broken Turkiſh, as if he was a Georgian, What was their buſineſs in the town? They ſaid, "The Armenian gentleman is run away from the camp; the Vali is very angry, and has commanded us to apprehend

apprehend him." They knew Emin all the time, for he had been on parties with thoſe troopers many times againſt the Lazguis. Emin ſaid again to them, "Do you know the man, if you ſee him?" They ſaid, "Yes, very well;" knocking at the gate as hard as they could, ſeeming to be in fear; for Emin was reſolved to make an end of the ſtory, and die *like a ſoldier*, if they ſhould lay hold of him. But the poor Coſſacks were happy when the gate was opened, after half an hour's waiting; and then bidding Emin good morning, they entered the gate. Anania (who had been frightened almoſt to death) ſaid, "Sir, it is now high time for us to ſet out for the camp; the danger is over; let us haſten before the ſun riſe." They reached the place exactly half an hour before day-light; when Heraclius's ſervant called out for Emin, who was lying on his bed with great compoſure. The ſervant ſeeing him, went and acquainted Heraclius, that the report of his being out of the camp was not true.

In Aſiatic camps, pitched in the night-time in their irregular way, a perſon when wanted is not eaſily found, eſpecially the Georgians, among whom no ſort of regularity or order is kept; but from eight till twelve at night, there

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is as much hallooing and noiſe as if they were already beaten by the enemy; ſervants hunting for maſters, and maſters for ſervants, till they find one another, exactly like cows and calves in a diſperſed herd: then they directly ſpread the table-cloths, ſet down the ſkin-full of wine, eat and drink till they are full, and then ſleep as ſound as a rock, without watch or ſentry; ſo that if the beaſts of the field were to come and prey on their bodies, they would hardly be ſenſible of pain till ſun-riſe. The only watchful man Emin ever ſaw among them was the prince himſelf, who ſat up ſometimes till one, ſometimes till two in the morning, with his houſehold ſervants, whom one might ſee often half aſleep, ſtanding upon their legs before the prince, till they dropped down upon the ground, and afforded him great amuſement: therefore it is very eaſy for an European general, at the head of 20,000 men, to be maſter of all that part without any difficulty.

Prince David told Emin on the march that morning, that his father-in-law, though he was a little out of humour the preceding night, yet about ten o'clock, after ſupper, expreſſed great ſorrow for having uſed him ſo ill, without any ſort of crime; and ſaid, he

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was in hopes of keeping him by good treatment: "For," he added, "he is a uſeful man; nor will I give ear any more to thoſe fellows, who were the very cauſe of my diſpleaſure."

When they came to the ſecond ſtage, called Sagarejo, about twelve o'clock, they halted there for that day, where the road divides from north to eaſt. The thirty Circaſſian horſemen, with whom the prince's order was that Emin ſhould go (when in Tiffliz, he ſent this order by a meſſenger), did not halt, but kept going on; he, encouraged by what David had told him in the morning, ſtayed behind to know the prince's pleaſure; and about three in the afternoon, Revaz Eſhikagaſy Baſhy, or the prince's firſt aid-du-camp, brought word, that it was his royal maſter's ſtrict command, that Emin ſhould not tarry a minute longer in his camp, but ſet out immediately for Caucaſus, and over that mountain to Ruſſia, where his friends were. He could not do otherwiſe than obey. The brave Georgian troops, in a manner his comrades, were extremely ſorry for this; they loved Emin as their brother, having been ſkirmiſhing with him againſt the enemy ſeveral times, and curſed their maſter for his conduct.

Here Emin began to ſuſpect a little, that

Heraclius's converſation of the preceding night with his ſon-in-law prince David, was with a bad deſign, that Emin might be flattered by it, and ſtay behind at a diſtance from the Circaſſians, the road being very dangerous for a few travellers, ſo that the invading Lazguis might lay hold of him, and carry him into captivity; by which ſtratagem he might be put out of his way, without his having the character of being the murderer of an innocent man; and by that politic device, he might alſo ſtop the murmurs of the world againſt him, and hide his Georgian envy in the profound darkneſs of his miſerable heart; for Emin was heartily ſorry to find ſo able a man poſſeſſed with ſo unmanly a vice, deſtitute of conſcience, and weak enough to think him helpleſs, without believing that God would guard him to the deſtined place. Here a ſingle ſervant, and five other Armenians, ſet out in the name of God, the only Father of the fatherleſs, and arrived in four days, without meeting any party of robbers all the way, at Stephen Sminda, where he found two of the Circaſſians, and reſted there two days, till the guides of the mountaineers came, who took their cuſtomary fare of Emin, and carried him, with the other Armenians, aſcending

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and deſcending for four days, to the other ſide of Caucaſus; whence, in two days more, he arrived at the houſe of one of the Circaſſians in Circaſſia.

Here Emin and his ſervant ſtayed; the other five Armenians went to Kizlar, intending thence to proceed for Aſtrakhan. This was in the month of June. That country had not much to boaſt of its climate or its waters, which are muddy all the year round. Vexation of mind, and eating mutton every day without bread (inſtead of which a ſort of hotch-potch is made of cunery-ſeed, boiled like rice to a thick paſte), threw Emin and his ſervant into ſuch an ague, fever, and continual head-ach, as in forty days made him almoſt deſpair of recovery; and ſeeing there was no ſort of remedy, he begged his landlord to get ſome guide to conduct him to Boragan, twelve miles from Kizlar, where he had heard ſome Armenian families inhabited, who might help to take ſome care of him. The maſter of the houſe complied, and procured on the ſpot two horſes to carry him and his ſervant, with two good Circaſſians on horſeback to be his guides and attend him, for twenty-four rupees, to be paid at that village, his Arab horſe being left behind lame.

He arrived, after travelling almoſt four days and four nights with immenſe fatigue, and in exquiſite torture from head to foot, and alighted at an honeſt Armenian's houſe, who rejoiced at finding him alive, though he was almoſt broken-hearted at his ill ſucceſs, and prince Heraclius's cruel behaviour. He was however comforted with ſome refreſhment, and paid the two guides, adding ſome ſmall preſents; his ſervant went to his family at Aſtrakhan, and he ſtayed there near ten months. The intermitting fever did not leave him till November, but he was not ſo ill as in Circaſſia, becauſe the Armenians did not let him want any thing all the time. On his good days, twenty of the young and old Armenians took him on horſeback to the hot waters, about three miles from the place, where they pitched tents and bathed themſelves. Among them were two brothers, who always waſhed his linen; they all dined and ſlept there in the day-time, and an hour before ſun-ſet came back again to their houſes in Boragan, which village contained 800 Circaſſians mixed with a few Tartars. It is a ſort of republic, under the protection of the Ruſſians, with ſix Armenian families, and about thirty unmarried ſhopkeepers, who lived very comfortably

fortably among them, without paying any ſort of tax to the chiefs or begs. It would have been a pleaſant retreat for Emin, if he had been in perfect health, ſince every thing was in abundance, and his few countrymen willing to make his time paſs very happily.

Recovering a little from his illneſs, he thought it neceſſary to fulfil the obligation of his engagement to the Armenian princeſs, the grand-daughter of Avankhan in Aſtrakhan, mentioned before; and he wrote a letter to her grandmother, in the following terms:

" The Gohvar Khanum of Armenia.

" Madam,

" I anſwered your Highneſs's letter, and thanked you for your kind correſpondence, and for that of my friend the lovely princeſs Marian, who never miſſed any opportunity of writing to me. Your Highneſs will know by my letters all that paſſed between the prince and me, whoſe unmanly treatment of me put me in mind of your Highneſs's idea, in regard of his character and his people; every part of your ſentiment proved exactly juſt. It is ſome time ſince I came to this place: my not writing immediately was owing to a very

dangerous illneſs, which diſabled me from holding a pen. Now (thank God!) I am recovering every day; but ſince the weather and the climate of Aſtrakhan will not be healthy yet for theſe three or four months, I deem it more proper to make this eaſy propoſition to you; by acquainting you, that it will be quite agreeable to both parties, if you will pleaſe to come with the princeſs hither, where the climate is more favourable at this ſeaſon, ſo as to make her and your humble ſervant happy, in being united by the ſacred law of the holy church. Thus I ſhall fulfil the obligation of my promiſe, of which I was doubtful when you propoſed that happineſs to me before at Aſtrakhan; having acquainted you, that I had done a fooliſh mad act two years before, in ſending a letter to the prince from Bajazed, little expecting to go round to him from Ruſſia, when he was juſt going to give me his daughter in marriage, but was prevented by the over-haſtineſs of the prieſt Philipus, an Armenian, the prince's grammarian. That alliance therefore is at an end. Now let me know your pleaſure; if you agree to come, to bring my friend with you, or chuſe that I ſhould come to you myſelf. Two lines will be ſufficient; let them but contain one of theſe two words, negative

negative or affirmative, which will be equally ſatisfactory to me. I have this more to ſay; that when the marriage ſhall be over here, or at Aſtrakhan, I will again return to Armenia, to try my fortune. If I ſucceed in my deſign, which has been your chief wiſh, the ſending for you, both will be very eaſy; but *ſhould I fail (which is in the hand of God), then I can come with honour, having done all* in my power; and then can enter into the imperial ſervice of Ruſſia, where I have, as your Highneſs knows, many great friends, who, I am ſure, having known my character before, and ſeeing my future conduct, will promote me accordingly. I wiſh you health and happineſs. Give my love to princeſs Marian, and believe me to be for ever yours."

This letter was ſent, and Emin waited in expectation of an anſwer, but inſtead of writing, they returned only a verbal meſſage; they had nothing to ſay to it. The dowager-mother would not know a man who had no money; a ſecond and third meſſage came one after another, with the ſame meaning. Emin, on this abrupt diſdainful return, maintained himſelf with the ſatisfaction that, when he had the young lady wholly devoted to him, his conſcience ſtood by and made her innocent

perſon inacceſſible; whereas, many in his ſituation would have been glad of the opportunity, and the princeſs Marian herſelf has acknowledged to many perſons, that ſhe was gratefully obliged to him for his honour and fortitude. Emin would not have written theſe few lines ſo frankly if he had been a merchant, or had they ſent a civil refuſal; but as a ſoldier, feeling to the quick, could not refrain himſelf, declaring truly, he made himſelf eaſy with that croſſneſs of fortune.

Not knowing which way to make his way through to Georgia, Emin could not return to Aſtrakhan, where he was ſure of having a mortifying reception in return for his honeſty; his 200 rupees were near expended; *the noble Engliſh were too far to receive him again with open arms;* and the miſery of adverſe fortune increaſed his indiſpoſition ſo ſeverely, that he eat very little, only once in two days, and ſo on for a long time; till one afternoon, as he was ſitting at his chamber-door, there came into the court-yard a Muchkiz mountaineer, armed with a gun and a ſhort ſpear; he ſtood a great way off, touching his ſheep-ſkin cap, making a very low bow, and expreſſing himſelf in theſe very words: "Oh, Agha! I wiſh the apples of

of my eyes had dropped out of their ſockets under your feet, before I had ſeen you in this condition! Are not you the man who came to Kizlar from the Ruſſian empreſs, who made the general Stupition tremble, and run into the fort for fear of you; who in eight days after marched away back to Moſcow, and brought a firman again in thirteen months; then went to Georgia to that cowardly prince Heraclius, who, I am informed, has turned you away from his country, in reward of your zealous ſervices in beating ſo often our Lazgui Chapauljees, and killing many of us? Why did not you accept at Kizlar, the offer of thouſands of us, who were very willing to ſerve under your command, and with a glad heart would have acknowledged you to be their leader?" *Emin called him nearer, took him into his* room, preſented him a glaſs of arrack with his own hand, and when he had drank that, gave him another with a lump of white ſugar. He ſaid, "The dram is very pleaſant; but what is this piece of ſalt?" Emin anſwered, "Put it in your mouth." He replied, "Salt is eaten with bread?" Emin ſaid, "Firſt touch it with your tongue." When he did ſo, finding it ſweet, he cried out, "I am very glad to have this, it is a remedy for ſore eyes; I will carry

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it to my wife as a great rarity. I tell you, Sir, though I look ſo mean in dreſs, I am a miller by trade, and a ſoldier by inclination; I have forty relations, all young and hardy, ſome of them have fought againſt you in Gurgeſtan, and every one will come to ſalute the duſt of your feet; you are to bleſs them, and take them into your ſervice, with their arms and horſes." Emin begged to be excuſed, as having no money. He ſaid, "What do you ſay? Do you imagine we are to love a prince for his treaſure, like infidels? No, Sir, we are, thank God, Muſulmans; we only want your ſenſe and management to rule over us, and give a diſpoſition in battle like the Ruſſians; by which we ſhall have all the money in the world." Emin made another objection, ſaying, "Our religions are not cordial." Atchakhan (for that was his name) ſaid, "That does not ſignify a ſtraw;" pointing with his finger to the ground; "a ſoldier's religion is his ſword, once eating bread and ſalt, makes them all brothers to eternity, as if they had been born of one father and one mother. Let the Mulas and prieſts differ on that head, our buſineſs is fidelity and friendſhip: ſo God preſerve you! No more of that; I am going like lightning to ſet all the mountains on fire for love of you; be in

the way, for thoſe brave boys will in two or three days come and lay their heads under your feet; bleſs and receive them all alike in your open arms!"

Atchakhan the Muchkiz mountaineer, having ended his diſcourſe, went away; any man would have imagined him born with Emin of one mother, and with the ſame romantic *diſpoſition, and ſtyle of ſpeaking*, compounded of ſenſe and wildneſs. But two days after, he brought a ſmall bag full of walnuts, with his wife's compliments; he then ſet out in a hurry, and did not ſtay long enough to take another dram. On the fourth day, he came with his forty relations armed and well mounted, himſelf at their head, dreſſed in armour, on a fine horſe; he entered the yard where *Emin's room* was, and which could hold but ſix men ſitting croſs-legged. They all diſmounted, and came two and two, laying their heads down upon the ground, to receive his bleſſing. He was going to forbid them; but the miller Atchakhan ſaid, he would break their heads, if he hindered them. Emin thought himſelf very vain, growing as big as a biſhop; in which character he aſſumed a power to bleſs them all. When they got up, they drew their ſabres, laid them before

fore him, to pray that they might be ſucceſsful, free from ruſt, and continue wet with the blood of his enemies. He could not refuſe all thoſe warlike ceremonies, and therefore took leave, but ſaid nothing, finding he was not ſtrong enough to make an harangue to them. Their coming to him, he cannot but ſay, was ſome comfort to him.

On the eighth day, as he was walking ſlowly out of the village with three or four Armenians, he ſaw all of a ſudden ſix hundred men mounted on horſe-back, in armour, with ſabres and guns, at the diſtance of fifty yards; they diſmounted immediately, forming themſelves into a large ſemi-circle, that every one might ſee him in full view. The maſter of the ceremonies, Atchakhan, came up, and ſaid to him, "*Theſe men, all of one clan, are come to preſent themſelves, and to offer their ſervice to you*; treat them as you did my relations yeſterday; to-morrow, about this time, there will be another ſet of them here, who are 1200 in number, and ſo on every day to the amount of eight or nine thouſand. If that force be not enough to go on with, let me know, that I may bring more; they have ammunition for three months, and proviſion for two months in their portmanteaus; they

they can ſhave one another's heads, and have each a pair of ſpare horſe-ſhoes, beſides what are on the horſes hoofs; they will not want any thing of you, but to be commanded; they ſtand ready at the word of command out of your mouth, to put this very village to the ſword, if the inhabitants have not behaved to you properly." Then he turned his face towards ſix hundred of them, ſaying, "Did you hear, brothers, what I have ſaid to your chief?" They anſwered, "Yes; and we are very ready to obey him." The miller then aſked Emin, if he was ſatisfied? and all the while, the three poor Armenians ſtood trembling, and praying for God's mercy. He ſaid, "very much ſo," and deſired the miller to tell them to come near, two and two; and not to fall proſtrate any more, but only to ſink down on their knees, with drawn ſabres in their right hand, and the reins of their horſes in their left, to receive his bleſſing; and he told them, that as ſoon as he ſhould be recovered from his ſickneſs, Atchakhan ſhould be ſent to give them notice. They then marched to their huts, ſome one, ſome two, and ſome three days journey diſtant.

Emin's weakneſs of body, during the few minutes of his ſtanding there to gain the hearts

hearts of thoſe brave fellows, made him return home as much fatigued as if he had marched an hundred miles. Preſently after, the lady of the village, or wife of the chief, who happened to be abſent, ſent her compliments to Emin, deſiring to ſpeak a word with him. He excuſed himſelf, deferring the interview to the next day, when he waited on her. After the uſual compliments were paſſed, ſhe very kindly aſked how he did, and hoped that his Armenian ſubjects took great care of him? Emin ſaid, they were not his ſubjects; they were his countrymen. She ſaid, "How can that be, when all the Dagiſtanis call you Armarily Pateſhahy, and will ſtand by you with their conquering arms, to make even that Yaver Heretius Gurjee acknowledge you ſuch; nor is it in the power of any prince to ſtop the mouth of the world? Do not you know the proverb, which ſays, ELL AGZY FALDAR; or, The mouth of the people is omen? The inhabitants of our village are thrown into great apprehenſions, on ſeeing the Muchkiz nation coming to you, and acknowledging you their ſirdar, or leader. I am in hopes my people have not diſpleaſed you?" Emin ſaid, "By no means, madam; in the firſt place I am but a gueſt, and the village

lage is under the protection of the Ruſſian patiſhah, whom God preſerve! and who is alſo the protector of the Armenian nation. How is it poſſible I ſhould be ſo imprudent as to take it amiſs? Even if your ladyſhip ſhould chuſe to turn me out of Boragan your village, with a glad heart I ſhould obey your command that very inſtant." At this expreſſion the lady could not contain herſelf for joy; ſhe then, with uncommon cheerfulneſs, honoured Emin, ſaying, "O, brother! I am happy to ſee the reality of the report I have heard; you truly deſerve to be the ſovereign of all Armenia, Dagiſhtan, and Georgia." Emin ſaid, his opinion of her wiſdom ſtood on the ſame ground, having often heard the praiſes of Circaſſian ladies, and now ſeeing the truth of them in her moſt charming ſenſible behaviour. Finding, therefore, the lady to reſemble in beauty, politeneſs, and good-nature, the noble Engliſh ladies, he cheered up his ſpirits and opened the book of his heart before her, diſplaying his rhetoric in the Turkiſh language, which made the amiable Circaſſian love him as her brother; and while he remained there, ſhe called him ſo with great affection: and he eſteemed the liberty of intitling her as his

dear

dear ſiſter equally valuable. After this peaceful meeting was over, he eat bread and ſalt, which is the ſacred tie of friendſhip, and then went to his lodging, almoſt recovered; giving a demonſtrative proof of the power of the fair ſex, that a ſingle converſation only could cure his illneſs: and he is happy to declare, that it had been always his lot, when in great diſtreſs of mind, to be relieved by them, and induced not to deſpair.

Every two or three days the troops came, and were received as uſual. When the liſt was completed to eight thouſand, in a month's time, its report reached Georgia to the ſouth, and Aſtrakhan to the north; for as Kizlar was but twelve miles from Boragan, they could have intelligence from it in four-and-twenty hours, *the ſentry being juſt over the river Turky, where two thouſand Ruſſian Coſſack families inhabited.* Emin was informed that a Nukhchuan Armenian had told all that paſſed to the new general of Kizlar, ſucceſſor to the late Stupition, and how Emin had brought over to him thoſe eight thouſand men, and inliſted them; for which information the fellow received a reward of 1500 ſtrokes with a ſtick on his naked back, by the general's order; who declared to the reſt

reſt of the Armenians ſtanding by, that Emin was a free man, not a ſubject to the Ruſſians, and a Chriſtian, as well as a man of honour: that he would do the Ruſſians no wrong, nor meddle with their frontiers. "Let him do as he pleaſes," added he; "our great miniſters have ſeveral times examined him, and know his principles better than you do; otherwiſe he would never have been ſuffered to paſs our frontiers. The envious Heraclius has not let him remain in his country, though he would have been of infinite ſervice to him; and the very man to prevent the Lazgais from enſlaving every year multitudes of the Georgians, and ſelling them like aſſes to the Turks. Emin is much beloved by two great nations; firſt by the Engliſh, ſecondly by us Ruſſians. How can it be poſſible that he ſhould act with hoſtility againſt Chriſtians; for his very aim and zeal is to die for Chriſtians? He flatters the Dagiſtanians only to frighten Heraclius. I tell you, that henceforward, if ever you bring ſuch treacherous falſe reports to me, you ſhall be tied up and flogged like brats, which will be worſe than the chaſtiſement yonder fellow has received." This news made Emin very happy, eſpecially as it came from an unknown gentleman,

whom he never before had the honour of ſeeing.

At the beginning of November one of his ſervants arrived from Peterſburgh, who had been ſent from Tiffliz eight or nine months before, for the third and laſt draft of one hundred pounds from the late duke of Northumberland, with three pieces of Engliſh cloth, and a watch worth ten pounds, preſents from his old Armenian friend, Joanes Lazar, in Ruſſian—*Ivan Lazarwitz*, beforementioned. This man, whoſe name was Tarkhan, told Emin, that when he was at Aſtrakhan, in his way, the princeſs Marian ſeemed to be in great concern at his having been uſed ſo unpolitely, without even a civil letter. She pleaded, that her mother was at that time in great agitation; for the tyrannical new governor had ſtopped the allowance made by the late empreſs Elizabeth, preſſing hard, and trying all poſſible means in his power to make her his wife; which trouble of mind prevented her writing to his maſter. Tarkhan, underſtanding ſomething of the affair, or, perhaps, having been acquainted with it at Moſcow, ſaid to her, "No, Madam, your Highneſs had heard that Emin was poor, and you did not care to anſwer his letter: now

you

you hear he has the command of all Dagiſtan, you ſpeak thus mildly, ſo as to move his affection: but he is a man of ſpirit, and will abide by your treatment of him. For your ſake alone he diſpleaſed Heraclius, while you or your mother had not ſenſe enough to gain the heart of a man who would have raiſed you in honour and reſpect. Whom do you now think of marrying, but ſome Armenian merchant, who, in Ruſſia, is no more than a Jew?"

Emin, at the latter end of May, made the liſt of his mountaineers, who were full twelve thouſand men; and after holding an aſſembly at the place of rendezvous near the hot waters, three miles from Boragan, he thought proper to tell thirty-five of their chiefs only to keep in readineſs, while the troops remained in their reſpective places for further orders; that when he, with thoſe thirty-five commanders, ſhould reach Avar, after five days march, and proceed from thence in four days to Georgia, very near half way between the two countries, to conſult with Mahomed Khan the nutzal, (which, in the Avar language, means a king,) he might then ſend back thoſe chiefs to conduct the troops thither, and then fall at once upon the Geor-

gians, while they were drinking wine with their miſtreſſes. "This ſurprize," he added, "will make the conqueſt eaſier, and will be the means of ſaving of you; whereas, in a pitched battle, for the firſt time, the fall of many brave fellows cannot be avoided."

They had before ſworn ſolemnly on the Alcoran, firſt, to acknowledge his ſuperiority; ſecondly, never to contradict his order. When he ended, they all agreed, pulled off their caps, and marched away; being aſſured in their own minds that he was provoked, and would not be reconciled to Heraclius, though, in truth, he would not have changed one Georgian Chriſtian for all the Mahometans in Aſia, but continued a true Armenian.

Emin left them ſatisfied with their own opinion, and kept himſelf in readineſs, when he received the laſt letter from the faithleſs Marian, ſent by an Armenian gentleman, an enſign in the Ruſſian ſervice, a near relation of hers, on purpoſe to be delivered by his own hand. The purport of it was as follows:

"My dear Sir, and juſtly-diſpleaſed friend,

"We have acted wrong in every reſpect, diſdainfully, ungenerouſly, and imprudently, in

in not anſwering your kind intereſting letter. To think of aſſigning reaſons for our conduct, would be unnatural. We acknowledge our miſbehaviour againſt you; but are in great hopes your humane heart will condeſcend to forgive us. Be perſuaded and aſſured, that poor Marian is your own, and is perfectly convinced, *ſhe never can be happy without you; nor you, ſhe is ſure, without her. O, cruel Fate! what affliction haſt thou brought on me!* My poor grandmother ſends her prayers and bleſſings to you,—ſhe is as much afflicted as your poor Marian is unhappy. Should you not relent and come to her, be pleaſed to write a ſingle line, that ſhe may have the ſatisfaction at leaſt of taking it to the grave with her. Adieu! I remain to lament my diſtracted ſituation till death. *And am,*" &c.

The Anſwer.

" My dear Marian,

" I received your letter, acknowledging moſt honeſtly your fault, which I have paſſed over with all my ſoul: but am ſorry to ſay, the balſam you now ſend, is come too late to cure the wounds of a heart that preferred you to all the world. For the future, I ſhall eſteem you as my dear ſiſter. Think that you have

a brother going to die for his country's cauſe. Make yourſelf eaſy: marry whom you pleaſe, and be happy. When you cannot avoid remembering, that no one elſe would have the ſame fortitude, or act with ſo much honour, as Emin has done in regard to you; recollect what a man you may regret the loſs of—a true lover:—but content your mind with having found a brother, who will continue ſo all the days of his life. Adieu!"

Emin being clear of that engagement, the monk Suciaz, then collector for St. John the Baptiſt's monaſtery, whom he had ſeen before in Aſtrakhan, arrived at Boragan, and told him, that biſhop Hovnan, the head of that monaſtery, had, in writing, ordered him (the monk Suciaz) to give Emin all the money collected in Ruſſia from the Armenians there, being the ſum of 646 tumans, equal to 12,900 rupees. He ſaid, he had refuſed before 600 zeckins at Tiffliz, brought by Melich Stephen, when he had but 200 rupees. Now he had an allowance of 100 pounds, ſent by his patron the duke of Northumberland, which would be ſufficient for the time: nor was he ſure whether his chimerical plan would ſucceed or not. The ſum of 646 tumans would have been in a manner an enemy in his boſom among

among thoſe wild and almoſt ſavage Lazguis. He therefore bid the monk to keep the money to himſelf, or take it to the biſhop; for he was chaſed like a tyger from place to place, not having a hole of his own to creep in, where he might have a little time to fetch breath. The monk agreed that he was in the right; but begged to make ſo free, as to lay before Emin his ſentiments on the propoſition he was going to make. He ſaid, he would hear with pleaſure, for the ſake of his only friend biſhop Hovnan. Then the monk began fawning and cringing, and ſaid, "Sir, you have devoted yourſelf entirely to fall a ſacrifice, with hearty zeal, for the cauſe of your countrymen, bidding farewel to the pleaſures of the world; and having given many examples of purity, have overcome many temptations before, and now have refuſed a fair princeſs's offer, with a great eſtate, who might make any one elſe happy. On the receipt of an anſwer from you, I ſaw her ſhedding tears of blood, and lamenting her thoughtleſs behaviour, which made her loſe her dear lover. The Armenians at Aſtrakhan, on the other hand, learning the reaſon of this, pitied her deplorable caſe, but admired your heroic attachment to her, and more particularly your love for

your country. From what I have been told by ſome merchants, you could live among that glorious people, the Engliſh, with reſpect and comfort; and I was an eye-witneſs, at Moſcow, that the Ruſſians would be very glad to receive you in their Imperial ſervice: but to that you did not ſhow the ſmalleſt inclination; and rather choſe to leave them all behind, than break your undaunted reſolution: nor will you accept this ſmall ſum of 646 tumans by the deſire of my lord biſhop Hovnan. After all, my intreaty is, that you will not marry any Mahometan prince's daughter in the country of Dagiſtan, for fear of loſing your Chriſtian character. I know they will be preſſing to fix you there. I know you will not renounce (God forbid!) your enlightened religion:—but what will be the *conſequence* of ſuch a marriage, when you have *children*, who, in courſe, muſt be brought up in the falſe Mahometan faith? What will you anſwer then before our Bleſſed Saviour? Therefore I beſeech you to have compaſſion on your own conſcience,—make me eaſy on that head,—and excuſe me for making ſo bold with you." Emin ſaid, "In what manner can I give you aſſurance?" The monk ſaid, "Swear, by the grave of St. John the Baptiſt,

tiſt, and the ſecond martyrdom of St. Stephen." Emin, with great willingneſs, immediately ſwore by both the holy ſaints: he only ſaid to the monk, "Though you ſaid ſo much before in my favour, yet I am ſorry to find you ſo weak, as not to know better the ſtrength of my faith, or my real character, who was born and baptized a Chriſtian, and *will die ſuch, if the whole world* were turned Mahometans." *He could not help adding*, that he wiſhed, with all his heart, that the monk, and all his ſect, had been poſſeſſed of the tenth part of his faith in Jeſus Chriſt. If the monk had foreſeen the cutting anſwer Emin made, he would never have opened his lips. Thus ended the converſation between two Armenians,—one of them an eccleſiaſtic, the other a plain layman and a ſoldier.

To be brief, he bought a Circaſſian horſe; the monk made him a preſent of another; a third he procured for his baggage; and having hired a Tartar ſervant, he ſet out with the thirty wolf-like commanders, and entered their country, Chachan, half a day's journey from Boragan, when the Armenians in that place took for granted, that he went, of his own accord, like a ſheep to be ſlaughtered and devoured, not thinking that he was one of

of them; and that they behaved to him with a hundred times more tenderneſs and hoſpitality than the Georgians, or their princes;—nay, more than his own relations. He ſtayed a fortnight at that firſt ſtage, where Aly Sultan, the prince of Chachan, the head of all the twenty-nine, made his lady, with her two ſiſters, ſit like taylors to make his cloaths, and fit them to his liking, with all the cheerfulneſs imaginable. Emin thought himſelf happy as if he had been in England, and began to forget all the uneaſineſs of his mind in Georgia. He marched back again with them to the hot waters of Boragan, for the purpoſe of bathing; and in the evening, lodged at Kachatur the Armenian's houſe, where he ſtayed two days. This made them ſatisfied. They were aſtoniſhed to ſee thoſe wolves of chiefs ſtanding as tame as lambs before him, and not ſitting without his order.

After he had taken leave of his countrymen, he marched up to the mountains; it was a five days ſtage; but the chiefs begged him to make it fifteen days, by halting in every village three days; in which time they killed 1,500 ſheep and thirty oxen, and boiled them in large coppers for diſtilling arrack. Theſe were the booty taken from the Armenians, or

Geor-

Georgians, in the open fields. There was, to be ſure, ſuch a multitude of armed people, as would have ſurpriſed any ſpectator, as numerous as if Abubaker, Omar, and Oſman, were making their entry. All came to ſee Emin, kiſs his hand, and obtain his bleſſings: but he could not be in the leaſt vain of all the pomp, —he being a Chriſtian, and they Mahometans, who, *all the time*, wiſhed ſucceſs to him, and downfall to the *Gavers*, which made him quite unhappy: but he was obliged to put on a good countenance, and ſay, Amen! and make them believe, that they, having him at their head, could overſet Georgia, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting that he was meditating how to make fools of them.

The reader cannot imagine the probability of *all this*; and ſuppoſes it rather an Arabian tale, than an authentic narrative, well knowing he had no money, and was not a Mahometan, to gain their affection: but he muſt conſider the diſpoſition of thoſe terrible ſavages. The leaders of thoſe excurſions have been always Georgians, from the higheſt degree to the meaneſt of ſubjects; who, being oppreſſed by tyrannical princes or maſters, went over to them, and being choſen by them as their guides, marching at the head of thouſands,

ſands, carried fire and ſword through the country; while the Georgians were ſitting in banquet-houſes, eating and drinking like beaſts. Thus they deſtroyed their oppoſers without mercy; drove the defenceleſs into captivity, reſerving the ſturdy and the beautiful infants to themſelves, whom they circumciſed, and adopted as their own children; but ſold the reſt to the Turks and Perſians. Therefore, there can be no great merit in Emin, in being reſpected or careſſed ſo much by them, when the head men of them had ſeen him with their own eyes, in Ruſſia, taken much notice of; and had been fighting againſt him in ſeveral ſkirmiſhes when in Georgia.

A day before his arrival at the capital of Avar, called Khunzakh, he came upon a high eminence to Andia, *a large free town, where a market of ſlaves is held*: generally the Crim Tartar merchants buy them. Here he, with his thirty deviliſh commanders, met five mountaineer Lazguis, who had a Georgian little girl, about ſix years of age, with a pair of brogues on her delicate feet, running before them, like a little lamb, to the market to be ſold. Emin ſeeing that object of pity, found his diſtracted heart ſplitting, to obſerve the condition of the innocent creature. He could

could no longer help ſhedding tears. The men began to handle her, and pull her about, to ſee how ſhe was made, in ſuch a barbarous manner as to put Emin almoſt out of patience. He told them, if they wanted to buy the child, they ought not to make a football of her; that they were worſe than the brute beaſts to behave in that manner! They all turned round at once; but Aly Sultan exclaimed, "O, Sir! if you are poſſeſſed with a heart ſo merciful as to be affected for one ſlave girl, how can your eyes bear to ſee many thouſands of them in that condition? You have no treaſure to pay your troops,—how are we to be paid?—We muſt pay ourſelves in that way, to obey your orders; otherwiſe, you muſt not expect that we will fight for you for nothing! Since you ſhew ſo much humanity toward a ſingle ſubject of your enemy's, how much more muſt you have for your own countrymen, who make half of the ſubjects of that Caffer-Heraclius? Anſwer our juſt queſtion; or give us permiſſion to return to our place."

Emin ſaid, at the inſtant, "I have no occaſion for you:—go your ways!—if God will proſper me with ſucceſs, and make me maſter of money, I ſhall be glad then to call you into my

my ſervice, and treat you like men, not like tygers or wolves, to let you prey upon human bodies:—the former is the doctrine of our Bleſſed Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; the latter is that of your prophet Mahomed. Now, brave fellows! which of the two is the beſt?" They ſaid, "That of Chriſt: but our Molaks tell us, that the Georgians are Caffers, whoſe perſons and properties are made lawful prey to Muſulmen." Emin ſaid, "When the devil tells mankind to run after wickedneſs, are they to follow that evil one's advice?" They anſwered, "No;—but what ſhall we do to live?" He ſaid, "Go, till your lands; live by the ſweat of your brows:—God is the creator of all, not of the Muſulmen only: the beginning of your own prayers tells you the ſame; but you are *blinded by your own learned men, who are wolves in ſheeps cloth*ing. I aſk you, if you ſhould like to have your children torn away out of your arms, and your wives defiled before your eyes by the Ruſſians? Or, do you think that they can do it, or not?" They ſaid, "Yes; very eaſily." He ſaid, "On the contrary, they defended the people of Dagiſtan againſt Nadir Shah, by ſupplying them with ammunition, which ſaved them from becoming ſlaves to

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the Perſians. You have forgot all that. Inſtead of being grateful, you go and take the Georgians and Armenians into ſlavery, who are their fellow Chriſtians; [they ſtill bore this with patience;] and you will not leave your wild ways, becauſe the deceitful diſciples of the impoſtor Mahomed forbid you!" In this manner he reaſoned almoſt an hour and an half; they hanging their heads down, and ſaying nothing; but, according to their cuſtom, kiſſed his hands, begging him to pray for them, and to remember that they were always under his command, whenever he ſhould have occaſion to ſend for them. They then went away with as much content, as if each of them had obtained a beautiful Georgian damſel.

Ali Sultan, the prince of Chachan, never opened his lips; he was a penſioner of the Ruſſian government, but as great a rogue as ever trod on ground. This man hearing at Boragan that Emin had a little money, was all the way making free with pretended familiarity, handling ſometimes his boſom-pocket, ſometimes his ſide-pocket, as if he wanted ſome ſnuff that is uſually carried in a leather bag. Emin, with ſeeming indifference, never took it amiſs; but knowing the intention of

Ali

Ali Sultan, took care to remove his money from place to place about him, ſo as to make the ſharper prince believe that he had none, and mortified him to the very ſoul, by now and then taking a zeckin out of his pocket, and giving it his ſervant to buy ſome clothes: he took for granted that Emin had the philoſopher's ſtone, and needed only to rub his thumb againſt his finger, to produce gold whenever he wanted it.

The next day they arrived at Khunzakh, where he was received with great politeneſs by Mahomed Khan, the nutzal, or king, to whom this Ali Sultan was a relation. After ſome days, he well learned the temper of the nutzal, and that he was not a great friend of Ali; for he ſaid, that Ali was a very treacherous falſe man, although he was a relation of his; that he often behaved not like a man of honour, and ſeveral times brought a party of Ruſſian Coſſacks, and drove away the flocks of his own clan, for the ſake of his paltry penſion of twenty tumans a year, which is no more than 400 rupees; and in gratitude for Emin's goodneſs, who pacified his own people (meaning thoſe 12,000 men who were going to cut him in pieces, when at Boragan), from that place to this he had been ſtudying to find

find out where his money was, forgetting that he had ſworn fidelity to him upon the Alkoran. He added, " That man (meaning Ali Sultan) is neither a true Muſulman nor a Chriſtian; he is a kizelbah (or red-head);" meaning a Perſian heretic.

Ali Sultan finding Emin in a ſecure place, and having made no hand of him with all his cunning, came to take leave. Emin ſaid; " As you are returning to your country of Chachan, I well know you will go thence to Beragan, where you learned that I had a ſum of money, and that you, a treacherous comrade, could not get it from me, after trying all your cunning and baſe arts! Underſtand me; you will ſee they were ſatisfied in their minds, that their countryman Emin is not the perſon they imagined would have been deceived by Ali Sultan, the prince of Chachan, whom he made no more than a tool of, all the way to Khunzakh, the capital of Avar." He added, " When you go to Kizlar, make my compliments to the general; thank him for his good opinion of my principles, without having ſeen me!" This reprimanding ſpeech he made in the nutzal's preſence, who approved of it with expreſſions of great ſatisfaction; and Ali went away daſhed with chagrin.

Emin, with his ſervant, named Mortazaly, ſtayed as gueſts with Mahomed Khan the nutzal, where he paſſed four months as happy as if he had been in Europe with a fortune of 5000l. a-year. The behaviour of that prince had never the appearance of a Mahomedan, except when he ſat down to prayers. The princeſs named Bakher, his firſt wife, was the daughter of Utzmy Shamkhall, another great prince of the N. E. of Dageſtan. Though ſhe out of modeſty concealed herſelf, yet her politeneſs and hoſpitality cannot be expreſſed: ſhe ſent every day her lady of the chamber, the wife of the cazy, to aſk how Emin did; and beſides the three uſual meals, ſhe took care he ſhould have three collations of fruit, ſome growing there, and ſome ſent to them from the diſtance of five or ſix days journey on that high mountain. In regard to her humanity, they had a Georgian dumb ſlave, who one day went to waſh himſelf in a pond, and was unfortunately drowned: ſhe lamented much, gave him a very decent burial, ordered ſix ſheep to be killed, called poor people to dine, and pray for his ſoul, and was ſeveral days after in great concern for the accident. Emin ſent into the haram, and begged of her to know if ſuch liberality for a Chriſtian was allowed

allowed by the Mahomedan laws? She ſent for anſwer, that humanity was the law of Nature, and greater than any law made by men in power. As a contraſt to this, Emin remembers an Engliſhman named Gray, who died at a Roman Catholic prieſt's quarters, which was in the church. The black-hearted fellow, unknown to Emin, ordered two men to take the corpſe of the unfortunate young fellow by the legs, and throw it like a dog into a hole. Gray paid him extraordinarily well for his board; yet the rigid monk did not ſo much as ſay, Duſt thou waſt, to duſt thou ſhalt return!

Both the nutzal and his lady giving hints, that if Emin had an inclination to command, he ſhould have in a few days as many thouſand fighting men as he pleaſed; he ſaid, he was not a turn-coat Georgian, to be actuated by falſe ambition, and ruin his country for nothing; but that he ſhould be very glad to have about twenty men to go with him as far as Catukh, a village four days journey off, from whence it was a journey of about three or four days to the mountains of Armenia, called Karabag: that was all he wiſhed for: he rather choſe to die, than ſee an Armenian walk lame. This very ſentiment made them

more fond of him than before; and they ſaid, "A man who is true to his own country, will be ſo to his friends; but he that will fight againſt, betray, or hate it, is a caffer, having neither honour nor principles, like the Georgians, who ruin their country with their own hands, by ſhewing us Lazguis the roads, paſſes, and every corner of it."

Here Emin, if a digreſſion may be excuſed, cannot help confeſſing, that he repented of having taken an oath to the Suciaz Armenian monk in Boragan, that he would not marry among the Lazguis, for both the prince and princeſs offered one of their three daughters to him in marriage; but when he confeſſed the truth, that he had made a vow by the grave of St. John, (*whom they call Son of* Zachariah Yahya Pegumber *the prophet,*) *they* ſtill admired Emin's honeſty, and careſſed him more and more. Had they been Chriſtians, he could have lived and died there very happily, finding among them ſo much politeneſs, hoſpitality, ſimplicity, and true liberty, which might have ſaved him many cringing poſtures at great men's doors for a livelihood. The nutzal would have given him land enough, with men for agriculture, oxen to till the ground, and flocks of ſheep in abundance: the

the climate is wholeſome, and, with a ſober wife, he might have enjoyed it a hundred years, and with a good conſcience have died contented, without being envied by the ambitious part of mankind, nor would his poor ears have been plagued by the appellation of Prince; for let him move on ever ſo hardly, the world will cry out, Emin wanted to be king;—and he might have been one, if he had ſold his conſcience, and abandoned humanity!—Let the world ſee his heart in this imperfect book; his mind is as humble as duſt, but his ambition has always been to ſee his countrymen free, which he hopes to be the wiſh of every honeſt man.

When he had well eſtabliſhed a friendſhip with the nutzal, he deſired him to order ſome of the people to accompany him down as far as Charr, or to the Catukh village, four days journey to the lower woody part of Dagiſtan, originally belonging to the Georgians, a very plentiful place, producing all kinds of fruit. They favoured him, beſides twenty-five men, with a letter to that republic, in this form:

"The bearer, Emin, an Armenian Chriſtian, having been taken proper notice of by the carols of Frankiſtan, the Ruſſian pudeſhah's vizier recommended him in a letter to

prince Heraclius. That caffer, inſtead of rewarding his ſervices, has turned him out of the country. He is returning over the Oſs (or Caucaſian mountains), and going through Circaſſia to the village of Boragan. The Michkiz nation, in the woody province of Chachan, coming to him for the ſake of booty, ſeveral thouſands of them offered their ſervices to him, in order to march with him to the deſolation of Georgia; but he being an Armenian, and not in the leaſt inclined to their enterprize, diſmiſſed them, making Ali Sultan, my relation, his guide, as far as this place; where we received him according to the law of hoſpitality ordained by Abraham, the firſt of all prophets. The truth and honeſty of his heart made us love, reſpect, and careſs him, as much as if he had been born with us of one mother. We cannot doubt that the Jamahat of Charr, or Eſembly, will receive him in as friendly a manner as we have done; and that you muſt not expect him to go with you, inroading or making incurſions into Georgia; for he is an Armenian, true to his faith; and not a Georgian, falſe and diſtruſtful! But if there ſhould be any expedition going on againſt the Refzys, he will have no objection. Given under my hand and ſeal

uncloſed,

uncloſed, at the city of Khanzakh, in the kingdom of Avar."

This letter ſerved him as a paſſport all the way, through different republics in the mountains, not ſubject to any prince but by their tenure, the nutzal can call upon them when their ſervice is wanted againſt any power; that is to ſay, Turks, Perſians, Georgians, and ſo forth.

After travelling two days, about two in the afternoon, as he was marching with his twenty-five men through a large meadow, and paſſing by a village on the left called Cutakh, a Lazgui named Mohamed, obſerving that Emin's dreſs was not like the reſt, and perceiving that he was an Armenian, came up, and gently laying hold of the reins of his horſe, carried him to his own houſe, very happy that he had a rich booty; ſecuring alſo his led and pack horſes. About 500 villagers, and as many women, making a great throng about him, ſat down, according to cuſtom, to divide the booty. The head man of the nutzal's people told them very coolly, that he was certainly an Armenian, but not ſuch as they thought. They ſaid, that Dagiſtan was a ſacred country; and that by their law no Chriſtian could go through it, unleſs he was

chained as a ſlave for ſale; ſo that all the gentleman's reaſoning with them had no effect. He therefore left Emin among them, and went to the elders of other villages. He was gone about an hour; during which time the women, old and young, ſat round him, as if he was dead, with a muſical voice lamenting his ſituation, and bewailing his father and mother, thinking how unhappy they would be to hear their ſon was made a ſlave; tears running down their cheeks, as if they had loſt a ſon or a brother; little imagining the charge of burial, and the funeral dinner, would coſt Mahomed his whole winter's proviſion; for he, diſcerning Emin's friend, at the head of 600 armed men, coming down from the brow of an adjoining hill, directly drove away both men and women, and, with his gigantic mother, fell down upon their knees, and begged Emin, the dead man, to ſave their houſe, by ſaying, that he was brought in as a gueſt, not as a ſlave. Emin conſented to ſay ſo; and when they came and aſked him, how he was uſed by that fellow, Mahomed? he ſaid, "As a gueſt." They ſaid, "That word ſaved his houſe from being pulled down." The nutzal's letter was read again to them; they all ſhook hands with Emin; and it was very fortunate

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the landlord returned his things before they came there, otherwiſe the houſe would not have eſcaped their fury, for his tranſgreſſion againſt the law of hoſpitality, in Dagiſtan particularly, as he made bold to treat in that rough manner the moſt beloved friend of the nutzal. He ordered the fellow to bring victuals, and they, like ſo many wolves, devoured every morſel of dried beef and mutton, and obliged him to give Emin's people ſeven large ſheep, which ſerved them three days on the way.

When they came to Catukh, it was Wedneſday, and the nutzal's general letter was read by Molah Muſa, in the aſſembly at the Meſgid, on Friday after prayers. All of them made Emin welcome, and were very glad he had eſcaped from the hands of that caffer Heraclius. *Hajy* Muſtapha, at whoſe houſe he alighted, told him, that as it was his wiſh, according to the purport of the letter from the nutzal, to go to Armenia, he would conduct him to Talla, an hour's journey from that place, where there were many Armenian merchants lying in a caravanſerai, ſome of whom, for their own affairs, would ſoon depart, when Emin might join them in time to be in the ſame caravan with them. Emin,

very

very glad of that intelligence, ſet out with Hajy Muſtapha, and his ſervant Mortazaly Ali, and arrived at the place called Talla, where the hajy, according to the cuſtom of the Lazguis, took and introduced him as a gueſt to another in the village of Talla. Juſt as he entered the court-yard of the houſe, there came out two Turkiſh women, wives to the landlord, like mad dogs, ſcolding Muſtapha furiouſly for bringing his gueſts always to their houſe. Hajy Muſtapha ran away; and the maſter of the houſe begged Emin to alight for half an hour, till his ſon returned. Juſt at that time the ſon came, and took Emin and his ſervant to the before-mentioned caravanſerai, about 800 yards from the houſe. Emin was flattered with the hopes of going among his fellow Chriſtians, not knowing that their poiſonous words would ſhoot through his heart. When he reached the gates of the helliſh manſion, every one of them came and ſtood at the entry, looking as pale as death; and, inſtead of ſpeaking to him, told the young Lazgui, they had no room to ſpare. "Take him," ſaid they, "to your houſe again, he ſhall by no means enter here; he is your king; we have nothing to ſay to him."

The

The poor young man, ſurprized at their behaviour, and afflicted at Emin's ſituation, ſaid, with a very meek voice, "Never mind, Sir, God is great; let us go to our houſe again." No ſooner had they turned their horſes heads, than the Jews began to murmur like cowardly dogs ſtanding upon the terrace of a houſe to bark at paſſengers. Emin was very nearly provoked to turn and fire at them; for if he had killed ever ſo many, nobody would have reſtrained him; the young man his companion would very willingly have joined him; and the Lazguis would have been very glad of it, ſince among them, to kill an Armenian is no more regarded, than to cut a cucumber with a knife. Yet he bore with great patience all their ſatirical inſolent expreſſions. Had not his Engliſh education helped to prevent him, he might have behaved according to their deſerts: he only comforted himſelf with thinking, that they were all Georgians, not genuine Armenians. The Lazgui boy, very much reſembling an Engliſh gentleman, aſked him on the way to the houſe, how he could be ſo fond of ſo worthleſs a people? And added, "Is that all the reward of your pains, and dangerous travels through the world, particularly in Dagiſtan,

giſtan, where the birds cannot fly in the air without being ſenſible of terror; yet there the Lazguis with a good heart received you, elected you to rule over them as a ſovereign, and are always ready to follow you. This exaſperating affront is inexcuſable; pardon me, Sir; you will do nothing at laſt with that conſcience and humanity of yours: remember me, I am but nineteen years of age, but I predict, that one day you will find all your trouble to have been vain." On entering the court-yard, the exhortation of the young gentleman ended.

Emin ſlept there that night, and the next morning went back to Catukh, to Hajy Muſtapha's houſe, but found that he was abſent. There were two Armenians of the ſame caſt lodging in one of the rooms annexed to the houſe, under the hajy's protection, carrying on a ſort of trade as ſhop-keepers, with a capital of about two thouſand rupees, but as inſolent as the richeſt of them. Theſe men ſet the landlady on to turn Emin out of the houſe; the meſſenger between the two parties was Emin's ſervant Mortazaly. At laſt the ſervant was told by the hajy's wife, that his own countrymen, the Armenians, were the reaſon of her preſſing his maſter to

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go out of the houſe; that ſince thoſe two ſhop-keepers were of ſome profit to the hajy, ſhe was obliged through them to give Emin warning; and ſhe concluded with ſaying, "Tell him to do as he pleaſes." No ſooner had he heard that laſt meſſage, than he placed his baggage under a large walnut-tree, to which was twiſted a vine, with great bunches of grapes hanging down over his head by the ſide of a cool brook; and he let looſe his horſes to graze in the very court-yard, which was like a fine garden, threatening the paultry ſhop-keepers to puniſh them for their baſeneſs. They, through fear, killed two large fowls, made a pilau, and invited him to ſupper. The next day the hajy came back; and having learned what had paſſed the day before, was extremely angry. Had not Emin interfered, and with great difficulty quieted him, he was really going to cut off, firſt his termagant wife's head, and then thoſe of the thoughtleſs Armenian ſhopkeepers.

The hajy took Emin to his country-ſeat, three miles off, where his ſecond wife was in the farm, with cattle and horſes. He lodged him in a little tower, juſt big enough for five or ſix men, and put his horſes in a ſtable, in the midſt of the very people againſt whom he

had fought near Tiffliz, wounding thirteen of them, every one of whom was dead. They all came to ſee him, and inſtead of revenging themſelves, like other Mahomedans, they reſpected and loved him, expreſſing wonder how his few lads could ſtand ſo many hours againſt ſo many veterans. They, at Emin's expence, took great care to bake, boil, ſew, and waſh for him, with as much cheerfulneſs as he could wiſh; nor had he the leaſt apprehenſion in regard of what had paſſed before. The ſervant that came with him in hopes of procuring a ſlave, finding his inclination was not in the leaſt bent to go marauding to Georgia, with ſeveral bands who offered at different times to put themſelves under his command, aſked leave to go away to his own country, which was granted. As there was no agreement for wages, Emin made him a preſent of his bay horſe for three months ſervice: he then went away with as much content as if he had procured a Georgian ſlave. Emin thought proper to ſtay under Hajy Muſtapha's protection at Catukh, to hear ſome news from Armenia and Georgia; and in the mean time to derive ſome advantage from gaining the affection of the people of that place, which was ten hours journey

to

to Kiſſikh, the frontier of Cakhet, and four days to Carabagh, the north of Armenia.

Having been there about ſix months, he heard the dreadful news from Tiffliz, that Pala, prince Heraclius's uncle by his mother's ſide, had formed a conſpiracy with twenty-four petty Georgian princes, to put an end to his nephew's life, and deſtroy all his family; but that the plot had been fortunately diſcovered by an Armenian, whom the conſpirators had truſted with the ſecret, offering to pay his debt of three hundred tumans; and giving him a letter ſigned by every one of them, to carry to the Lazguis, requeſting them to bring their troops at the time appointed for putting their horrid deſign into execution. But God above, who has the heart of every man in his hands, ſeeing their cruel intention, turned the heart of the Armenian David, who, inſtead of ſetting out on the expedition, which might have been the cauſe of ſhedding the blood of many thouſands, and among them the innocent children of the prince, about two o'clock in the morning, went to Heraclius, knocked at his door, and was admitted immediately to the prince's own haram, where he delivered to him the fatal letter. The prince ſeeing all their ſeals and hand-

hand-writing, ordered the Armenian not to ſtir out of his haram, where he ſupplied him with plenty of wine and food, which is the darling object of that nation. The next day he called a great council, ſummoning every one of the conſpirators; and after making a long harangue, alleging his great fatigue and dangerous battles fought in perſon for the defence and welfare of their liberty and property, he aſked them, one by one, what they thought ſuch a prince of another country ſhould, in conſequence of ſuch ſervices, hope from his ſubjects? They anſwered, "Reſpect and honour." He ſaid, "If, on the contrary, they ſhould be ſo treacherous as to form a conſpiracy againſt him, what then?" They anſwered, "Such people would deſerve no mercy." Then the prince produced the letter, and ſhewed it to every one. The conſpirators could not deny the fact; they were inſtantly ſeized and puniſhed, not one of them eſcaping. The prince aſking Pala, his uncle, how his heart could ſuffer him to write to the enemy, that he would deſtroy, with his own hand, both his nephew and his children? he ſaid, ſo he would have done; upon which he was immediately cut to pieces.

Thus

Thus was the prince of Georgia ſaved, with his family, through an Armenian at laſt, who was created noble, and rewarded amply: but he and all his family died away in thirteen months, leaving not a ſoul behind. He ſhared, it ſeems, the ſame fate with them; for he was, by all accounts, of a very bad character: he had ſet fire to a barrel of gunpowder, and did not imagine he would be blown up likewiſe by the ſecret hand of the Almighty. He might have excuſed himſelf, without entering into their wicked deſign; but how was it poſſible for him, who had neither honour nor religion to help him, to eſcape ruin? The poor Armenians, good and bad, work and labour, to leave money for others to enjoy; which can be imputed to nothing but mere ignorance. Theſe very unfortunate treacherous people would have perſuaded Emin to join in the plot; but he deſpiſed and laughed at them while in that country; nor opened his lips on the ſubject to this very hour; but now he thinks there can be no harm in mentioning it, as a caution to ſome againſt venturing to undertake a ſcheme of the ſame kind. Though a ſenſe of humanity affected his mind for the families of thoſe falſe ambitious men, yet the light of

truth, entering with awful conſolation, told him that it was well done, and that all was right.

Shaverdy Khan of Ganja, at that time next in power to prince Heraclius, had enticed away two of the five chiefs of Carabagh, Hatam, and Ouſup, to remove from their country, and ſettle at Shamcor on the confines of the Shamſhadin tribe, who were on the north, the Khan being on the ſouth, and the Armenians in the middle. Thus he lay meditating their deſtruction; and by his Perſian cunning, gained Hatam's heart to his intereſt, intending to make away with Ouſup, who being apprized of the ſtratagem, fled with his ſon Beglar to the Shamſhadin clan for protection. They happened at that time to have revolted from Shaverdy Khan, through ſome miſunderſtanding, or act of oppreſſion, which ſaved the lives of Ouſup and his ſons. The Khan finding no other means to quell the rebels, ſent over to the Jamaiat, or republic of the Charr Lazguis, (in one of whoſe villages Emin then lived,) to come to his aſſiſtance, and chaſtiſe the Shamſhadin tribes. The Lazguis then told Emin, that as they were going to perſecute Sheya, (or the ſect of Ali,) it would be a proper time for him

him to join them. He conſented, and ſet out with eighty elders of them, followed the main body of about four thouſand horſe, who were to march on the ſecond notice of the Khan, in caſe the Shamſhadins ſhould not capitulate, which they did.

Two days after their arrival at Ganja, with their families in bonds, only keeping the Armenian chief and his ſon, through regard to prince Heraclius, who had, by writing, acquainted them that they were under his Highneſs's protection, the Charr elders being ſatisfied with the Khan's preſents, were juſt going to return, when Emin received intelligence, that Huſein the Zdahar mountaineer was coming at the head of two thouſand horſe to Ganja; and that Shaverdy Khan had written for Huſein to ſend him to Nakhchuan to enſlave the Shaikhs, and impoveriſh the Khan of that province, ſo as to reduce him to ſubjection. Emin knew great part of that country to be inhabited by helpleſs Armenians: he ſtaid two or three days more at Ganja, till Huſein arrived with his two thouſand men. Shaverdy provided him with two Perſian guides; and they ſet out the next afternoon. In one day and a half they croſſed the Shamſhadin mountains; and about

eleven o'clock reached the corner of a freſh-water lake, called Gegham. This precipitate marching was adviſed by Emin; who, while in Ganja, had intelligence that the tribe of Colan Curds were on their way from Iravan, coming to the protection of Shaverdy; and that if he haſtened, he might lay hold of them, and ſo ſatisfy the Lazguis, and ſave the Nakhchuan Armenians from ſlavery.

At ſun-ſet they pitched on the bank of the lake, and two hours before ſun-riſe, they, according to cuſtom, caſt lots: it fell to Emin's party of forty Turkmans, or Turks, who were Hajy Muſtapha's own ſubjects, (among whom Emin quartered,) to march before as the van-guard; and an hour after ſun-riſe, they diſcovered, at a great diſtance, thirteen horſe-men coming along the lake. Emin perceived with joy that they were the clan of Colan Curds belonging to Carabagh, who, ſince Nadir Shah's death, had been removed to Iravan, and were then marching to the protection of Ganja, and thought they ſhould fall victims inſtead of the Nakhchuan Armenians. Emin ordered his men to let the horſes go on full gallop. The Curds had not in the leaſt expected to meet a ſingle Lazgui; and on ſeeing Emin's party near them,

them, began to ſpeak to one another in Armenian. Emin thinking them to be Chriſtians, told them, to run away if they could. No ſooner had they turned the heads of their horſes, than they began to ſpeak Curdiſh; and Emin, recovering from his miſtake, took all the thirteen alive; when, behind a ſmall riſing ground, about a quarter of a mile off, were moving, richly dreſſed, the whole of their tribe: but before all the two thouſand Lazguis could come up, Emin's forty Turkmans fell on with ſword in hand, killed many, and took priſoners the defenceleſs women, children, ſheep, and cattle; the fighting-men retreated, and began to fire briſkly: but when the two thouſand main body came up, they ruſhed on like ravenous wolves, killed two hundred and fifty, and took the reſt alive; amounting in all to eight hundred and fourteen ſlaves, men, women, and children; with eight thouſand ſheep, two thouſand black cattle, and ſix hundred mares, each, in that country, worth one hundred tumans.

Shaverdy Khan's two Perſian guides were terrified; they had made flattering promiſes all the way to the Lazguis, on purpoſe to vex Emin, ſaying, that every one of them ſhould

have an Armenian boy and girl for his ſhare; not imagining that their eighteen female relations in the clan, beſides kinſmen and other males of the ſame religion, would fall into the hands of thoſe monſters. Their expectation of ſeeing the poor Chriſtians in miſery, turned to mourning and lamentation for them. Then they conſidered that Emin's intention in exhorting the men to march with that celerity, was to make Mahomedans a prey to Mahomedans, and to ſave ſome thouſands of helpleſs Chriſtians. Let this ſuffice to ſhow the reader, how far Emin ſingly has run into danger to ſerve his poor countrymen againſt thoſe barbarous nations; but he is ſure that the richeſt of them, if they ſhould chance to underſtand, will be the firſt to deny it: Such is the *effect of* money acquired by baſe-minded people, reſembling half-ſtarved cows, driven into a meadow of fine graſs, where, after filling their bellies with it, they prance and kick, thinking they can gallop like Arabian horſes.

The magnitude of the booty gratified them exceedingly; the ready caſh in gold and ſilver, amounting to twelve thouſand tumans; and on an equal diviſion among them, each man's ſhare came to ſix tumans. A horſe's

rich

rich harneſs, and other ſilver furniture, was made a prize by Huſein the Lazgui chief, to the value of ſixty tumans. Emin's ſhare was almoſt as much, which he diſtributed among his own men. All that he took was but half a pound of butter for his breakfaſt.

In that deſtructive affair, a Curd, on a ſorrel horſe, after fighting ſword-in-hand for ten minutes, finding he ſhould be overpowered, caught hold of his wife's hand like lightning, and lifted her behind him; when ſome of the men endeavouring to ſnatch her away from him, he turned his beaſt to the left-about, and ruſhed on them like a provoked lion, wounding ſeveral of the Lazguis: then he turned again, and rode off without being hurt. In that cloſe quarter, or confuſed fight, a very ſtout man on foot clapped the muzzle of his piece to Emin's breaſt, and ſnapped it, but it did not go off. His men, ſeeing that, cut the fellow to pieces. A woman, with her beautiful daughter, about fourteen years of age, with ſpears in their hands, for about fifteen minutes fought like Amazons, killed two of the Lazguis, and wounded ſome, preſerving their honour like angels; but fell at laſt, to the aſtoniſhment of all the ſavages. Their Mulah came with the Koran in his hands,

craving mercy; which Emin ſeeing, he ſlackened the men a little from their fury, and ſaid, "What are you about?—Do you not know how the Shari's learned men abuſed the ſecond Khalif Omar?" They anſwered, "No." He added, "They have publiſhed a ſcandalous ſtory; would not acknowledge the ſupremacy of Ali, who has excommunicated him, and transformed him into a woman; in which condition, he was married to a miller; and after having brought forth two boys and a girl, was changed again to a man." Emin could not finiſh the ſtory, before the Mulah and his Koran were cut to pieces. Only ſix of ſeven of the Curds run into a cave on the riſing ground; and defending themſelves with their guns, wounded one of Emin's men, and were ſaved from either being taken or killed. The loſs on the Lazguis' ſide, was but a few men, and on the ſide of the enemy, 250. The free-booters, not contented with the plunder, which conſiſted of money, large coppers, and kitchen-furniture, beds, and pieces of ſilk, ſtripped men, women, and children; tied the men's hands behind them, and ſetting the women on horſe-back, were returning home.

Emin's

Emin's band told him, there were ſome Armenians among the ſlaves; and there happened to be a boy about ten years old, riding behind one of them;—they ſaid, he was an Armenian. Emin inquired of the boy, two or three times, who he was, and what was his name? The poor creature, hearing the Armenian language, between affliction and joy, could not ſpeak a word, but burſt into tears, which, like ſmall ſhot, darted on the back of the man; a ſcene of ſo moving a kind, he never beheld in his life: himſelf, likewiſe, began to weep as he went on, overpowered by ſympathy and grief; and neither of them could utter a ſyllable for ſome time. At laſt the poor boy told him, that his name was Beglar; and that there were many Armenians, but what number he could not exactly tell; their dreſs being the ſame with that of the Curds, it was not poſſible in ſuch a crowd to diſtinguiſh them. Thoſe terrible ſavages, obſerving Emin's compaſſion for his countryman, could not help ſympathizing with him, and comforted him, by ſaying, it was the fortune of war: nor would it have been difficult to ſave them, had his own band of forty men been Armenians; ſo that by dividing the ſlaves, he could have taken them

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for his, and his men's ſhares, and then have let them at liberty. Thus has he been unſucceſsful in all his undertakings, being alone, and labouring in vain. He did not deſpair from it; but truſted in God, ſetting his brains to work to find ſome means, not only to ſave his poor countryman, but the clan of the Curds too, though very wicked, and by profeſſion, according to all accounts, murderers of merchants, and robbers of caravans; but they were not ſo exceſſively cruel as the Lazguis, who, that very day, in the evening, reached the foot of the mountain, and the road at the corner of the lake, where they entered into a meadow adjacent to it, and there they halted, to reſt for the night. Here they began to torment the captives.

Huſein, the commander of the Lazguis, ſent Emin a preſent of two beautiful ladies; one of them wife of the Chragh, or chief of the Curds; the other about ſixteen years of age, lately married, and the chief's daughter-in-law; but he would by no means accept them, ſending them back with the fellow who brought them. Huſein ſent the poor creatures back a ſecond time, with only ſilk red ſhifts on, bare-footed, and without any covering on their heads, (their tears ſtreaming from their

their black antilope eyes,) with a meſſage, that they were the handſomeſt among all the ſlaves; and that if he did not like them, he might go and chuſe any two he pleaſed. At this, Emin could not help loſing his patience. He ſent back the victims a ſecond time; and immediately after, ſent his man to Huſein with a reprimanding meſſage, in theſe terms; "I am come, by the order of my maſter, to tell you, that you are very wrong, and even wicked, to offer thoſe women to him. You, that command ſo many hundred men, ſhould not ſo imprudently ſet the baſe example among your troops of defiling ſlaves, and becoming defiled yourſelf: the conſequence of which diabolical action, my maſter hopes, will be the vengeance of God upon your head; ſo that neither you, or your men, may be able to carry a ſingle child to Dagiſtan." The man came back, and ſaid, that when he had delivered the meſſage, Huſein took the miſerable objects to himſelf, for fear of mutiny, hanging his head down, and ſaying not a word; but thoſe who were preſent, cried out, "Allah! *Allah!*" commending Emin, and ſaying, he was God's own man.

This making a great noiſe, 600, out of 2,000, who were Turkmans, with their centurions, left

left Huſein,—never approached the ſlaves, but preſerved them from diſhonour; and changing their ſtations, came and pitched their tents by Emin. Through the whole night was heard the lamentable crying of females, from grown women down to girls ſix years old, who did not eſcape brutal treatment. The hands and the arms of the men were tied behind them with raw thongs, which, for half an hour, are ſomewhat eaſy, while they are freſh; but when they become dry, begin to pinch the fleſh, cauſing exquiſite pain, which continually increaſes. The ſhrieking noiſe of ſome, and the groans of others, ſhewed what torture they went through all night, till ſun-riſe. In that manner they were treated every night, till they were out of the reach of the country where hoſtility had been committed. And when the Lazguis were in their own mountains, every man claimed his ſhare of ſlaves, either to ſell, or keep working in the houſe.

Seventy years ago, theſe Lazguis, through the neceſſity of gaining a livelihood, and the baſeneſs of Mahomet's religion, began to enſlave the Georgians. Their abſtinence in regard to ſlaves had been remarkable; and an order was always obſerved among them, with as much ſtrictneſs as if it had been a law ordained

dained from above. It was death to any one who offered to meddle with a ſlave woman, unleſs he choſe to marry her. But when, in courſe of time, the Georgian, the Turkiſh, or Perſian children, of ſix years old or leſs, preſerved from being ſold in Dagiſtan, were made free by adoption, and brought up to manhood, their natural impure blood prompted them to *that horrid cuſtom of breaking through their* ordinance, by making free with ſlave girls. The German noblemen, to this day, will not have any connection with their own female ſervants, however handſome, thinking that their noble blood would be debaſed; ſo the Arabs, Tartars, and Turks, who made ſuch extraordinary conqueſts at firſt, kept that rule ſacred: but when, in time, they became more poliſhed, they loſt every thing that was ruſtic, plain, and honourable. The ſoftneſs of noxious pleaſure, made them no better than they are at preſent—diſtruſtful, contemptible, and indigent. The next morning, the roſy-cheeked women looked as pale as aſhes.

On the march, Huſein aſked Emin's opinion, if it would not be more convenient to take the ſlaves into an uninhabited fort, on the left of the road, which was almoſt inacceſſible, and ſell them to neighbouring mountaineers,

taineers, or their relations, whoſe centries on the hills, at a great diſtance, were obſerving his motions. Emin perceived he was apprehenſive of danger, and ſaid, "You need not be afraid, Shaverdy Khan is your friend; the Shamſhadin tribe are the Khan's ſubjects; the enſlaved Curds are the ſubjects of Ibrahim, Khan of the Carabagh Armenians, an enemy to Shaverdy, who, inſtead of being angry, will be much pleaſed, and reward you with great preſents. Never mind; go on till you are in a better place, where graſs and water will be in plenty for the troops." Huſein, the ſtupid Lazgui, liſtened, and was highly pleaſed with Emin's counſel, not knowing that he would pay dear for it. Had Emin adviſed him to go to the fort, with 2,000 armed hardy Lazguis, they would have been very well accommodated with graſs and water; and having ſo many thouſand heads of ſheep and cattle, would have ſold their old ſlaves, and carried away the young and handſome ones in the night on horſe-back.

When they came to an open place, ſurrounded with high mountains, expoſed to the Shamſhadinians, Emin told them to pitch there; and after about an hour's reſt, there came to him an Armenian ſecular prieſt, at the

the head of ſixty Armenians, men, women, and children, all in the hands of the Lazguis. They began crying, and begging to be ſaved from their miſery. Emin told them, he was but one man; nor had it in his power to afford them the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance. "Go," ſaid he, "pray to God, who alone has power to deliver you from your miſeries!" He then ſpoke to the Lazguis to take them away from his ſight. A little after, the Curds, who were ſtationed not quite forty yards off, came to ſee him: ſeveral of them underſtood Perſian. Emin comforted them, ſaying, "The twelve Imams will help to deliver you." During all the three days in which the troops made a halt there, Emin ran a great riſque every night, by looſing ſeveral of the Curds, and ordering them to go to the Shamſhadins, adviſing them to come in a body, and ſurprize the Lazguis, about three o'clock in the morning, while they were ſleeping ſtark naked, like dead men; and promiſing them, by his faith, that he would not head the Lazguis upon any account.

He might then have let looſe all the grown men among the Armenians, if he had pleaſed; but he acted cautiouſly, fearing that the ſavages would ſuſpect him as their fellow Chriſtian.

Chriſtian. To make the troops reſt ſatisfied, he told them, that though he could not help being ſorry for their miſery, yet he could not but ſay, the Armenians richly deſerved to be made captives. Why did they not ſtay in Iravan? or, what buſineſs was it of theirs to join the Colan Curds? They, touching their noſes with their fore-fingers, ſaid, "Alah-alah!—what a juſt man he is!" To pleaſe him, they uſed the Armenians with ſome humanity; and bringing all their able-bodied men before him, he drew his ſword, and laid it upon the ſcabbard, to form a croſs, which he ordered them to kiſs, and ſwear by it, that they would not run away. This he did, in order to ſave them from the torture of the night, in having their hands and arms laſhed with ſtraps. The honeſt Armenians ſtood to their oaths, did not violate the confidence of the Lazguis, and ſlept free from pain, not one of them running away, which afforded great joy to Emin, and gave him hopes that his countrymen would, one day or other, by God's providence, be free in this world, and happy in the next. He was alſo very glad to find, that even the ſavages had learned the honeſty of their hearts, and their firmneſs in the Chriſtian faith; conceiving, that if, after

ſwearing

ſwearing on a ſword and ſcabbard, ſhaped into a croſs upon the ground, they would ſtand ſo true to their words, they would more reſolutely bleed under the croſs, when diſplayed on military enſigns. O, eccleſiaſtics! if you but let them break the chain of ſuperſtition and ignorance, you will ſee how bravely they will attack the enemies of Chriſt!

Their halting three days in that defenceleſs open place, was owing to Emin's advice, which, though treacherous to his cannibal Lazgui comrades, yet was juſt to the diſtreſſed; for had he not acted ſuch a part in thoſe circumſtances, and, ſtanding mute, had ſuffered thoſe miſerable objects to be carried into everlaſting captivity, he could never have been happy for the reſt of his life. Whether *right or wrong*, he *did it* to ſatisfy his own conſcience. What the public *will think* of it, he is not ſure; but he is in hopes they will, on the whole, commend it.

Huſein, on his firſt arrival at that place, ſent Chragh, the chief's wife, and a buffalo, with meſſengers, to Ganja, a journey of fifteen hours, as a preſent to Shaverdy Khan, whom he congratulated on the downfall of the Khan's enemies,—ignorant that they had come for his protection, though they formerly

were Ibrahim Khan's ſubjects, belonging to Carabagh. All this time, Huſein flattered himſelf, that Shaverdy would anſwer him with applauſe, and a khalat, or robe of honour; but, ſuddenly in the morning, about two hours before ſun-riſe, the Shamſhadin clan and the Armenian mountaineers ſurprized the Lazguis' camp, firing vollies from three different ſides, which threw the wicked Lazguis into ſuch confuſion, that they had but juſt time to catch their horſes (killed about 100) of which they took 250; but left the ſlaves with goods, ſheep, and cattle, and decamped ſo quickly, that not a ſingle child could be carried away. Emin's horſe ran away; but he caught a fine colt belonging to one of the Curds. His men (miſſing him till ſun-riſe) helped him to another, ſtronger. The Lazguis, puſhing on to an eminence, where, as they were not purſued, they halted, and began to look back, like wolves whoſe prey had eſcaped, towards the ſurprizers and the ſlaves with the reſt of the booty. They could eaſily ſee from that high ground, that the number of the Shamſhadin clan, with the Armenians, was but 600, who were preparing for a ſecond attack; and the Lazguis, their panic not being yet over, turned their faces to run away. Emin and his men, with much

much ado, rallied them; telling them, that if they went in that diſorderly manner, every one of them would be cut off. The Shamſhadin clan ſeeing them recovered and faced, deſiſted from their attack, only watching, like dogs, the Lazguis' motions. Emin adviſed them to charge, which they immediately did, killed ſixteen of the Shamſhadins, and were near making an end of them, and taking the booty back from them. He then made them retreat, and told them, that it was ſufficient. "The enemy," ſaid he, "knows what you are made of:—now we can march away at our pleaſure." Emin ſtood behind the troops, and ſaw the Shamſhadin clan moved almoſt out of their ſight; then he followed his comrades, overtook and paſſed them, riding on towards the river Cur, and thence to Dagiſtan.

He advanced almoſt four miles before them, and reached the foot of a mountain, whence he diſcovered, on the right, at the diſtance of about four miles, a large body of men, before the opening of the Shamior Meadow. He did not then know who they were; but was afterwards told it was Shaverdy Khan, with 18,000 Perſians and Armenians, ſtanding in wait for the Lazguis, but not courageous

enough to move. Had he marched, he might have cut off every ſoul of them, having before ſent his ſon Mahomed Huſein Khan to the ford of the Cur, to prevent their paſſing. Had he purſued and attacked their rear, he would have made a complete buſineſs of it. About twelve horſemen juſt at that moment ſprung forward, playing with Emin's party, firing and running back, to amuſe and delay them: but Emin knew better, and went on till they came to a ſort of broken ground; and then returning the fire, eleven of them ran away; but one followed them almoſt five miles, to the bank of the river Cur. As the ford was guarded by 500 Perſians, commanded by Mahomed Huſein Khan, ſon to Shaverdy Khan, Emin thought it neceſſary to change the courſe, and marched with his men down to the water-ſide, where there was no fording-place. In ſwimming over, one of his men was drowned. His horſe, turning back, fell into the hands of the man above-mentioned. About a quarter of a mile from the river, on a high ground, he halted, to obſerve the motion of the 2,000 Lazguis, who, after two hours, came down, and fell upon the back of the 500 Perſians, killed ſeveral, and forced their way. As he obſerved them paſſing

ſing the river, he ordered his men to march on, which they did, from eleven in the fore-noon to ten at night, and halted by another river called Ghabry, not ſo deep as the Cur, where he reſted the whole night.

The next morning, as they were preparing to ſet out, he diſcovered a great body of troops coming out from behind a mountain on his left, and took it for granted they were Georgians. The men aſked Emin, what was to be done? He anſwered, "Fight them, and die like men!—you ſee they have the advantage of us in every reſpect:—the mountain is on their back, and their number is great:—we have no ſhelter, but a very large open plain before us:—ſhould we fly from them, they will pick us up like wild game. Though our undertaking be deſperate, yet we ſhall fall like brave ſoldiers, and leave no room for the world to reflect, that Emin and his forty Turkmans behaved in a daſtardly manner, and fell like women." They approved the propoſal, and ſaid, "Pleaſe to ſet the example." No ſooner had he heard that word, than he drew his ſabre, and charged; his men did the ſame, and followed the miſtaken enemy. Who ſhould they be, but a party of Lazguis. Seeing a handful of men galloping furiouſly to-

wards them, they ſuſpected it to be prince Heraclius's advanced picket, and fell into ſuch confuſion, that, inſtead of running away, they began to whip their horſes againſt the ſteep rocks, tumbling and rolling down like barrels of water, crying, "Aman allah! *Heraclius! Heraclius!*" Emin, finding them to be his comrades, could not keep himſelf from laughing; and was amazed to find, how much theſe barbarous ſavages dreaded the prince's name; like the children in France, who, when they cried in their cradles, were quieted by their mothers telling them that Marlborough was coming. Let the candid reader therefore judge, and approve Emin's ſpeaking the truth like an European gentleman, in recording the meritorious character of his enemy, prince Heraclius, who, with the late patriarch, Simon of Armenia, were the cauſe of all his adverſities.

The Lazguis then begged Emin to keep them company, and not to advance ſo great a way before them. To this he conſented: the road being then ſeparated, his men went to the right, and he, with the ſavages, proceeded to the left. When they came near to the confines of Kiſſekh, the firſt diſtrict of Kakhet Georgia, Huſein, the captain of the Lazguis, told

told Emin, to take care of himſelf, and keep near him, for the men had a bad deſign on his life; that they wanted to kill him, thinking that he had money, and was a Caffer. He ſmiled with great compoſure, and ſaid, "What then will become of you, if Heraclius, at the head of 10,000 Georgians, ſhould meet you in this open place, where no mountain or ſhelter is to be found? Come, then;—who are the men that dare attack me? I know your Mahometans to be ungrateful, and a diſgrace to the name of Dagiſtan, by tranſgreſſing the hoſpitable law of that nation. Thoſe men are not true Lazguis, but degenerated and corrupted by a mixture of Georgian blood. Thence it is, that they conſpire againſt him, who has made each of them maſter of ſix tumans, who never before ſaw a ſingle rupee in his life." After this reprimanding ſpeech, thirteen of the ſavages diſmounted, laying hold of his ſtirrups, begging his pardon, and intreating that he would think no more about it. Here Emin very juſtly thought he could be even with them all, and bade them be more expeditious on the march, for fear of the prince's coming out. On hearing this fatal advice, they began to gallop, whip, and kick their horſes, as if they really were

purſued by a conquering army. The conſequence of ſuch a hurly-burly was, that three hundred of their horſes were tired, and left behind upon the road. The Lazguis in general are not good horſe-men, nor do they know the nature of them, otherwiſe they would not be ſo ſtupid as to loſe many excellent horſes by beating them.

'This happened within thirty miles of Belican, a village belonging to the Gaugal Lazguis, where Emin found two Nakhiguan merchants; having reached it after great fatigue for two days, without any reſt, from the mountains of Shamſhadin of Ganja, a march of almoſt one hundred and twenty miles, of which the caravan commonly makes a journey of ſix days. Emin ſtaid in that place, with his Armenians, for a fortnight pretty comfortably; when Hajy Muſtapha, his friend, came down from the mountains with his family, and with his flocks and herds, took him to his village of Catickh, nine miles from Belican, where his relation Muſſeſs, who had fallen ſick and was left behind at Dalubar five miles from Ganja, came to him, and very prudently perſuaded him not to remain any longer among the Lazguis, who being Mahometans, and thirſty for the blood

blood of Chriſtians, could not very well agree with Emin's diſpoſition and principles, ſince he would always rather chuſe to die than ſee a Chriſtian enſlaved.

Here it is to be conſidered, that the excurſion he made with thoſe Lazguis, enſlaving the Curd clan of Colan, was of happy conſequence to the Armenians, and fatal to the *khan of Ganja*, whoſe army deſerted and left him alone, exclaiming againſt him, and ſaying, that he was an enemy to the Shiah Muſulmans, and had brought the Lazgui Sunies to enſlave the Curds. This faction afforded the two Armenian chiefs, Hatham and Yuſup, an opportunity to move with their troops from Shameor to the frontiers of their native country Traſhatzy and Charrabert; *Melek Hatham halting* at Trinabad, and Yuſup at Gedaſhen. The reaſon of their ſtopping in thoſe two villages, (though Armenians, under the government of Ganja,) was on account of the corn left behind at Shameor. They were in hopes of getting it, yet weak enough not to foreſee that Shahverdy Khan would recover from his diſtreſs; therefore, without being diligent enough in three weeks time to carry off the corn, while he

he was in confuſion, they ſet themſelves down contented, feaſting and drinking wine. Yuſup was leſs to be blamed on that head; for Hatham amuſed him by fair words all the time; ſince he, being devoted to the khan's intereſt, was kept on the khan's ſide by the force of bribes. Theſe two chiefs exactly reſembled two ſtiff-necked oxen, one of them pulling to the right and the other to the left.

Trinabad, where Hatham reſided, was nearer by ſix or ſeven miles to Ganja than Gedaſhen, where Yuſup was. Here Emin, in his way to Curdiſtan, arrived, from the woods of Dagiſtan, at the village of Catickh, after having made that inroad which ſaved many thouſands of Armenians from laſting captivity. Yuſup receiving him with open arms, perſuaded him to ſtay with him; and he, finding the chief very earneſt in his deſire, conſented, and thought himſelf very happy, adviſing the chief not to ſtay longer at Gedaſhen, nor expect a ſingle grain of wheat from Shameor, almoſt at the diſtance of twenty-five miles. "The city of Ganja," ſaid he, "is between you and that place, and the Khan Shaverdy growing more and more powerful every day, and having already collected

lected twelve thouſand men, will not eaſily let you have your proviſion from Shameor." He ſaid, "No, Sir; Hatham, a favourite of the khan's, has promiſed that we ſhall have it all." Emin then ſaid, "Since you will not hear my advice, to ſet out directly from this town to the fortreſs of Guliſtan, you muſt expect a viſit from Shaverdy, with a formidable body of fighting men." The chief ſmiled, ſaying, "Never mind; let us enjoy the wholeſome wine of this place for ſome time, then we ſhall conſider your advice." In ſhort, he could not be diſſuaded from his way of thinking, and from the good opinion he had of Hatham's intereſt with the khan. He went on amuſing himſelf, hawking every day, and drinking every night, till three in the morning, with his officers and the elders of the tribe. On the contrary, Emin paſſed his time in riſing early in the morning before the ſun, taking with him his breakfaſt, and walking up and down the high mountains, ſo as to come to his quarters juſt half an hour after ſun-ſet. As it was the latter end of autumn and beginning of winter, he enjoyed his health by breathing a fine air in the higheſt perfection; yet it made the people wonder what could be the reaſon of his

his going ſo many miles a-day, without any buſineſs or benefit.

Thus, for forty days, he reconnoitered in his walks every part of thoſe mountains, obſerving the ſtrong or weak paſſes in them; but the village Gedaſhen, where he and Yuſup had quarters, was much expoſed by its ſituation on the brow of a hill. Juſt on the top of it there was a breaſt-work thrown up in former days by ſome Perſian general, deep enough to cover men, and to direct their pieces down; and behind that entrenchment there was the Armenian burying-ground, with a field round it, large enough to hold an army of forty thouſand men, ſurrounded with high mountains, having only a high paſs to the north, almoſt inacceſſible; but as there were no men poſted to guard it, and it was almoſt four miles diſtant from the village, it was of no uſe. Towards the ſouth, over the river, there was a thick wood, which, in caſe of a ſurprize by an enemy, would have been an excellent retreat for the villagers; but the river being ſo rapid between it and the village, precluded all hope of paſſing over, though it was not ſo deep as ſix feet. Emin gave intelligence of all this, and deſcribed the bad ſituation of the

place;

place; but Yuſup did not mind it, and ſaid, "Let the enemy come, we will fight them at our own doors." The generous wine had made him quite eaſy; till one Sunday, being the carnival of St. James's holiday, for the following faſt week, when intoxicated with wine, he ſtupidly granted permiſſion to his five hundred fighting men to go to their reſpective villages and enjoy themſelves in celebrating that ſaint's day, by eating and drinking. Emin was very much againſt it, and ſaid to him, "That imprudent proceeding of yours, depend upon it, will be productive of evil conſequences. If the enemy ſhould pay you a viſit, and their diſtance is but a day and a half's journey, what will become of us then?" The anſwer the chief made to him was, again, "Never mind it;" and ordered his ſervants to prepare a drinking ſupper for that night. Emin hated the very name of it, went to his own quarters and ſlept after his ſupper. Unknown to him, about one in the morning, the chief fortunately happened to receive intelligence from an Armenian of Ganja, who was coming to Gedaſhen for ſome buſineſs of his own, with another Armenian; and falling unawares among the troops of Ganja, commanded by Mohammed Haſſan Khan,

Khan, his comrade was taken; but he being more active, made his eſcape, and brought the dreadful news to the chief, ſaying, "Yeſterday there was report in the city of Ganja, that a body of Lazgui inroaders had croſſed the river Cur, which is to the eaſt of the town, about ſix miles diſtance. In the afternoon Mohammed Haſſan Khan marched with his troops to meet them and give them battle. The people never ſuſpected that his march out of the place was a kind of ſtratagem, in order to make us Chriſtians eaſy in mind, and reſt ſatisfied without giving information. Laſt night, about ten o'clock, I and another Armenian ſat out from Ganja, and having come half of the way, diſcovered to the eaſtward a great body of horſe. They ſeeing us, gallopped towards us, and took my companion, but I made my eſcape by flight. As it was very dark, they could neither ſee nor find me out, ſince the horſe are obliged to keep with the foot. I ran all the way to let you know, before their coming up, that you may be able to put yourſelf upon your guard."

The chief had no more than forty men, with Aga Beg, commander of his body guards; and being greatly diſtreſſed, without knowing

knowing how to act, was aſhamed of himſelf for not hearing Emin's advice; and out of politeneſs did not ſend any perſon to wake him. Having divided the men into four unequal parts, he poſted five of them, with himſelf and his ſon Beglar, behind a large rock, in the middle of the brow of that hill under which ſtood Gedaſhen. The ſecond diviſion conſiſted of twelve men, and the third of thirteen; and he placed them ſeverally in the mouth of two vallies to the right and left of the village, reaching like two arms down to the river, ſo as to form almoſt a ſemicircle, in order to annoy the enemy who ſhould come down that way. In this manner he made a diſpoſition with his few men, and ſtood waiting to receive the enemy. Mohammed Haſſan Khan, who, two hours before ſun-riſe, at the head of 2000 Kizelbaſhes, 2000 Mahometan foot, and 500 Ganja Armenians, arrived and took poſſeſſion of the breaſt-work on the top of the village, mentioned before; finding thoſe two eaſy paſſages guarded, he ordered the men to fire by vollies down to the village, in hope of frightening the inhabitants into conſternation, having intelligence before of the fooliſh plan of Yuſup, whoſe men were to go out holiday making; and not in the leaſt doubting

ing of ſucceſs, took for granted that he ſhould eaſily be in poſſeſſion of the tribe, ſince the Armenians of Gedaſhen on the other hand, with its treacherous burghmaſter Aratun, were his ſubjects, and would help within the place to promote his baſe deſigns. But Aratun, who, jealous of Yuſup's power, had encouraged the khan to undertake that expedition, happened to be ſecured that very night. He knew not indeed the diabolical intention of his maſter, who came not only to enſlave Yuſup's clan, but to ſell him alſo, and his twelve other villages, to the Tartars and Lazguis; ſo that the captives would amount to 18,000 ſouls.

In that dreadful inſtant, the report of ſo many thouſand fire-arms, the great noiſe of the Mahometans, crying "*Allah! Allah!*" the lamentable cries of the Chriſtians, with their helpleſs families and innocent children, ſtarting out of their beds, awakened Emin out of his ſleep, not a little ſurprized at the diſturbance. No ſooner had he come out of the houſe, than he found the condition of thoſe poor creatures, and ſaw the ſad ſituation of the chief, who ſhrunk behind the rock with his ſon and five men, preparing to run away. Emin cried out to him, ſaying, "Chief, I find

you want to act raſhly; let your horſe go, this is not a time to mount, for the place is too ſteep for galloping up, or ruſhing on the enemy ſword in hand." He underſtood the meaning of Emin's words, let go the horſe's reins, and aſked him, in great confuſion, what they ſhould do? Emin ſaid, "Mind your buſineſs; perſevere with patience; and when (*by the help of God*) you have finiſhed the day's work, you *ſhall drink wine again.*" In the mean time, he ſaw the twelve mountaineers marching down, and they honeſtly told him, that they were going to run away. They added, in anger, "We wiſh the devil had our chief, who did not follow your advice, and has got himſelf into this ſcrape! what can ſo few hands do againſt ſo many thouſands, *pouring like a deluge, ready to drown us all?*" He ſaid, "*It is a ſhame for* you to fly. Can you bear the thought of having your wives defiled by the Mahomedans? Can you live with a good conſcience, after hearing that your harmleſs children have been made captives, and ſold like cattle to the infidels? I, who have neither of thoſe heart-deſtroying objects in view, am ready to die with a good will, and to loſe my life like a man, and a true Chriſtian." They ſaid, "You

muſt have been inſpired by ſome miracle; let us know it; then we will ſtand by you." He had the preſence of mind to ſay, "Yes; half an hour ago I invoked St. John the Baptiſt, who appeared to me in his glory, and ſaid, Riſe from thy bed; go, tell the Armenians, that victory is on their ſide, if two or three of them will but ſtand: I am St. John the Baptiſt, and will fight for them."

No ſooner had they heard this, than they turned their faces towards the enemy, who were all the while firing, and making a noiſe, ſaying, "Glory to Mahomed! Sword and fire to the Caffers!" It was highly pleaſing to obſerve the exertion of thoſe brave fellows; how they climbed up the hill; ruſhed on, like angry lions, into the thickeſt of the enemy's fire, and put them almoſt in confuſion; for about ſeven minutes they ſeemed as if they were loſt among the multitude. From the left and right came thoſe that were poſted; and the chief, with his ſon and five men, followed the example with equal courage. They opened the firſt Perſian they had killed; after cutting his head off, and taking out his heart, they dipt it in the river; a ſuperſtition in great credit among them; for they believe that by ſo doing, they cauſe a panic throughout

the

the enemy's forces. And ſo it happened; for they began to take to their heels. In the heat of the action, the brave Armenians cut off three heads, and killed 100 horſes. They brought the heads, and threw them down before Emin; aſking, if the Engliſh (whom he had been praiſing) could fight as well as they? The Perſians were really ſo much panic-ſtruck, that the Armenians grew wildly courageous; and two of them, without making uſe either of fire-arms or ſwords, ran towards the enemy, caught by the neck two Perſians, and brought them to the chief.

When the enemy loſt the ground where they were poſted, Ballah Mahomed, the ſecond in command, mounted on a very fine horſe, with ſword in hand, rallied a great part of the broken army, ſeeing the ſmall number of the Armenians; encouraging ſome, and abuſing others, in language becoming all Mahomedan nations. Then, having put himſelf at the head of them, he returned very ſlowly back, till within ſixty yards of the Armenians; when he began to inſult Yuſup the chief, and to threaten furiouſly, ſaying, that within half an hour he ſhould be in poſſeſſion of the clan; that he would ſlay all the fighting men with the ſword of Mortza Aly; vio-

late his women before his eyes, and ſell the captives to the Lazguis. He added, that he dreamed the preceding night, that he was amuſing himſelf with the Armenian young married women; and that the virgins were ſent, by Mahomed the great prophet, to his ſeraglio.

That ſpeech was ſufficient to provoke God and man! It made the chief look round quite exaſperated; and, in a hurry, he ordered Aga Beg, his uſpaſhy or centurion, to fire at him. The gallant Armenian, inſtead of pointing his gun, took a large leather bag of ſnuff out of his pocket, with a ſtring about a yard and a half long, and, opening it with the utmoſt compoſure, preſented it to his chief, ſaying, "Sir, do not be out of patience; take a pinch; the abominable words of Ballah Mahomed will break his neck, and thoſe of his cowardly Perſians." Then offering the ſnuff to Emin, he ſaid, "I hope, Sir, you are not afraid, like my maſter, who will not take a pinch of ſnuff, though very fond of it." Emin took it, and ſaid, "My brave countryman, my mother would not have given me milk when I was born, if ſhe had thought I ſhould ever be afraid." He replied, "Thou art the man whom we wanted;" and levelled his piece at the

the Perſian. At the ſnapping of the lock, Ballah Mahomed turned his horſe quickly, leaning his body over its left ſide; but the ball took him behind, and overthrew him headlong upon the ground. The valiant troops, ſeeing the fate of their commander, took to their heels, dropping their arms, and flew like a broken herd; when his own ſervants, *with much difficulty*, carried off the dead corpſe of their maſter; which completed the victory. On the enemy's ſide were forty heads cut off, fifty fine horſes killed, 500 men wounded, of whom 300 died a few days after in their own houſes. The loſs on the Armenian ſide was but four men.

After purſuing the enemy very cloſe about two miles, Emin thought it proper to call the Armenians back; and retreated to Gedaſhen, with an expectation, in their way, of picking up the enemy's arms, or part of their baggage. But there was not a ſingle thing left; for the Armenian women, availing themſelves of the opportunity, had carried all away, and concealed them ſo as none could be diſcovered; nor would they confeſs the truth to their covetous chief, who did his utmoſt to exact at leaſt a few of them, but to no purpoſe. Emin was ſurprized to find them ſo firm and reſo-

lute, as not to be tempted by the flattering promiſes of the chief, who examined them one by one, and aſſured each, that he would not take away her own booty, provided ſhe would betray the others. The anſwer they made was no more than this: "Sir, we know nothing of it, nor do we betray any one." But when Emin ſent for them to his quarters, they had ſo great confidence in him, that they confeſſed the truth, and gave a very good reaſon for their conduct; ſaying, "When our children are grown up to manhood, the chief (who is no better than a heathen) will require arms, which they will be obliged to buy with their own money; if they can afford it, very well; if not, he will beat them almoſt to death: therefore we are under a neceſſity to deny the truth, in order to ſave our young ones from the oppreſſion and tyranny of the chief, whom we ſaw at the beginning of the battle almoſt terrified, and going to mount his horſe to run away, and leave us a prey to the Mahomedans. God knows what would have become of us poor wretches, if you had not been here! But Providence ſent you to ſave us from that everlaſting deſtruction, both of body and ſoul." Then they cried bitterly; ſaying, "May God in heaven proſper and protect

protect you! Take no notice of what we have ſaid to you." Then they went away to their habitations. This circumſtance Emin never diſcloſed to any till this moment.

When the battle was ſuppoſed to be decided, all the fighting Armenians ran and kiſſed Emin's hand; thanking him for his behaviour, and boldly uſing ſeveral ſarcaſtical words, in regard to Yuſup's puſillanimous conduct; and this before his face. In the afternoon of that very day, the enemy, headed again by Mahomed Huſſan Khan, with freſh troops, which were ſent to join him by Shaverdy Khan his father, together with ſome field-pieces, battering-cannons, and ſwivels on the backs of camels, marched in good order toward Gedaſhen; and poſted upon a hill, about a ſmall gun-ſhot's diſtance to the eaſtward of the burying-ground; where the 500 Armenians who had been abſent, had the day before arrived from their villages, and had raiſed a breaſt-work of huge ſtones, ſo as to ſhelter them in caſe of a ſurprize by night. The enemy began a few random ſhots, and at the ſame time made a great noiſe, with an intention to frighten; but to no effect. The brave Armenians, inſtead of returning the fire, laughed at them. The night coming on,

about twelve o'clock, Emin propoſed to Yuſup, the chief, a ſcheme to ſurprize the enemy's camp; and as the men were ready to undertake the expedition, it would have been very eaſy, if Yuſup had conſented. But he made ſome frivolous excuſes; thanking Emin for his readineſs and reſolution, and ſaying, "In caſe Melech Hatham, the chief of Charrabert, ſhould happen to be with Mahomed Huſſan Khan, ten to one he will meet with ſome accident from our men; ſo that the friendſhip which now ſubſiſts between us, will become an everlaſting enmity; nor will our enemies be ſorry for it. Although Hatham is careſſed and bribed by Shaverdy, father to Mahomed Huſſan Khan, yet in his heart he is our friend and brother." Emin ſaid, "Had he been with the khan, he would have come over to ſee you; for the diſtance between you and the enemy is but very ſmall;" ſo that both armies could hear each other over the ſmall valley, if they ſpoke loud. However, no expoſtulation could perſuade Yuſup to acquieſce; the little courage which, by the ſtrength of good wine, he had in the morning, was then gone out of his head.

The backwardneſs of his behaviour excited wonder and contempt in his men; who ſaid, "Our

"Our chief was the braveſt man in this country, having killed no fewer than 400 Mahomedans with his own hand in different actions; but he is totally changed; nor is he the ſame man whom we have before ſeen!" Emin comforted them, ſaying, "Never mind it, my brave countrymen, he will recover his ſpirit; courage is like appetite; ſometimes it will be preſent, and at other times abſent. I have ſeen in my travels ſeveral inſtances of the kind, even in Frankiſtan, among the officers and ſoldiers: at one time the men would face lions, when their courage was preſent; at another time, they were frightened at a dog's barking. Perſons of ſenſe and experience will not be ſo inconſiderate as wholly to condemn him, but will ſtill retain their reſpect for him. I beg you will not be too haſty in your opinion of your noble chief, who has for twenty years protected your families, and defended the tribe." They anſwered, "God in heaven bleſs you! your reaſons are good; but we cannot help blaming that courage, which at this critical time has abandoned our chief, who is not even willing to let you manage the buſineſs."

During the whole night, Emin continued expoſtulating with, and comforting them.

But

But one Eyvaz, a native of Iravan, in the chief's ſervice, a very daſtardly fellow, was within a hair's breadth of ſpoiling every thing, and defeating the inexpreſſible pains which Emin took to keep the men from deſerting, through the unfortunate conduct of Yuſup. This man fetched a very deep ſigh, as if it had been from the bottom of his wicked heart, and groaning heavily, with a diſmal voice, he ſaid, "Great Sir, and my dear brethren; thirteen long years have paſſed ſince we have carried arms, and never reſted in quiet; always in war and troubles, without relief!" His cowardly ſpeech had ſuch an effect on the minds of the men, that they began to whiſper, and, in about five minutes, were going to march off. Emin, obſerving the condition they were in, made a terrible noiſe, inſulted Eyvaz with fury, and reprimanded him, ſaying, "Nature never beſtowed the two bleſſings at once on any man living, to enjoy the pleaſures of voluptuouſneſs, and to have his fame celebrated. Thou art a dirty ſpot among theſe brave fellows. Corogly, the Turk, uſed to ſay, in his heroic ſongs to his men before they engaged, Laka ogurmaſen meidana jundan baſdan guichan gunyder;" that is, Let no black ſpot (or coward) appear in this field

of

of action, but him that has forgotten his life and head. This verſe Emin repeated to them ſinging very loud; and they, inſtead of running away, began to twirl their whiſkers, and, grumbling like tigers, were very near putting an end to poor Eyvaz's life, had not Emin prevented them. They all ſaid to him, "You are the man to ſave us." Yuſup alſo complimented him, ſaying, "God has ſent you to take care of us; what would have become of us, if you had not been here!"

In that manner they paſſed the whole night. Early in the morning, they ſaw Melech Hatham, with half-a-dozen horſemen, arrive at Mahomed Huſſan Khan's camp, and diſmount near his tent, and enter it. Preſently after, he, with Johannes the Catholicus of Ganja, accompanied by two of Huſſan's officers, came over to Yuſup's camp, with a propoſal of treating for peace, on condition that he would return to Shameor, to the north-weſt of Ganja, and become ſubject, as before, to Shaverdy Khan, his father. Yuſup laughed, and ſaid, "Yeſterday we were but forty in all, yet did not yield; to-day we are 500 ſtrong. Mahomed Huſſan Khan is miſtaken, nor will his threatening artillery have the ſmalleſt effect: on the contrary, by God's aſſiſtance, in two hours

hours time it ſhall be our property. You, Hatham, through avarice, and the bribes of that falſe Mahomedan, are perſuading me to go over to him, and ſubmit to his diabolical government; but his wicked deſign is to make an end of me firſt, and then to fall upon you like a wolf. The preſents given by him are depoſited in your coffers; but, one day or other, you will be very glad to return them to him, and yourſelf will fall a victim to his treachery. As for your fidelity to him, it is mere infatuation, with good intentions in your own heart! I wiſh we had known that you were not with him laſt night, we might have followed Emin's advice, which would have ſaved us from the trouble of hearing his haughty meſſage. I beg therefore you will be kind enough to withdraw yourſelf from that fellow, that we may a ſecond time hazard our fortune with him." Hatham ſaid, "That cannot be done; I am not a Mahomedan; I have taken my oath on the Holy Scripture, either to make a good underſtanding between you and Mahomed Huſſan, or to return to him upon amicable terms. As far as I can underſtand, Mahomed Huſſan is already frightened out of his ſenſes by yeſterday's affair, and had no reſt all the night; ſending me three troopers after one another,

another, requeſting me to go to him. [The diſtance between the khan and Hatham was twelve Engliſh miles; Hatham was at a place called Sernabad, an Armenian village, ſubject to Shaverdy Khan.] I delayed, pretending ſickneſs, and hoping that our noble prince Emin would ſurprize the enemy's camp, and take the khan alive. As ſoon as I arrived, the commanders and the troops declared openly, that they were ready to march off, and leave the khan with his domeſtics in the lurch. But you have ſaid, with your own lips, that you would not ſuffer Emin to decide the buſineſs at once. Now you are talking big, and pleading excuſes! But I ſee you have loſt your courage, and are not the ſame Yuſup that we knew before. Grant that I had been with the khan, and had met the ſame fate with him; yet my ſon is alive; you would have had the glory; and he would have ſucceeded me."

While Hatham and the Mahomedan officers were partly treating, and partly threatening, that they might perſuade Yuſup to march back, or ſubmit to the khan, one of his men ſhot a large bird of prey flying over the dead bodies; and thinking it a good omen (for the enemy's ſide were firing up at the ſame time, but none of them could kill any), he brought

it,

it, and threw it down before Yuſup. He was a Turk, the only one of the Mahomedan party, named Babba; and he thus expreſſed himſelf: "Dæſhmannin bryla olſen buegem;" that is to ſay, My prince, may your enemy become like this. He hoped to be rewarded by Yuſup, who ordered Mirza Voſcan, his Armenian ſecretary, to give him three rupees only, with a few empty words; for the chief's avarice words cannot expreſs! But poor Emin, having at that time in his pocket a few Venetian half-zeckins, gave the man one of them. He toſſed it up three times in the air, and caught it; and then made ſeven very low bows to him, ſaying, "Dovlatan ziad olſen!" that is to ſay, May your proſperity increaſe! When this was ſeen by the Perſians, and Hatham, who was ſitting by Yuſup, they were much ſurprized; and Hatham whiſpering in Yuſup's ear, aſked, if Emin had any more of thoſe gold pieces brought from England? He anſwered, yes; and ſaid, that when he firſt came thither, he made him a preſent of 500 whole zeckins, his lady of 400, his eldeſt ſon 300, his youngeſt ſon 200, and his daughter 100; and that very morning had made an harangue to the fighting men, and promiſed, on their behaving gallantly, to give five to each of them,

them, for every Mahomedan's head, or every priſoner, that they brought from the field of battle. Hatham, in great amazement, communicated the information to the Perſians, who looked as pale as death; then caſting his eyes towards a Khurchin double portmanteau, made of fine Perſian carpet, within twenty yards diſtance from them, guarded by twelve ſtout armed mountaineers, he aſked Yuſup, what that was? He (having had previous inſtructions from Emin) told him, that it was full of Venetian zeckins, which he had ſhewn the men, and ordered them to guard it; promiſing, that it ſhould be opened as ſoon as the enemy's meſſengers were gone away. "I wiſh," added Yuſup, "you would not ſtay five minutes with your beloved khan, after having returned his inſolent meſſage, and told him to prepare for battle; ſince we are reſolved to fight, and rather to die than ſubmit to his will; and (by God's aſſiſtance) we ſhall ſee his whole army lying dead among the ſtones of theſe mountains. Hatham, depart! for ten to one the men will mutiny if you ſtay any longer." This haughty language made them believe, that the bag really contained money; they not knowing that Emin had filled it to the brim with

with hard ſtones the night before, in the preſence of Yuſup and his men.

When Hatham went away to the khan, ten minutes had not paſſed, before he came back again alone on horſeback, with moſt humble compliments from the khan, and begged for peace. Yuſup referred it to Emin, whoſe expectation being anſwered, he granted peace with ſeeming backwardneſs, and ſaid, "Sir, it is for your ſake that we conſent; otherwiſe the khan, with his numerous army, would not have exiſted in this world to ſee the next day." Hatham alſo begged, as a favour, that Yuſup's youngeſt ſon Abar, about ſeven years of age, might go with him to Ganja, for the ſafety of the khan and his army, leſt they ſhould be annoyed by the mountaineers in the paſſes of Karajagdy, Emin having, the night before, ſent forty men to ſecure it. (The word Karajagdy, in the Turkiſh language, ſignifies the firſt fall of ſnow.) It is very difficult for an army to paſs thoſe mountains. Abar was allowed to go with the enemy back to Ganja, and he returned in thirty-ſix hours with a khalat from Shaverdy Khan, who had charged him expreſsly to ſay to his father, in the khan's

name, "That Engliſh gueſt of your's ſaved you and your people from deſtruction. Go, pray to God firſt; then entertain him with due reſpect and honour: he alone deſerves the praiſe of victory over my ſon:—neither you, nor your men, muſt pretend to have the leaſt ſhare in it. But I am aſſured, that you, giddy-headed and ungrateful Yuſup! will, through the envy and jealouſy of your bad heart, ſoon ſend him away from your ſtation, and then we ſhall again try how you will conduct yourſelf a ſecond time. While he remains there, you may drink wine, and ſleep in peace: but woe be to you when he ſhall depart!" Yuſup, hearing all this from his ſon, was convinced, that Shaverdy Khan would not eaſily forgive him, nor ſpare a grain of corn in Shameor; ſo that he ſtood a chance of loſing his life by halting at Gedaſhen. Neceſſity therefore obliged him to follow Emin's juſt counſel; and he tarried at Gedaſhen no longer than twenty-four hours after that menacing or propheſying meſſage from the khan: he then iſſued a proclamation, in the afternoon, for the tribe to move from that place; and in a day and a half they arrived ſafe over the ſnow, at their own habitation, called the country of Kreſhetzy, with a

citadel named Gulſtan, on a high mountain. They only loſt a poor old woman by the ſeverity of the cold. Ibrahim Khan, the ſovereign of Carabagh, or head of the five Armenian chiefs, provided them with all ſorts of proviſion for nine months, till the new crop of the tribe was ripe. They had been very diligent in the autumn, and came thirty leagues from Shameor to ſow every inch of their land; and they calculated, that when the corn ſhould be gathered in, it would ſuffice for five years without tilling the ground. No country in all Armenia, Georgia, or Perſia, is ſo fertile as that of Carabagh, where one pound of ſeed produces 110 of grain. A ſtute load of wheat was ſold for five abaſis, or Engliſh ſhillings. It is the propereſt country to carry on war in, and to maintain liberty with eaſe. They have another valuable advantage over others, that the corn continues good for ten years, and remains as freſh as the new grain; whereas others, particularly in Georgia, hardly continues ſound for the ſpace of eighteen months, growing both bitter and full of inſects. As for all ſorts of fruits, they are in abundance; and ſilk, cotton, and wool, in great plenty. In other places, the fuel is chiefly the dung of cows, ſheep, or horſes;

but in Carabagh, it is wood, for there is no village without a foreſt near it. In other parts, ewes have lambs once in the year; at Carabagh, twice—in the ſpring, and at the beginning of January. In ſhort, they have all things in the world but one, which is the queen of all—prudent management; which ſeems to have bidden farewel to the inhabitants of Carabagh; and one may with good aſſurance ſay, to all Aſia.

While Yuſup was ſubſiſting on Ibrahim Khan's proviſion, Emin was treated like his hereditary prince; but no ſooner had he brought his own grain home, than he was totally changed: and one day, at the end of ten months, he ſent his couſin, Papa Beg, to ſay, that his fame was too great for his country; that he was apprehenſive of the Mahomedan princes in the environs; and that himſelf was a ſubject to Ibrahim Khan, who was a Perſian. He therefore begged that Emin would conſider his ſituation, and leave the place as ſoon as he could. This return of gratitude, Emin received from Yuſup;—this was his reward, for ſaving him and 18,000 Chriſtians from deſtruction or ſlavery,—and that only with a little European management, half a Venetian zeckin, and a bag full of

ſtones. Here Emin was again left deſtitute, devoting his heart and mind to the will of God, who is our Father, and the beſt of all friends.

He ſet out with a ſingle ſervant towards Gantzaſar, a day and a half's journey, where the Catholicus Johannes of Carabagh reſides, with half a dozen monks. Johannes received him with all the politeneſs imaginable; but was unhappy to hear the ungrateful uſage of Yuſup, lamenting the fatal ſituation of Emin, who, through mere neceſſity, had come to the country of his inveterate enemy, who was really thirſty for his blood, meaning Ibrahim Khan of Shoſha, the king of the five Armenian chiefs, and adviſed him in a friendly manner, judging it moſt prudent to go to the khan himſelf, before he could demand him as a priſoner; "for," he ſaid, "the khan's ſpies are every where upon the mountains:—who knows but he may take a bad reſolution into his Mahomedan head, and order his horſemen to kill you; and, through you, to murder me alſo, with my monks, and thus overturn the monaſtery." In that very juncture, came in one of the Curds of the Colany clan, who happened to be one of thoſe whom Emin, at the head of 2,000 Lazguis, enſlaved the

pre-

preceding year, by the ſide of the freſh lake of Gegham. The Curd underſtood the Armenian language, and laughed at Johannes the Catholicus, ſaying, "Sir, you need not be in the leaſt apprehenſive for that noble ſtranger's life, although, in his expedition, he carried our tribe into captivity: he could not do otherwiſe, having a number of barbarians under his guidance to provide for: and again, through motives of humanity and compaſſion, he ſaved us all from ſlavery; nor, when it was in his power, could he be tempted to admit the moſt beautiful of our women into his company. We have given an account of his virtuous behaviour to Ibrahim Khan, our lord and maſter, who is not ignorant of his gallant conduct at the battle of Gedaſhen, againſt Shaverdy Khan's ſon, Mahomed Huſſan, which delivered the ungrateful Yuſup, and his people, and other Armenians, to the amount of 18,000. If Yuſup had had ſenſe, he would never have parted with Emin, nor have given you ſo much unneceſſary reaſon to be frightened. It is my belief, that no one in the world, not even our khan, dare to moleſt him; but if they ſhould, God in heaven will deſtroy them, and root out their families from the face of the earth. To be ſhort with you,

Khalifa, (or great monk,) if you are really afraid to let him lodge or reſt this night in your monaſtery, I will take him to my own tent; he ſhall ſtay there as long as he pleaſes, and may go with me to the khan when he chuſes, without compulſion." He added, "You may very well ſuppoſe, Sir, he could eſcape death this very inſtant, ſince he came through the very midſt of our clan, whoſe tents are pitched at the bottom of this hill, and extend a mile along it. Our men, women, girls, and boys, know him perfectly, and were not a little ſtartled at the firſt ſight of him; for they imagined he was again leading on the Lazguis army.—Upon my honour, and by my ſword! they were more glad to ſee him again, than you are afraid for him. As he came on without taking notice of us, he gave us no time to invite him to our entertainments." Catholicus, hearing all the man ſaid, thanked him, and ſuffered Emin to ſtay in the monaſtery and ſleep there, where Johannes and his monks did as much to comfort and pray for him, as they curſed and abominated Yuſup's unmanly cruel uſage, ſaying, that he was the worſt of brutes, not to know the value of Emin, who had been his only deliverer.

The

The next day, very early in the morning, Johannes gave Emin a letter to Ibrahim Khan; the purport of which was as follows: "May it pleaſe your Highneſs, the bearer of this my humble addreſs is Emin, the ſon of Joſeph, of the tribe of Emin, a native of Hamadan, in the kingdom of Erakiſtan, in Perſia, whoſe character is well known to your Highneſs, ſince he has been often talked of, being chiefly educated in the wars of Frankiſtan. He, by the dint of his courage, has been honoured with the notice and protection of the greateſt Chriſtian princes of that famous quarter of the world, particularly by the celebrated Engliſh nation, and through whom he was, by the mighty Ruſſians, recommended ſtrongly to Heraclius, the valli of Gurgiſtan, as his only Engliſh officer. After ſerving under him above a year, in lieu of reward for his meritorious conduct in ſeveral actions againſt the Dagiſtan Lazguis, he was driven out of Tiffliz, and obliged again to croſs over the mountains of Caucaſus. One muſt ſuppoſe this to have happened through an unreaſonable jealouſy, which is natural to that unthinking nation. Finding, therefore, no place to have recourſe to, he betook himſelf to Dagiſtan, and lived there above two years and a half.

As your Highneſs well knows, he marched at the head of 2,000 Lazguis, up to Ganja, and confounded the plan of Shaverdy Khan the tyrant, your inveterate enemy, by enſlaving the tribe of the Colan Curds. His moſt Chriſtian behaviour towards the female captives, and his compaſſion to the men, during their captivity of ſix days, are remarkable; and, at the ſame time, he became the only author of their delivery. They are now under your Highneſs's protection, and will vouch for him without my giving unneceſſary trouble. Afterwards, coming back laſt year to Gedaſhen, he defeated Mahomed Huſſan Khan, the ſon of Shaverdy, having ſaved Melech Yuſup and his family, with the whole clan, and other adjacent Chriſtian villages. This was the means of their happy return back to their native mountains, under ſubjection to your Highneſs, on whom God beſtow a long life of 120 years, with ſucceſs and happineſs to defend us Chriſtians. Laſtly, he is coming into your preſence of his own accord, without compulſion:—do as you think beſt with him:—but as far as I can find, he is not in the leaſt afraid, nor in the want of friends, nor of being received by your Highneſs with kind attention, as he has been by the princes of Frankiſtan,

tan, and even, moſt ſingularly, by the ſavage Lazguis of Dagiſtan, who are enemies to all the nations of the univerſe. So, may peace be unto you, and may humanity ſo poſſeſs your heart, that the law of hoſpitality, ordained by the patriarch Ibrahim, may guide your mind to receive your noble gueſt. I am your *Johannes*, the ſervant of Chriſt, and Catholicus of *Gantzaſar*."

Emin, with this ſhort hiſtorical letter, ſet out, accompanied by his old ſervant Iſaac, who juſt at that very inſtant had come thither to ſee him. Iſaac's houſe was at Shoſhu, where, when they arrived, they found that the khan was gone out for a few days, to ſettle ſome affairs by the ſide of the river Cur. The writing was delivered to Agaſy Beg, the khan's vakeel (or agent), who immediately ordered Iſaac to conduct Emin to Melik Mirzakhan's houſe, to be entertained there till the khan's return. As Mirzakhan was abſent, his old lady, agreeably to orders, took very great care of Emin, and treated him very hoſpitably; but ſhe could not help expreſſing a great ſorrow for his precarious ſituation; ſaying to him, "Sir, you have done very wrong in coming on your own feet to the place of execution: you will hardly eſcape the

the fury of Ibrahim, of whom you are a rival: he has heard of you before, and would have been glad to have found a man, for any ſum of money, to undertake aſſaſſinating you. How could you be ſo imprudent? Why did not you go among the brave Lazguis again? Curſe on Melik Yuſup, for not letting you ſtay with him, whom you delivered from deſtruction! I am aſſured it is his wicked deſign to ſend you hither to fall a ſacrifice, that he may ſhew his fidelity to Ibrahim. I wiſh God would take away our five chiefs, who by their own diſcord made us ſubject to thoſe infidels. May it pleaſe you to hear; I will give you an account of the whole hiſtory of them. When Nadir Shah was murdered by his rebellious nations, Panah the father of this Ibrahim, who was a Jarchee, and formerly our ſubject in the ſervice of Nadir, came hither from the country of Khoraſan, with no more than eighteen families. Our ſtupid unthinking chiefs entitled him Khan, and elected him ſovereign of this inacceſſible place, the circumference of which is ſeven long miles, fortified, as you ſee, with ſtrong walls and towers, built with ſtone at their own expence. The neighbouring defenceleſs Mahomedans, and other nations from Khoraſan,

raſan, hearing of this, came daily, monthly, and yearly; and within three years Panah was made ſo formidable, as to become one of the firſt pretenders for the empire of Perſia, Armenia, and Georgia. While he was on good terms with the chiefs, he ſucceeded in every undertaking and expedition; but when he grew intoxicated with pride, and gained continual advantage by the diſunion of the chiefs, he preſumed to lay violent hands on them, and killed Alahyirdy Sultan, the firſt of the four chiefs; Melik Hatham, his nephew, narrowly eſcaped. The mothers of the two chiefs, and their wives, were tortured to death with hot irons. Melik Tumuraz, Yuſup's uncle, was in concert with Panah Khan, ſo were Melik Shoknagar and Melik Iſay. My huſband at that time was only burgo-maſter of Khutzoraſtan, which you ſaw in your way hither. Hatham, when he went to Charrabert, his country, was immediately acknowledged as hereditary chief; and Melik Tumuraz of Threſhetzy was ſent to him by Panah Khan, to make uſe of his rhetoric to bring him, if poſſible, over to the khan; but it was of no effect: the poor old man was ſtrangled by Hatham's people, and thrown into a ditch like a dog.

It

It was ſuſpected that Yuſup, his nephew, had a hand in the murder, which gave a turn in favour of his intereſt. He alſo was elected chief of the tribe of Threſhetzy. Melik Shoknagar, of the country of Varanda, the cauſe of all this miſchief and diſcord, was a true friend of Panah, a learned man in the Perſian language, and the eſtabliſher of the Mahomedans in our mountains: he was a ſon of Belzabub, not worthy of the name of a Chriſtian; and was huſband to two wives, who are daughters of one father and mother, and have been kept here in this fort for ſecurity to this day; and Melik Iſay, of the country of Dizok, with his family, and my poor huſband Melik Mirzakhan of Khatzen, were obliged for ſeveral years paſt to unite with Panah; who, with his whole force, joined us againſt Melik Hatham and Melik Yuſup our countrymen and fellow Chriſtians, who were almoſt exhauſted during the war. Theſe two laſt chiefs, having four thouſand families their ſubjects, neglected agriculture through continual war, being almoſt every day in action, ſome of them were killed in battle, and ſome fled to Shurvan for a livelihood; but their reduction was greatly owing to the valli of Gurgiſtan: when they went to him, in hopes either to ſettle in his

his dominions, or obtain a reinforcement, he being too cunning to wiſh that the Armenians ſhould thrive, entertained them by falſe promiſes for five years; but at their own expence. When Fataly Khan, the ovſhar of Romia near Tabriz, the great pretender to the kingdom of Perſia, (who came at laſt, and was killed by Carim Khan the preſent king,) was marching at the head of forty thouſand Perſians; then thoſe two chiefs, Hatham of Charrabert, and Yuſup of Threſhetzy, came from Georgia, joined Fataly, and forced Panah Khan into his fortified town of Shoſhu. After a ſiege of above a year, the place ſurrendered; and Punah ſent his ſon, the preſent Ibrahim Khan, as an hoſtage. Fataly was going to enter the place, but three days after, fortunately for the inhabitants, he marched to the relief of his native city, Romia, againſt Carim Khan; but he was totally defeated and driven into the town, in company with Ibrahim Carim. After a regular ſiege of eighteen months, almoſt ſtarving them, Fataly, nearly exhauſted, being obliged to come out, with a ſcymitar ſlung over his neck, laid himſelf at the feet of Carim Khan; whoſe brother Zaky having revolted in Iſpahan, he, through neceſſity, went back with his whole army,

army, which ſaved us the pain of ſeeing them; nay, even the valli of Gurgiſtan might have fallen a victim, like the competitors. Panah went over to Carim, immediately after hearing of his victory over Fataly, and of the long ſiege which his ſon Ibrahim ſtood in the town, whom he relieved; and went himſelf with Carim to Shiraz, where he made his laſt will, pretending that he was dying; in which he begged of Carim Khan, that his ſuppoſed dead corpſe might be carried in a coffin and buried in the mountains of Armanſtan: but good Carim's miniſters were too cunning to let their maſter be impoſed on by Panah; and petitioned his Highneſs that he might have the honour of a funeral proceſſion, and be buried near Carim's beloved brother Scander Khan at Cumiſha, four or five days journey from Shiraz, towards Iſpahan. While Panah was with Carim, thoſe two chiefs, Hatham and Yuſup, for fear he ſhould lead the king of Perſia and his army to Carabagh, the conſequence of which would have been the means of their total ruin, thought it neceſſary to return a ſecond time to Tiffliz to crave again the empty protection of Heraclius; but in their way, Shaverdy tempted them with fair words, and they

ſettled

ſettled at Shameor. In that very year you came to Tiflliz. The Nakhychuan Meleks in Shoſhu imagining that Heraclius, by the intereſt and recommendation of the Ruſſian empire, would aſſiſt you with his force, began to correſpond with you by letters, and the whole contents of your anſwers were laid by that wicked Armenian ſecular prieſt Johannes before *Ibrahim*; who, after having read them to the Meleks, ſwore by all the ſaints above, that he would keep the ſecret. What do you think of yourſelf now? Will Ibrahim let you eſcape his vengeance? I am aſſured that he will kill you when he ſees you." Here ſhe began to ſhed tears, with her daughter, a child about ſeven years old. Emin could not help being ſenſible of her juſt concern, but was not in the leaſt ſolicitous for himſelf; and did not open his lips all the time ſhe was ſpeaking, nor for half an hour after her finiſhing it. She then ſpoke again, aſking, what would be his fate? Emin ſaid, "Madam, do you know that there is a greater prince, who is my protector, and who has a hundred thouſand times more power than Ibrahim?" She interrupted him, ſeemingly in anger, ſaying, "Yes, Sir; I know that the king of England, and all the Chriſtian princes in Frankiſtan, are

are your friends; but they are too far off to deliver you from the hands of this wild beaſt." Emin ſaid, "Madam, give me permiſſion to explain the matter to you. I can aſſure you that my friend is nearer to me than Ibrahim the Mahomedan." A ſecond time ſhe interrupted him, ſaying, "Yes, to be ſure, I am nearer ſtill, and my motherly heart breaks for you. You are not much longer for this world. I wiſh I never had ſeen you." She then wept again bitterly. Emin ſaid, a little louder, "My dear mother, lady Mirzakhan, God is my friend; never fear." At that word, ſhe all at once refrained from weeping; her affliction was no more; and ſhe ſaid, "Since you have ſuch faith, I am confident, no one in this world will be able to moleſt you." Her little daughter, ſeeing her mother ſo quickly grow cheerful, flew to the ſervants and ordered dinner; her innocent heart was in as much concern as that of her good mother; who that very evening adviſed him to ſee Melik Iſay of Dizah, and learn what he could do for him in regard to Ibrahim.

When Emin went to Iſay's houſe, he was quite terrified, curſed Yuſup as much as the lady, ordered a handſome ſupper, and told

Emin

Emin that he could by no means venture to interpoſe in his behalf. When he returned to his quarters, he ſaid nothing to the good lady, but ſlept there quietly; and the next morning, hearing that Ibrahim was returned, called God to his aſſiſtance, went without any body to introduce him to the durbar, or levee, of Ibrahim, which he held before the door in an open place. Before he came near enough to make his ſalam, or bow, in a great crowd, Ibrahim's officers met him cheerfully, with all the politeneſs imaginable, and made him breakfaſt with them upon bread and cheeſe, and a very fine muſk melon, brought for the khan from Nakhychevan. In that place it is a great rarity. Afterwards they preſented him to the khan, and the elders of the Colan Curds proceeded verbally to prefer their petition as follows: "May it pleaſe you, our mighty Khan! this noble ſtranger, who is well known to all the world, and was brought up in Frankiſtan in the art of war, is come over with reſolute intention to reſcue his countrymen, the Armenians, from their ſubjection to us and all the Muſulmans, who, of courſe, are his inexorable enemies: but what of that? —when the ſhield of the Almighty is held over his heart by his temperance and ſobriety,

which are ſo great, that if any of the Aulias (or ſaints) had been in his ſtead, when he had both power and opportunity, they could not have withſtood the temptations which the fortune of war offered him. In a word, he is God's ſervant; nor have we him here by the means of our arms, but by the law of hoſpitality, ordained by our father Ibrahim. He is come on his own feet to be the gueſt of Ibrahim Khan our lord and maſter; who, we hope, will treat him as ſuch. Though he was the leader of the Lazguis, yet Shaverdy was the cauſe of our being enſlaved, and this very man delivered us. Now, great Khan, act as you judge the beſt with him!"

After this ſpeech, the khan pauſed above half an hour, which brought a profound ſilence over all. Then he ſaid to Emin, "You are welcome, my gueſt; what is your deſire?" Emin anſwered, "I have an old horſe given me by Melik Yuſup your ſubject; I am come to beg one of you for my ſervant, who is not able to travel on foot, nor has his maſter any money to buy or hire another." Upon this, immediately, in the preſence of thouſands of Mahomedans and Armenians, his ſervants by his order brought ſeveral horſes, which the khan himſelf did not like, ſaying,

they

they were not worth his gueſt's acceptance. Emin was then deſired to come another day, and the khan ſent one of his ſervants with him to his quarters, with freſh orders to the lady Mirza Khan to take better care of his gueſt; which meſſage made her almoſt eaſy.

The next day Emin went a ſecond time to hear the khan's pleaſure, and found him ſitting on the ſtep of his gate, with a ſingle officer ſtanding cloſe by him. Ibrahim no ſooner ſaw him, than, after receiving his ſalam, he began to whiſper with the man above two hours, now and then caſting his eyes with marks of fear upon him, and gnaſhing his teeth. Emin could hear very plainly, that the man was expoſtulating with the khan, and begging that he would not act raſhly, urging that he was his gueſt, and that the law of God and man would not ſuffer him to be moleſted. In that manner he pacified him, till he ordered another horſe; and when it was come, he ſaid to Emin, "Well, my gueſt, do you like that?" Emin anſwered, he could not tell; but he would ride home, (almoſt a mile,) to try it, and then would tell his mind. When he had rode home, he returned the horſe, and would by no means accept it; for it was very old

and lame. He ſent the horſe back, with this meſſage: "O fortunate Khan! it does not become your fame, as a prince of the northern mountaineers of Armenia, to make a preſent of one of your ſervant's old and uſeleſs beaſts to your only gueſt; and, in lieu of it, to give a good one to them." [This cuſtom is much in vogue among the Mahomedan khans.] "What will the freebooters of Dagiſtan ſay? they are but three days journey from Carabagh, and are all your gueſts and trueſt friends. Emin will come to-morrow morning and take his leave, without accepting a horſe." This he ſpoke, when his hoſteſs the lady Mirza Khan was ſtanding at her door, perfectly aſtoniſhed.

On the next morning he put on his ſword, ſlung his gun over his ſhoulder, mounted his old beaſt, and went to the khan, who was ſitting in his eyvan, or varanda, in the middle of four daſtardly Armenian chiefs, two on each ſide of him; namely, Yuſup of Threſhetzy, and Hatham of Carrabert, on the right; Shahnazar of Varranda, and Iſay of Dizah, on the left; with all their fighting-men ſtanding in a row, with ordered arms. There Emin, for good manners, diſmounted at a little diſtance, made a ſalam, without

bending his body, and ſpoke, very loud, theſe words: "O Khan! by your permiſſion, your gueſt is going away; he, whom you did not think worthy of a horſe out of your own ſtables. Have, you any command to Shamakhy in Servan? I am ready to execute it." The khan, with all his Chriſtian and Mahomedan warriors, were ſtruck with Emin's daring behaviour, which may appear imprudent to his readers; but when they maturely conſider his deſperate ſituation at that time, when he had nothing but a paltry life to loſe, they will agree that he was in the right; and his conduct gained him more in the good opinion of every brave mountaineer, which ſpread like lightning through all Perſia, Georgia, and Turkey, than the ſeveral ſkirmiſhes in which he had been engaged. His poor countrymen, ſeeing his boldneſs, began to fetch deep ſighs, and groan like ſo many chained lions, ſpeaking ſo loud that the khan, as well as the four low-hearted chiefs, could hear them ſaying, "O! if he could but have two thouſand of us, he might command all the Mahomedans." At that critical time, had the chiefs but moved to ſecond the unique Emin, they might have been free from ſubjection to this day: for the men

were already murmuring at their worthleſs lords, whoſe eyes were blind, their ears deaf, and their hearts in their bellies. Ibrahim's indignation of yeſterday was no more: his mouth was opened, his ruddy face looked like chalk, and his eyes were ſunk in his head. He immediately ordered a fine colt of four years old to be brought from his own ſtable, and with ſmooth ſpeech begged Emin to accept it; but he, before his face, made a preſent of it to one of the Colan Curds, thanked him, and went away with the utmoſt coolneſs; reſembling a ſchoolmaſter who had been reprimanding one of his ſchool-boys for not minding his book. Attempts of this kind Emin often made, (and he hopes he may mention them without boaſting,) nor ever failed to endanger his ſingle life, at ſeveral times and in ſeveral ways, in hopes of delivering his country while he was in Armenia. But, alas! it was to no purpoſe, as long as the rich men hugged their bags of money to their breaſts as cloſe as poſſible to their miſerable hearts; and on the other hand, the demi-gods of the church undermined the foundation of it.

When he returned to Gantzaſar monaſtery, Johannes Catholicus was ſurprized to ſee him; and began to rub his eyes, talking to himſelf,

and

and ſaying, " Good God! methinks I am in a dream!" while the other monks were ſtanding by and laughing. When he had recovered himſelf from his reverie, he lifted up his hands and eyes, glorifying God for his infinite mercy, in preſerving Emin from the jaws of tygers. He then ſaid to him, " The Lord in heaven is with you, my beloved friend, my noble prince. O! I wiſh his Holineſs Simon, the head Catholicus of all Armenia, had as much eſteem for you as I have, together with my own monks and nine gallant brothers; then we could eaſily bring about things to a good purpoſe, and extirpate the enemies of our Chriſtian faith. But, alas! Simon is not your friend, nor a well-wiſher to his nation. He is not to be blamed for being of a very low extraction; to this day, his brother gets his living as a patamar, or letter-carrier from one city to another on foot. Beware of his malignant heart. Do not condemn our chiefs, nor the people of Armenia, who, if it had not been for him, would have joined you with all their ſubſtance, and put themſelves under your management. Can you recollect, a fortnight ago, when my meſſenger brought a letter directed for Melik Yuſup, while you were with him at Guliſtan?"

liſtan?" Emin ſaid, "Yes, Sir; the meſſenger's name is Muſis." "Well," ſaid he, "that was Simon's own letter, ſent to me by his own patamar or carrier, with a ſeparate letter for me. Beſides deſiring me to direct it with my own hand, and ſend it by my carrier, in order to keep it ſecret from you, and to command Yuſup to turn you out of his nation, he diſpatched alſo four letters to the other four chiefs, adviſing them to be cautious, and not to enter into your meaſures, leſt Ivan Turan ſhould be diſpleaſed with them: and on the other hand, his Holineſs's revengeful curſe of excommunication ſhould be ready to cruſh them, and condemn their Chriſtian ſouls to everlaſting fire. Conſider, my dear friend, with ſuch a powerful enemy againſt your noble motives, and the Vali Heraclius to give the ſecond blow, how can it be poſſible for you to ſucceed in them? His reaſons for oppoſing them and you would have been good, if it had been in the reign of the late Sultan Murad, at the head of the Othman Turks, and Shah Abbas commanding the Perſians, and Nadir, the great hero, who took away the ſarpuſh (or cover), and rent the veil of all the eaſtern quarter of the globe, and left the country paved, and the door of liberty

open

open before each nation, who have ſince been groaning under the chains of tyranny, and panting to become independent; witneſs Georgia, which is not equal to a fifth part of Armenia, yet has been free ever ſince the death of Nadir. Why ſhould not the Armenians follow the example; get rid of a few mob ringleaders, or inſignificant petty tyrants, and form an alliance with their northern neighbours (I mean the mighty Ruſſians), ſo as to enjoy liberty, as well as their fellow Chriſtians in the kingdoms of bleſſed Frankiſtan, whoſe glorious actions nature has placed among the twelve celeſtial ſigns of the heavens. Nothing can hinder us but the eccleſiaſtics, with Simon now at their head; they are the only obſtacles in your way, and will always diſconcert every laudable deſign of yours. I would have you be contented and patient while he exiſts. After he has bidden farewel to this ſublunary world, where he has been unhappy all his lifetime, and is gone to enjoy the heavenly one in the next, we may then hope for our liberty, by praying God to ſend us a good chief and a true lover of his country to ſucceed him, and reſtore the light of the ſublime chair of Gregor Luſavoritch [that is, Gregor the Giver of Light], the firſt converter of the

Armenian

Armenian nation to Chriſtianity." Emin ſaid with a ſmile, "Suppoſe he ſhould prove as great a coward as his predeceſſor?" Catholicus Johannes ſaid, "Then Lord have mercy upon us!" The converſation being ended, they went to dinner. Emin ſtayed there three days with great ſatisfaction, enjoying the company of his Grace, who was really much of a gentleman, and underſtood Perſian. Though a prieſt, he was too much of a politician; he was well qualified in the knowledge of that country, and could give a very good account of it. So that Emin with great reluctance took his leave of him, who would have rejoiced with all his heart, if Emin could have lived with him the reſt of his life; but the jealouſy of Ibrahim Khan prevented it; for although Emin had behaved ſo haughtily without danger, yet, if he had ſtayed there, it is ten to one he might have been aſſaſſinated by ſome treacherous ſtratagem. The khan did not put his furious deſigns in execution, fearing an offence to the Ruſſians or Lazguis, which was hinted to him, while they cared not a pin, at ſo great a diſtance, for Emin's life. And the khan's ignorance of his own power made him fear to make an end of an empty noiſy Armenian, who, by virtue

of

of a little European conduct, had ſaved himſelf more than a hundred times, for twenty years, in thoſe barbarous diſtracted countries, where the mighty Ruſſians have been expected for ſeventy years laſt paſt.

After leaving Gantzaſar, and travelling two days, he reached the bank of the river Cur, and paſſed it with his two ſervants in a ferry-boat, to the diſtrict of Shaky, under the government of Huſein Khan, ſon of the late Hajy Cheleli, who formerly defeated Nadir Shah. No ſooner had he mounted his horſe, than he ſaw at a little diſtance from the river, on his left, a thatched place, where about a dozen ſoldier-like men were employed in winding new ſilk on a large reel. They immediately came up and laid hold of the horſe's rein, inquiring who he was? He anſwered, "An Armenian of Tiffliz, going to Shamakhy, with a letter from the Vali to the Sircar of that place [a title given to its khan, ſince the death of Nadir]." "By no means," ſaid they, "ſhall you be ſuffered to go to the Sircar; we will conduct you to our Khan Huſein, and know your buſineſs; you look neither like a Georgian, nor a merchant." Emin ſaid, "Brave fellows, you judge very right. I will ſubmit to your pleaſure; take me where you

you think proper. According to the old Turkiſh phraſe, it is the ſame to a blind man to be here or at Bagdad. But conſider that I have nothing to do at Shaky, nor will your khan be either glad or ſorry to ſee me." One of them, a good-natured well-looking man, ſtood by Emin, defending him; ſaying, in theſe very words: "O, my good companions! ſuppoſe one of us had been in this ſtranger's caſe, going to Khoraſan, and were to be compelled to go to Conſtantinople, would it not be cruel to annoy him in ſo barbarous a manner? Surely we muſt have ſome feeling for our fellow-creatures, whether they be Muſulmans or Caffers." They all agreed, and let Emin go, wiſhing him a good journey; but adviſing him to be expeditious, in order to overtake a caravan that had paſſed by about an hour before. He did ſo; and with immenſe difficulty, after travelling five days, arrived ſafe at a place called Gadalar, where an Armenian church ſtood, two miles from the town of Shamakhy. Here lived a dozen Gypſy Armenians, to take care of it for thoſe merchants in the city, who came with a prieſt twice a week, on Saturday evening and Sunday morning, to pray, and to hear maſs. But thoſe nimble-handed Gypſies no ſooner

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ſaw Emin and his ſervants lie down to ſleep after the fatigue of their journey, than they ſtole his horſe's felt-cloth, which expoſed the poor beaſt for a month after to the cold weather; and even diſtreſſed Emin, who uſed to ſpread it on the ground to ſet or lay himſelf down on it. This trifling loſs was very provoking, and made him recall to mind all his paſt misfortunes. However, he bore it with patience, and ſaid nothing to them. They did not know him perſonally; but were ſagacious enough, like dogs, to ſuſpect ſomething by his halting in that low place, and not proceeding to Shamakhy, where he might have lodged at an inn, if he had been apprehenſive of the governor, who watched till he went to ſleep, and took advantage of his reſt to rob him.

The next day, he ſent Mooſſeſs his relation to the town, to inquire among the Armenian merchants, if there was a caravan ready for going to Baku, or Derband. The poor fellow in the afternoon returned with remarkable cheerfulneſs in his countenance; wiſhed him joy, and ſaid, "Suciaz Vardapit [or monk] is coming. It is he whom we ſaw at Boragan, near Kizlar, when he had an order from Jonas the archbiſhop, the ſuperior of

of St. John the Baptiſt, to pay you all the money collected from the Armenians, amounting to 600 tumans." He added, "Sir, though you would not accept any when you had a ſmall ſum of your own, yet, I hope, you will now take at leaſt one fourth of it." No ſooner had he ended with groundleſs joy, than in came Suciaz himſelf, without any ſort of concern, as if he did not know him, on purpoſe that the Gypſies might ſuſpect nothing. He ſpoke to Emin as if he had been a ſtranger; but when they retired, he aſked the reaſon of his coming thither? Emin ſaid, that he could not do otherwiſe, and was almoſt exhauſted for want of mere ſubſiſtence; that he was going to Dirband, and thence to Aſtrakhan. Suciaz laughed heartily, and gave him a ſealed letter directed to himſelf; deſiring him to read it firſt, and promiſing then to tell him what he ſhould do. When he opened it, he found it written in the following terms:

"By the grace of God, the only hope of all Armenians.

"Be it known to your Highneſs, two years and a half ago, when you were at Tifliz, and on good terms with his majeſty our bleſſed King Heraclius of Georgia, (whom Chriſt

Chriſt preſerve to protect us Chriſtians againſt barbarous infidels!) he and you unanimouſly agreed to give me letters of credit, with a commiſſion to go to Etzmiatzin, or the three churches, there to obtain a patent from his Holineſs the Catholicus, to enter Armenia, under pretence of begging alms, and collecting money toward repairing or rebuilding the ruined church of Kains, out of the fortification of Tiffliz; and, by that pretence, to blind the Mahomedan rulers of our countrymen in different towns, provinces, and villages. Thereupon having executed every part of my commiſſion, by learning the minds and inclination of all, one by one, particularly the people of Muſh, where ſtands the church of St. John, whoſe archbiſhop Jonas, with a warm heart, was very willing to receive you, on condition that prince Heraclius would give you a little aſſiſtance; of which, when I returned to Tiffliz, he was informed, but diſconcerted the whole project. In my way, before I went to Tiffliz, I made it my buſineſs to viſit the Neſtorian Chriſtians, in the country of Khuy Sulmas; and found in the ſame nation a monk turned Roman Catholic, in a village called Khoſrove, who had converted of his own countrymen above 800 families; and who aſ-

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ſured me, that if you would go to him, who had influence with the Neſtorian mountaineers, he would place you at the head of 18,000 of them. And he ſaid likewiſe, thoſe people, who inhabit high mountains almoſt inacceſſible, and pay no tribute to any Mahomedan power, knowing you well by hearſay, will be very glad to receive you, provided you exert yourſelf to manage and lead them on properly. I told him you wanted money. He ſaid, they require no money, and know well he has none. Their arms will procure every thing that is neceſſary, as ſoon as he ſhall come thither to be that brave people's commander. Now, Sir, do as you think beſt. In caſe you ſhould not ſucceed with them, you may eaſily return to Heraclius, who is very ſorry that he uſed you ſo ill; and has ſworn by the life of his children, that he will receive you with open arms for your Chriſtian conduct, when, at the head of ſo many thouſand Lazguis, inſtead of revenging yourſelf for his ill treatment, you bravely marched and ruined Shaverdy Khan, his reſtleſs and inveterate enemy, whoſe artful pen compoſing jealous letters, would have been inſtrumental in bringing Carim Khan, with an army of 100,000 Perſians, from Shiraz to Tiffliz. In my way

by

by land to Aſtrakhan, and paſſing this town, I have written theſe lines, and left them with Suciaz, your friend Jonas's miniſter, to deliver or ſend them to you, as he has orders from his ſuperiors. He can ſupply you with a ſufficient ſum of money, and I hope you will accept it of him, though you refuſed before, when he offered it to you at Boragan, within a day's journey of Kizlar. I am, Sir,

Your, &c.

Shamakhy, 20th October 1767. The Secular Prieſt Gabriel."

Emin, on reading this letter, was elated with joy, and ſaid to Suciaz, "Well, reverend father, I obey your commands; I will not proceed to Ruſſia, but return back to Armenia, and try once more to renew the ſame attempt, at the riſque of my life." Suciaz ſaid, "I will give you no more than thirty rupees, Armenian money, out of ſix hundred tumans; but if you think it not ſufficient to bear your few expences on the journey, and will not conſent to go on with it, and throw yourſelf among thoſe brave men, depend on it, I ſhall become your enemy, and, informing againſt you, will deliver you to the khan of Shamakhy, who will put you to death immediately.

ately. You are to ſave the Armenians by the aſſiſtance of God, who has preſerved you to this day without money: he alone is your friend, your all, and none elſe. When you have made a little footing there, you will have money from the nations, who, without compulſion, will bring it, and lay it down at your feet." Emin bore this with patience, and ſaid not a word to the *diſciple* of Belzebub for his infernal menacing rhetoric. He accepted the thirty rupees as the price of his blood; but he flattered himſelf with hopes of ſucceſs, when he thought of the letter of the ſecular prieſt Gabriel, though he could eaſily foreſee, that, without money, the event of it would prove nothing but dangerous fatigue and trouble.

At every ſtage in his way to the village of Khoraſan, in the province of Salmas, Emin took another route, for caution's ſake, not to ſee thoſe ſilk-winders on the paſs of the river Cur before-mentioned. After three days travelling, he overtook one Mahmed Melick Beg, mounted on horſeback, with a ſingle ſervant, walking ſlowly on his own territory; and his houſe happened to be cloſe to the Cur, where they were to paſs. In leſs than three hours they could reach that place.

Emin

Emin was ſinging ſome Turkiſh and Perſian ſongs before they came up to the Beg, who happened to hear them at ſome diſtance, and requeſted him to begin again: he made no difficulty, went on ſinging as well as he could, and pleaſed the party very much. Melick aſked Emin what his name was? He anſwered, Yuſup; upon which the Beg began to ſuſpect him, and ſaid, he had an Armenian ſlave, named Sarkiſs, now made free by turning Mahomedan, who had a brother at Kizlar, named Joſeph, who underſtood Turkiſh and Perſian, and was made a ſlave by the Lazguis, then turned Muſulman, but ran away to the country of the Caffers, profeſſing himſelf a Chriſtian again. "I ſuſpect," ſaid he, "that you are the very man." Emin ſaid, "Sir, are you aſſured that he turned Muſulman?" He ſaid, "Yes; ſome of the Lazguis told me, that Sarkiſs's brother was circumciſed in Dagiſtan." Then Emin ſaid, with a ſmile, "Sir, I am glad you have ſuch authority for it; and hope you will not be diſpleaſed, if I take the liberty allowed by Mahomed, to ſatisfy you that I am not the man." The Beg ſaid, "Not in the leaſt, ſince you quote the bleſſed name of the prophet." Emin ſaid, he was ready to prove that he was not circum-

ciſed: and this offer removed all doubt from the Beg's mind, who deſired him to ſing Perſian again.

Emin had not begun two minutes, when he ſaw, at a great diſtance, a Kezelbaſh Perſian, mounted on a black horſe, and riding hard towards them. When he came near, he was almoſt out of breath, and ſeemed very much in diſtreſs. The Beg's ſervant ſtopped him directly, laying hold of his horſe's rein, and ordering him to diſmount, ſaying, that he was a thief. Emin, ſeeing the man in that diſtreſſed ſituation, from a motive of humanity, was prompted, at the danger of his own life, to interpoſe. He told the Beg, he had an arzi (a petition) to make: the Beg ſaid, "Go on, Joſeph." Emin begged him to order his man not to handle the ſtranger roughly: his requeſt was granted directly, all of them ſtanding ſtill on the road. Then Emin proceeded thus: "May it pleaſe you, moſt merciful Beg, ſome years ago I was coming from Bagdad to Boſrah, in an Arab veſſel, on the river Tigris. After eight days running with the current, and ſailing, about twelve o'clock a large fine fiſh, weighing full two maunds, leaped out of the water, and fell into the veſſel: the Arab ſailors eagerly ran from all ſides to catch

catch and cut it in pieces for their proviſion; but the maſter, or captain, cried out, For God's ſake, do not hurt it! and, holding it with his two hands, threw it again into the water, telling the ſailors, that poor fiſh did not jump in to be made a prey, but in hopes of being protected by them from ſome enemy in the water who purſued it. Conſider the meaning of my ſtory, and have compaſſion on this man, who has fled from his country for protection. If he is an honeſt man, or even but a ſtranger in great diſtreſs, it is againſt the law of God that he ſhould be treated with violence, eſpecially as you ſee he has been already robbed of his arms out of your territory, and has nothing left but that horſe, which he muſt ſell in order to live, when he comes to Shamakhy." Melick Mahomed was aſtoniſhed at Emin's interceding in behalf of that Shiah Muſulman; and ſaid to the monk Aratun, his fellow-traveller, "What an extraordinary man is that Armenian Joſeph! he endeavours with all his might to ſave that Caffer Kezelbaſh, an enemy to his countrymen, and to the true faith of Iſlam." Then turning to the Perſian, he ſaid, "Thou art free:—get thee gone:—pray for this Armenian as long as you exiſt; for he has ſaved

not only thy horſe, but thy life alſo." The poor man wept for joy, made a low bow, ſpurred his horſe, and went away unmoleſted.

But though Emin's expoſtulation prevailed on Mahomed to ſave the Perſian, ſtill his avaricious diſpoſition would not ſuffer him to continue quiet in his momentary ſenſe of humanity, but, like a wild beaſt, who though brought up ever ſo tame, yet when nature comes will ſoon ſhew what he is made of, the Beg then ſaid, "Well, Joſeph, you have ſaved the Kezelbaſh's life with your's, by the hiſtory of the Arab and the fiſh, which highly pleaſed me. I am now thinking how to cultivate friendſhip with you, who muſt have ſeen a great deal of the world, and have great experience. I ſee your horſe is a ſtallion; and I ſhall be very glad if you will exchange it for a gelding of mine, which is at home?" Emin ſaid, "I would with all my heart; but, I am ſorry to ſay, the beaſt is not my own; it was intruſted to me by an Armenian gentleman, to have the free uſe of it only, and to deliver it to Melick Shaknazar the Armenian at Carabagh, who, I underſtand, is your intimate friend; and I am in great hopes he will give me a couple of milch cows, for my trouble in taking ſo much care of it, as you obſerve

ſerve it is in ſo good order: and if I carry your's inſtead of this under me, if he did not murder me, he would never forgive me." The Beg ſaid, "You are exactly like Ali's cat, who could not be thrown upon his back, but always come down upon four legs." The ſtory of the Perſians is, that Ali was ſo ſtrong as to handle a lion like his cat; and when he played with it, threw it up in the air a thouſand cubits high, to ſee if it would fall on its back, but it conſtantly fell on all fours. This expreſſion of Mahomed Beg ſignified, that he was as powerful as Ali, and could play with Emin as with a cat. He inſiſted on taking his horſe from him, and ſaid, he would write to Shaknazar about it, to indemnify Emin. At that very time, reaching his thatched houſe, he diſmounted, and, turning his back, went in to undreſs himſelf, with half of the ſpeech yet in his mouth; and little imagining that Emin was looking out ſharp for the means of eſcaping, who immediately took off the horſe's ſaddle, ſtepped into a ſmall light fiſhing-boat that lay on the bank, led the horſe by the rein in his left hand into the water, and ſtriking with his right hand as an oar, while his horſe ſwam, preſently croſſed to the oppoſite ſide of the Cur, which was narrow at that part,

but very deep, ſaddled the horſe again, and mounted, juſt before Melick Mahomed was apprized of it. The Beg, looking out of the window of his houſe, by the ſide of the river, ſtared as if he had been in a dreadful dream, and called out to Emin, "Art thou gone at laſt, Joſeph? Who rowed thee over? What art thou, an angel or a devil?" He anſwered, "Neither the one nor the other; but I croſſed as ſome other Armenians had croſſed over; men who had nothing to fear, if they had ſtaid there ever ſo long, as being ſubjects to Ibrahim Khan, and on very good terms with the Shirvan Begs." Then Emin ſaid aloud, "Mahomed Beg, why are you ſo anxious to know who I am? Have not I told you I am an Armenian?" The Beg again ſaid, "I charge you by the law of the Meſſiah, for whoſe ſake you will part with your life, to tell me truly, who you are?" Then ſaid Emin, "Sir, my name is Emin, at your ſervice." At this, Melick Mahomed expreſſed great ſatisfaction, ſaying, "If you had not told me the truth, I ſhould have vexed myſelf to death. I well know you will not come back again to be my gueſt for ſome days, if I ſhould invite you. You are the very man we have heard of; and we ſhall hear more, if the thick-

thick-headed Armenians will have the good ſenſe to follow you. Go your way: I pray God to be with you, and proſper you in every undertaking; for I ſhall never forget your great humanity in ſaving the Kezelbaſh, and your ſpirited converſation, and intrepid courage in paſſing the river with a ſurpriſing celerity." Ęmin ſaid, "Any man may do *this, and more, provided he walk in the right path of God's commandments:*" then bidding him adieu, he marched off with his few comrades, towards the Carabagh Armenians, ſubject to Ibrahim Khan, his indifferent friend. About ſix in the afternoon he halted at Sambaran, a great village ſubject to that khan. The next day he travelled from four in the morning till ſix in the afternoon, when he reached the foot of the mountains; and, having aſcended them an hour and a half more, came to an Armenian village, (the name of which he has forgotten,) where he was entertained unknown for two hours; but when the monk Aratun mentioned who he was, the villagers ſhewed him an hundred times more politeneſs than at the firſt, and behaved with great kindneſs.

In that village, an affair happened which may be a little entertaining; but, although trifling

trifling in its kind, it will appear as oſtentation:—Juſt at the duſk of the evening, five minutes after he arrived, there came up a young Nakhchuan Armenian on horſe-back, who, when he had alighted, led his horſe, and tied it where Emin's horſe ſtood: Emin hallooed to him, as he was at ſome diſtance, to take the horſe away, and make it ſtand farther off, for fear of a quarrel between them. The young Nakhchuanian flew into a paſſion, clapped his hand to his ſword, and ſaid, "Who are you, to call out in that domineering manner? I ſuppoſe you would imitate our Emin, who alone is fit to command us Armenians?" Emin pacified him with gentle words, and ſaid, "Brother, do not be out of humour, we are both gueſts and ſtrangers in this place at this good man's houſe; he does not deſerve to be made uneaſy by us;—ſit by me, and permit me to aſk you, in a friendly manner, a few civil queſtions." The young hero conſented, and ſat himſelf down. The author ſaid, "What has been the merit of Emin, that you regard him ſo much behind his back; for, as far as we can underſtand, he has done nothing of any conſequence: on the contrary, wherever he went, he was driven away as if he had been a wolf." The young

young man ſaid, "He is not what you repreſent him, nor does he deſerve ſuch a name: —he is as brave as a lion—as wiſe as Solomon—and as juſt as Plato. The wolves are our churchmen in ſheeps clothing, and they only obſtruct his great undertakings; for he could eaſily have ſaved us from ſubjection to the Mahomedans, if thoſe dark angels would *but have let him go on.*" Then he fetched a very deep ſigh. Emin ſaid, "*I* preſume, Sir, you have never ſeen him:" the Nakhchuanian ſaid, "No: but thoſe who have ſeen him with their own eyes, and been witneſſes of his brave actions in many places, have ſounded his fame in our ears, and made it ſhine as bright as the ſun in the hearts and minds of all true Armenians: even the Mahomedans admired him, though they are the great enemies of us Chriſtians; and, more particularly, when he was among the Lazguis." Aratun the monk, with the landlord and ſeveral others, ſome ſitting, ſome ſtanding, heard all this, but had not patience enough to let the young gentleman go on expreſſing his ſentiments. They ſaid, "You are ſpeaking to the very man, for whom you and all of us have great reſpect." The young man ſtarted up, and could not contain himſelf, but burſt into tears

tears of joy. Thoſe who were preſent ſympathized with him, and he continued ſeveral minutes bewailing the calamities and diſtracted condition of the Armenians, with no leſs concern for the precarious ſituation of Emin, who endeavoured to comfort him by encouraging words, and ſaid, they need not be in the leaſt uneaſy about him, who was reſolved to die for them, by exerting himſelf, and going through every danger to the utmoſt of his poor abilities. He added, "Be eaſy in your minds, and try to make yourſelves as happy as you can:—pray to God, and wait with Chriſtian patience:—if he is willing to ſave us, he will; and if not, it is our duty to make ourſelves contented, and be cheerful."

After ſupper, about nine o'clock, Emin, with his relation Muſſeſs, and a hired Armenian with a pack-horſe, ſet out; and after travelling ſeven hours, and aſcending and deſcending high rough mountains, about four in the morning paſſed an Armenian village belonging to Kezkhalan, ſiſter to Ibrahim Khan, the lord of five Armenian chiefs; namely, Yuſup, Hatham, Mirzakhan, Shaknazar, and Iſay. Who knows but in time the Armenians may underſtand Engliſh enough to tranſlate theſe memoirs into their own language, and be

be ſpurred by them to ſome exertion for ſweet liberty, which precious gem alone was Emin's object in ſacrificing all the comfort of his life, with the mortification of being forced to wander about at night in his own country as a cutpurſe or a murderer, that he might avoid the fortification of Shaſhec, leſt he ſhould be apprehended by Ibrahim Khan, who had not obtained his power over the chiefs by the dint of his ſword. Whoever is poſſeſſed of humanity, and reads this account, muſt be deeply ſenſible of Emin's anxiety in that painful ſituation.

He travelled nine hours during the night, having advanced ten miles from the village where he had ſtopped, and fifteen beyond Shaſhec, not ſuſpecting that the Khan had been acquainted by ſome ſpies with his return to Carabagh. In the dark, his apprehenſion was not ſo great; but when the light appeared, he did not fail to look out ſharp, and calling upon God, marched on, as if he had been at the head of ſome thouſands. He had thirty cartridges of his own making, with a ſtrong Turkiſh firelock, that could hit a mark at 300 yards diſtance. He reconnoitred all the way he paſt, that in caſe of his being attacked, he might get behind one of thoſe

rocks

rocks thrown out by nature as breaſt works, and put himſelf in a poſture of defence, fighting while his little ammunition ſhould laſt, and rather dying like a man, than ſuffering to be taken like a coward. Neither his relation nor the other Armenians had ſo much as a penknife. About twelve o'clock, he went out of the road upon an eminence covered with fine graſs to feed the horſes, as well as to look round about. He had hardly been there fifteen minutes, when he diſcovered four horſemen coming in the ſame road. Before they reached the bottom of the hill, they diſmounted on the wrong ſide of their horſes with their guns in their hands, and marched ſlowly along, the horſes ſo placed as to cover their bodies from Emin, who called out to them, to come and feed their horſes with him; but they made no anſwer, creeping along like ſnakes, then turned to the left, and diſappeared. As they did not ſpeak, Emin little thought they were robbers; but they were Curds of the tribe of Mughans, who ſeeing Emin's dreſs not like that of other Armenians, were weak enough to take him for a Lazgui mountaineer, and hurried away to lie in ambuſcade on the left ſide of the hill, in a place covered with wood, intending, as he ſhould come

come by, to fire at him at once, inſtead of attacking him openly: but Providence had ordained, that Emin ſhould by ſome means be ſaved. The villains fortunately happened to meet in the very ſpot an Armenian, named Muſſeſs of Nakhchuan, and of the village of Kazanchu, with his pack-horſe, who, ſeeing them very buſy in a great flutter, aſked what they were about? They told him, they expected a Lazgui there every minute, and were putting themſelves in the eaſieſt way to ſhoot him, and to make a prize of his horſe. The honeſt Armenian gueſſing, from the deſcription given, that it was the author of theſe memoirs, laughed at them heartily, ſaying, "He is Emin of Armenia:—he is not ſo ignorant as you imagine, to paſs by you ſlowly: in the firſt place, he will gallop his horſe like lightning; and if you miſs your aim, no doubt he will turn and kill every one of you. Beſides, I am credibly informed, that he has a charm about him, ſo that neither fire-arms nor ſword can have any effect on him. Had he not been ſo happily endowed with thoſe bleſſings, how could he have eſcaped in ſo many battles fought in Frankiſtan, Georgia, and Dagiſtan, where the ſavage Lazguis found they could not kill him, and were made to take

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an oath of fidelity upon the Alcoran, and to elect him their ſovereign." Upon this, one of the Curds with an enormous beard and bald head ſaid, "Yes; now I remember him:—he that headed 2,000 Lazguis, made captives by the Colan Curds, and afterwards ſaved them. I can tell you more of him:—Some time ago, he was in the kalaoh (or fort) of Shoſhu, ſpeaking to our Khan Ibrahim as a maſter ſpeaks to his ſervant; but as I paſſed by at a diſtance, I could not hear what he ſaid. I am very glad you ſet us right—God knows what would have become of us!—I hope you will be ſo kind as to take no notice to him of our deſign, leſt he ſhould be diſpleaſed with us."

Emin expecting them at the bottom of the hill, ſet his horſe galloping violently, and turned about at a proper diſtance upon a flat ground, whence he ſaw thoſe aſſaſſins looking as pale as death; he levelled his piece to fire at them, when the Armenian cried out, "Sir, Sir, they are friends!" and afterwards recounted the whole circumſtance, as before related. Then all the four came, laid *hold* of Emin's ſtirrup, and kiſſed his *hand*; thanking Muſſeſs the good Armenian, in the Curdiſh language, for his friendly advice. They travelled with him like brothers about

two miles, when the road being divided, they took leave of him in a very polite manner, and went to the weſt; while Emin, with his honeſt countrymen, and two ſervants, journeyed to the ſouth. This addreſs of his countryman, probably ſaved Emin's life; nor can he help reflecting, that if it had not been for an Armenian alſo in London, whoſe name is mentioned before, who had been ſent with a horſe from Aleppo, and through whom, by mere chance, he was taken notice of by the late duke of Northumberland, he might have remained, if alive, in total oblivion to this very day; or in the obſcurity of ignorance, like the reſt of the Armenians. He takes this opportunity to expreſs his gratitude, as having been twice helped by them; and is comforted in having no room to alter his natural attachment to them, being perſuaded that there are good and bad in all nations; but that more virtue may be found among civilized free men, than among thoſe who only eat, drink, and ſleep, in profound ignorance.

In the afternoon he arrived at Shankevan, an Armenian village in the province of Ghapan, ſituated at the bottom of a high mountain, full of vineyards, with plenty of every

thing. He was juſt going to a-light at the door of an Armenian, when he ſaw a trooper who diſmounted at the fourth door beyond it. The Armenians told him that he was Ibrahim Khan's man, and that the houſe was the quarters of Hatham Beg the darugha, one of the khan's officers, appointed his deputy to keep the village in good order. In about ten minutes he came to ſee Emin, with falſe complaiſance, and ordered the villager to take very great care of him. At ſun-ſet he ſent his one-handed Sarkiſs, with a large earthen gurglet of wine, and with compliments to Emin, deſiring him to drink and be cheerful. Emin in return ſent two white linen towels, with half a dozen of Ruſſian wooden ſpoons, which were made a preſent to him by Suciaz the monk at Shamakhy. His man Sarkiſs ſat down at the table, holding the veſſel under his arm, without a hand, as a ſaki (or cup-bearer,) and the cup in his hand, which he filled and preſented to Emin, who ſaid he never could drink wine in his life; nor would he drink, though the roguiſh cup-bearer, for a quarter of an hour, was begging and perſuading him to it. Finding he could not prevail, he endeavoured to make his relation Muſſeſs drink; but he, like Emin, had never taſted

taſted wine in his lifetime. The other Nakhchuanian Muſſeſs unluckily did not alight at the ſame houſe with them. On their firſt entering the village, he diſappeared and could not be found. The nimble one-handed tiger Sarkiſs finding neither Emin nor his poor relation would come near the liquor, laid down the wine and the cup, and went out, perhaps to give notice to his maſter Hatham Beg. In five minutes he came back like lightning, ſat down again, took the wine and gave it to Ohan the hired man, who had the pack-horſe, and who drank with him like a fiſh till about eight in the evening, when another Armenian came, with an order from Hatham to his nimble ſervant Sarkiſs, to bring with him the pack-horſe man. Emin ſuſpected there was ſome miſchief going on, and Ohan returned half an hour after, bruiſed all over his face, with his ſhirt-collar torn off, and his neck ſcratched and bloody. He told Emin that Hatham Beg had done all that. After inquiring whether Emin had any money, on being told that Emin was poor, he beat him in that cruel manner, and even drew his dagger and clapped the point to his throat, threatening to murder him if he did not tell where the money was. The poor man being

in this ſad plight, Hatham and Sarkiſs came in, and ſaid to Emin, all in a flutter, "You ſaw the trooper, mounted on a black horſe, who came immediately after you and alighted at my door; he is the Khan's man, with an expreſs order from him, acquainting us, that two men of the vali of Gurgiſtan are run away to Carabagh: they are to be ſecured and ſent to Tiffliz; and by the deſcription, you and your relation are the men." Emin ſaid, "If we are the ſuſpected men, what is the reaſon of your uſing the khan's own ſubject in this barbarous manner, whom we have hired at Gantzaſar in Carabagh. Let me tell you, Hatham Beg, thoſe falſe pretences of yourſelf or your khan, I value not a ſtraw; nor have we run away with three hundred tumans of the vali, as you ſaid a little while ago. Had we that ſum, depend upon it, we ſhould not have been ſo ſtupid as to come hither with two perſons only, when we could have raiſed as many thouſands, as has already been done with one hundred and twenty-ſeven tumans, for almoſt ſeven years, in Georgia, Dagiſtan, and Armenia. Your khan knows who I am, and here is his order to be entertained in every part of his country. He imagining I have got a ſum of money at Shamakhy,

Shamakhy, and hearing of my return from that place, has been excited by avarice to ſend you an order to try if you can get it from me, or procure payment for the young colt he made me a preſent of." Hatham Beg ſaid, "Sir, every thing you obſerve of the khan's letters is true; but as for ill-treating Ohan the Armenian, he knows nothing of it; perhaps he has been quarrelling, being drunk himſelf, and not diſtinguiſhing any more than a beaſt." Ohan ſaid, "You are miſtaken; I know myſelf as well as you, who believe in your prophet Mahomed. You Perſians, who have neither ſhame nor honour, denying the truth, when you cannot act as you pleaſe; and watching like adders for an opportunity to do miſchief. What is become of your domineering like a tyrant? A little while ago you threatened to kill Emin, his ſervant, and me. Why don't you act this now? Becauſe the mountaineers will make you not only pay for it with your life, but the lives of your family. O the churchmen, the churchmen!" Emin ſaid, "Hold thy tongue: let us have no more of it." He then told Hatham Beg to ſet down a while, and afterwards do his duty in executing his maſter's order: and rummaging about to find the money, he

ſaid, " Sir, from the language you uſe, and your manner of ſpeaking, no man of breeding dares come near you; and when you pleaſe to depart hence, I will give you a guide to the next ſtage. I ſee you are fatigued, take reſt, and be eaſy." Then bidding good night, he went away; but turned back twice before he was out of the varanda, and looked at his firelock.

Emin, after a journey of twenty hours, aſcending and deſcending high mountains, cannot ſay that he ſlept all the night any more than his poor relation Muſſeſs, but watched the whole time with that ſingle muſkate, and paſſed it as diſagreeably as if he had been a dozen years in priſon; the leaſt noiſe in the dark ſtartled them, expecting every minute to be attacked; but the only thing with which he ſupported his diſtracted heart, was the true ſoldier's reſolution—let the worſt come to the worſt, to fall like a man, and to kill or be killed. In this diſmal ſituation, till the dawn of day, his mind ſuffered what no one of the ſmalleſt humanity could hear without being ſenſible of; and he wiſhes that his bittereſt enemy may never feel the ſame anxiety. At ſun-riſe he was juſt going to ſet out on his journey, when the one-

one-handed Sarkiſs came, with compliments and a meſſage from Hatham, ſaying, that he ſhould be glad to have Emin's coat made of lamb's ſkin, to diſpoſe of it as a token of friendſhip. Emin ſaid, "Let me ſee Hatham himſelf;" and going out of the houſe, ſaw the fellow ſtanding at an open place; to whom he ſaid, "Hatham Beg, let me have your felt great-coat; as we are advancing towards the cold weather, it is neceſſary I ſhould have ſome covering, and you ſhall have my lamb's ſkin coat in lieu of it; then we ſhall be brothers and friends." Hatham conſented, thinking he had made a good bargain; the coats were exchanged, and a ceſſation of hoſtilities took place between the two potentates. Sarkiſs was allowed to be his guide, and Ohan the pack-horſe man was diſcharged, and ordered to go back to his family.

Emin, with his relation, ſet out for Fative, about fifteen miles off; but after four miles march, as they were paſſing through the village of Hallytzar, Sarkiſs ſtopped, and would not ſtir an inch further, unleſs he could eat ſome grapes; and in the mean time he began ſharpening his eyes upon Emin's gun as a wolf does his ears when he finds an opportu-

nity to ſeize his prey. Emin finding his intention was bad, and that he was not ordered to be a guide, but a robber, really felt himſelf greatly diſtreſſed for want of knowing the right road to Fative; nor could he perſuade himſelf to put an end to Sarkiſs's life, though his inſolence and villany grew inſupportable, when he found Emin expoſtulating like a brother. In that diſagreeable ſituation appeared the Carancha Muſſeſs his deliverer, going on below the village, to the ſame ſtage, with his pack-horſe before him. Emin called out to him; and he, turning his head round, immediately went up to him, and ſeeing the unmanly behaviour of Sarkiſs, abuſed him heartily, and obliged him to go on. Emin ſaid to Muſſeſs, "There is no occaſion for Sarkiſs, ſince you know the way." The deviliſh Sarkiſs ſaid, "It is my maſter's eſpecial order to go with Emin as far as the place of deſtination, and procure a receipt from Minas Vardapit, or the monk of the monaſtery there; then only I can return to Hatham Beg." Muſſeſs could make no objection to that artful ſpeech, and ſaid no more to him.

They were hardly gone three miles out of Hallytzar, when Sarkiſs, like a running foot-

man,

man, kept up before Emin's horſe; and now and then would get out of the road, jumping from one ſtone to the top of another, like a wild goat, perhaps to the diſtance of two full yards: then he climbed up the rocks like a monkey, with his one hand and a ſtump; then he let go his hand, from perhaps fifteen or twenty feet high, and come down upon his legs without being hurt: it was enough to pain one's eyes to look at him. Then, again coming into the road to take his poſt, he told Emin, that he could have a great many like himſelf in thoſe mountains to fight under him, and to drive out the Mahomedans in ten days time, provided he would give each a gun, with bread and ſalt. In this manner he ſo pleaſed Emin, as to get the better of him; and having told him it did not become him to have the piece ſlung over his ſhoulder, while Sarkiſs the faithful ſlave was running before him like a dog, at laſt he got the gun, and ſlung it over his own ſhoulder. Soon after, the young ſharper, as happy as could be, began to gain ground, jumping again from rock to rock, and ſaying to himſelf, "Here I will have the enemy, there I will ſtop the whole gang of them;" till he got about ſixty yards off. Poor

Muſſeſs

Muſſeſs ſeeing the fraud, was almoſt diſtracted, and could not help reprimanding Emin in a mild manner, ſaying, "What have you done? In a place like this, if you ſet your old horſe galloping after him, you will not catch the villain." But a lucky preſence of mind aſſiſted Emin, after the grievous complaint of his relation, who cried like a child; and Emin made ſo loud a noiſe, that the mountain echoed, calling out at the ſame time, "Sarkiſs, Sarkiſs!" as if the world was going to be at an end, "come hither, come hither!" He being terrified, run back; and Emin ſaid, "My good man, let me have the gun, for you do not ſee the thing, which is really a monſter." No ſooner had he got it than he cocked it, and in an inſtant clapped it to Sarkiſs's breaſt, who begged for mercy; but Emin in a fury ſaid, "Pull off your cap, and run directly to that tree before you, and hang it there." He being frightened out of his ſenſes, obeyed without heſitating, and flew to it inſtantly; but before he took off his hand, Emin fired, and the ſhot went through the cap. He loaded the piece again, and then ſaid to Sarkiſs, "Thou villain! who art neither a Chriſtian nor Mahomedan, haſt thou now ſeen what Emin can do? how doſt thou deceive

deceive me with your cunning words, and run away with my gun? how art thou now? doſt thou ſee death with open eyes or not?" Sarkiſs ſaid, "Great Sir, not only death, but alſo hell itſelf. I beg ten thouſand pardons; have mercy upon your countryman and fellow Chriſtian; and grant life to him who had heard of you often, but has now ſeen your power with open eyes. The devil take our darugha, whom I ſerved five years for nothing; he was always promiſing he would give me a gun, and wanting to make good his word, ordered me to become your guide, to ſteal your firelock, and try to murder you, by Ibrahim Khan's order; in order to prove to the Ruſſians, Lazguis, or others, who are your protectors, that you are killed by your own fellow Chriſtians the Armenians, not by his order, nor by Mahomedans. I would have you to take care of yourſelf." Emin ſaid, "Walk on, you fool, and hold your tongue." At this circumſtance, both Muſſeſs his relation, and the other man, were as happy as the nimble Sarkiſs was diſtreſſed at miſſing his aim, and letting the bird fly out of his hand, by a feigned ſurprize of Emin's compoſing. But his relation could not contain himſelf, and

and began rebuking Sarkiſs all the way to Fative.

An hour before ſun-ſet they arrived at the monaſtery; and Emin ſaid to his relation, "Take care, leſt Sarkiſs ſteal away ſomething." Soon after, they went to ſee Minas, the head monk of the monaſtery; and on coming back to their room, where the things lay, they found that Sarkiſs had diſappeared, with a ſmall bundle of ſix cartridges, which they had put on the ſhelf. He paid himſelf in that faſhion with more content, after ſo many miles travelling on foot, than if he had received a few rupees from Emin; who could not help laughing in his mind recollecting David's pſalm, which ſays, "I am glad of thy word, as one that findeth great ſpoils." So was Sarkiſs more glad to make a booty of a few ſhot and a handful of powder, than to receive honeſtly a reward from Emin's own hand, and go away contented! When Emin was in England, a gentleman in the courſe of converſation, going from one thing to another, related, that when the late duke of Cumberland commanded the Engliſh army in Flanders, at the hoſpital in one of the towns were lying 1200 ſick ſoldiers, not able to ſtir.

Some miſchievous men reported, that the people of the place were in agitation, and ready to revolt. This falſe report was ſo well received by thoſe half-dying men, that they ran out all at once, without arms, to plunder the innocent inhabitants, and there was great difficulty to keep them quiet. After they returned to their quarters, and to bed again, the very gentleman who told the ſtory, with ſome others, began to banter them a little, ſaying to them, "My lads, what was all that alertneſs for? How came you to be ſo well, going to do wonders, when before you could hardly crawl out of your beds?" The anſwer was; "May it pleaſe your honours, if you knew the ſweetneſs of plunder as we ſoldiers know it, and were you dead, you would riſe from your graves and run headlong after it." Therefore neither Emin, nor any other, ſhould blame Sarkiſs the Armenian mountaineer, who preferred ſtealing to receiving a preſent; or wonder that David admired the word of God, as others rejoice in finding ſpoils.

Emin made ſhift to lodge in the monaſtery that night, and ſlept as well as he could, after forty-eight hours travelling. The next morning, by chance, an Armenian traveller was going

ing to his home at Maghry, the laſt frontier town of Capan, a ſort of republic, and a place of ſome trade, which produced an immenſe quantity of ſilk, cotton, and fine ſtrong wine, ſituate on the bank of the river Araſkh, belonging to the Armenians, and containing 3000 families, three days journey from Tabriz. There at ſun-ſet Emin arrived, after travelling thirty-ſix hours. But he cannot paſs it by without making an obſervation on the inhabitants, who are entirely void of hoſpitality. As it was not quite dark, a few of them came and ſtood looking at him, but went away; and as Emin was not a merchant to buy their commodities, did not think it worth while to invite him to their wine-cellars, or give him even a cup-full of vinegar to ſoak his bread in as a ſauce. That is all they give on faſt-days, unleſs the ſtranger is come there to purchaſe ſilk; then they give him ſome wine. The males are as jealous of their females as the Spaniards or Portugueſe; they being, without exception, very brave, but not ſo blood-thirſty. The women are not hid, and go without veils, but are very induſtrious, ſo as to manage the ſilk and cotton, and make wine. They have the liberty to ſtand and ſtare at ſtrangers, but if a ſtranger ſhould chance

chance to look at them, the men taking notice of it, inſtantly run in a body, and beat him unmercifully. The reaſon they give for this, which is kept as a law among them, is, that when God created Adam, he opened his eyes and ſaw that he was made of duſt; then Eve was taken out of his ſide, and ſhe lifting up her eyes, ſaw Adam: therefore it is allowed that women ſhould look up to the men; but men muſt hang down their heads and look at the ground, either paſſing by them, or ſitting down, when they are coming or going by. Emin, in calling them brave, is not without reaſon; becauſe they have made themſelves independent ſince the death of Nadir, and maintained their liberty moſt valiantly, having overcome many times different armies of competitors; till of late, to his ſorrow, he has been told they have ſubmitted to Ibrahim Khan of Carabagh. He did not chuſe to make himſelf known to them, ſince he was determined to ſee the event of the letter from Gabriel, prieſt of Tiffliz, given to him by the monk Suciaz at Shamakhy, as already mentioned. The very young man that conducted him before from Fative monaſtery to that place, told him, that he would call on him at one o'clock the next morning; and in the night

night he with his relation made a ſhift to lie down by the horſe, in an open place which is called Madan. The man, true to his word, came, and led them out of the town by a road ſo rough or round about, that if it had not been for him, even by day-light they could not have found their way out. The man ſaid to Emin, "You ſee that high mountain on your right hand, ſtanding exactly like a wall; that will be your guide, with the river Araſkh on your left, all along to the town of Orduar; you will want no other, nor wiſh to meet any one to aſk the way to it. And when you are arrived there, you may be ſure of meeting caravans to go from any part of the country to Tabriz, Romia, Bayazid, &c.

Emin thanked the Armenian, and moved on with Muſſeſs. About three o'clock, he heard a challenge all of a ſudden on the right of the rock, and being ſomewhat alarmed, he inſtantly preſented his piece, threatening the challenger to fire, ſuſpecting him to be a highwayman. The man ſpoke in a very humble tone of voice, ſaying, "Pray, ſtranger, do not be haſty; I am a turnpike-man, belonging to the cuſtom-houſe of Carabagh, poſted here by Muſtapha Khan, to receive a ſmall

ſmall cuſtom from merchants paſſing by, if they have any ſilk of Meghrey; but I can ſee you have nothing. My aſking a civil queſtion made you think I was a bad man; you thought proper to be upon your guard; you are in the right of it, and your daring is commendable in ſuch a narrow paſs. Go your journey, and God be with you, I have nothing more to ſay to you; you are not like other Armenians, who, in paſſing by this place, muſt pay very dear for it." Emin ſaid, "You are very much in the right; if they had been like me, they would not have ſuffered you to ſit in that ſtrong hold, nor me to ramble from place to place, for no benefit to myſelf." Again the man ſaid, "Good Sir, you ſeem to be deſperate; I wiſh you a good journey, ſucceſs, and proſperity!" Emin, when he heard the kahdar, or turnpike-man, pronounce thoſe words in ſo feeling a manner, not only deſiſted from acting raſhly, but comforted himſelf in the dark, after ſo many dangers, in ſo many years in thoſe miſerable diſtricts, where he never heard from any body the like kind expreſſions; he cannot help thinking of them now and then, and they give him great ſatisfaction. Whether the man was afraid of being fired at, or from a motive of

humanity, he ſpoke as kindly as if he had really known the deſperate condition of Emin's life; who thanked him, moved forward on his journey, and exactly at ſun-riſe ſaw the Armenian caravan, which had ſet out before him from the ſame place, pitched by the ſide of a brook, about half a mile from Orduar, in the province of Nakhchuan. The people knew Emin directly at ſome diſtance, and came to meet him, begging him to alight awhile, and eat ſome breakfaſt. They behaved very civilly, and in half an hour's time packed up for Orduar, which is inhabited by Perſians. He thanked them, and went to take a room in a caravanſerai, while they advanced to Akulis, a mile farther, a place inhabited by Armenian merchants, and formerly a very flouriſhing town, but much ruined by Azad Khan the Afghan, who reigned ſome years in Perſia after Nadir Shah, but was at laſt conquered and taken by Carim Khan. He lived eighteen years after, and died at Shiraz, eighteen months after Carim.

Emin remained very quietly at Orduar exactly a fortnight, before a caravan happened to go to Khuy, two days journey beyond Tabriz. He hired a pack-horſe for his man Muſſeſs, of a Mahomedan named Alahverdy,

a very good-natured fellow, who had only that one horſe to let, and agreed with him, on condition that he would not enter any of the towns in his way, leſt the other Armenians ſhould know of his going to the village of Khoſrove, and ſhould inform the man there, that Emin was coming to demand of him the forty tumans left him ſome years before when in *Tiflis*. He intended by that method to keep the people in the dark, as well as his new-hired Mahomedan, that they might not ſuſpect who Emin was, and on what buſineſs he was wandering from one place to another. A ſtranger in thoſe countries, without being a merchant travelling in a caravan, is looked upon as a madman or a rogue; and for thoſe reaſons Emin made the pretence, that ſuch a perſon owed him that ſum of money, the only capital he had in this world to depend upon.

Emin having had intelligence when he was at Shoſhu, that the debtor was gone to Shamakhy, and thence to the village of Khoſrove, the men of the caravan hearing his caſe, expreſſed great concern, and wiſhed with all their hearts that he might find the man there; commending him for not diſcloſing the debtor's name, making him welcome to their

tables all the way for ſeveral days, till the road divided in two, one going to Khuy, the other to Khoſrove; where he, with Muſſeſs his relation, and Alahverdy his hired man, arrived juſt before ſun-ſet; and after a little inquiry, found Johannes the Aſſyrian vardapit, or monk, to whom the monk Suciaz had directed him at Shamakhy, ſixteen or ſeventeen days long journey off. According to the inſtruction in the prieſt Gabriel's letter, Emin did not make himſelf known to him for two days. He began with aſking him in an ambiguous manner, if he, or thoſe Mahomedans who are independent, would wiſh to receive Emin to be their leader, as they had given their words to Gabriel the prieſt, above three years ago. Johannes ſaid, yes; and began to curſe poor Heraclius moſt warmly; ſhedding tears bitterly, and invoking God to cruſh him. Emin ſaid, "Holy father, what is your reaſon for ſuch grievous exclamations againſt that prince, who has been defending ſome part of Chriſtianity ſo many years againſt the Turks, Lazguis, Afghans, and Perſians?" Johannes ſaid, "You do not know, noble ſtranger, that he, and Simon the Catholicus, have been the cauſe of faſtening more ſtrongly the chains of ſlavery on the Armenians and Aſſyrians, when prince

prince Emin was going to break them aſunder, and ſet thoſe two miſerable nations free. May Heaven's curſe fall on thoſe who would not let him deſtroy the power of the unbelievers!" Emin ſaid again, "What could your prince do, whom all the world knows to be as poor as myſelf?" He ſaid, "Prince Heraclius's name is as great now as Nadir Shah's; if he would but have aſſiſted our prince Emin with an hundred Georgians, an hundred thouſand Curdiſtan Armenians would have joined him, beſides as many Aſſyrians and Neſtorians, who could eaſily have found money." Emin expreſſed a wiſh to know where he (Emin) was at that time. He ſaid, "The gentleman has been reported to have been among the Lazguis, and to have ſaved many thouſand Armenian Chriſtians, at the battle of Gedaſhen, againſt Shaverdy Khan of Gunja; but they, finding him to be in a way of becoming powerful, in the malignity of their hearts, ſent to Melik Yuſup of Thuſatzy to turn him out of that country, and thence he is gone to the fortified town of Shoſhu; but, ten to one, Ibrahim Khan has by this time deſtroyed him. A thouſand pities! He was the very man to have ſaved us; and none elſe, like him, will ever go to Frankiſtan to improve himſelf;

ſelf; and leaving behind him that bleſſed country of England, come to Ruſſia to obtain a favourable recommendation from the empreſs; and then advance with ſuch zeal and heroic reſolution, to die for his country's cauſe." Emin told Johannes, that he had the honour to be one of his faithful ſervants, from St. Peterſburgh to Tiffliz; but having no money to maintain *himſelf*, he was obliged to take leave of him; that as for the ſafety of Emin's perſon, he might be aſſured of his being alive; nor would it be long before he would make him a viſit. Upon this the monk got up to embrace Emin for joy, who then revealed himſelf; ſaying, "Here is the very man you have been wiſhing for, and for theſe three long days conſtantly ſpeaking of; what can you do now with him, who is ready to follow your advice?" It may be ſuppoſed, that after the monk's earneſt profeſſions of intereſting himſelf in Emin's favour, he would have been very glad to do all in his power, and be as good as his word. But the poor man, on the reverſe, inſtead of rejoicing to find him preſent, drew back, ſat down with amazing concern, ſeeming ſo much terrified as to be thrown into an ague-fit, fetching deep ſighs, groaning moſt heavily, and trembling like

like a willow. He then uttered theſe words: "O! Sir, I grieve to ſee you in that poor condition, which ſhews you have no money, and without having forty or fifty Armeſians about you. If the mountaineers [meaning the Neſtors] ſhould happen to ſee you, they would not believe you to be Emin. I have converted 800 Neſtorian families to the Roman Catholic religion, who in this ſmall extent of flat country, where hardly a rock is to be found for a defence, will be in danger of being put to the ſword by their maſter Ahmed Khan, ſhould he know you are here. He reſides in the town of Khuy, by which you have paſt, ſix leagues hence. I beg you will do one of two things; either return, or go up to that mountain which you ſee; it is fifteen miles from this place, and there you will find 18,000 mountaineers, who have been expecting you ever ſince you left Tiffliz; but without a few hundred zarmahbool zeckins, you will find it a hard matter to effect your purpoſe. However, I ſhall do my beſt endeavours, and write to them in your favour; and hope they will be perſuaded to come into your meaſures, provided your relation Muſſeſs go with you thither; he has not ſaid any thing to me, but my deacon Joſeph has diſcovered

his being diſheartened, and reſolved to part from you. I have told Joſeph to pretend that he knows not your name, for the people ought not to know you. Therefore go firſt and try to perſuade Muſſeſs, and when that is done, I will compoſe the letter, and ſend alſo Joſeph, who is as brave a young man as ever lived, to accompany you, and help you as much as he can, and to remain there as long as you pleaſe; then ſend him back with good news of your proſperity. But if fortune ſhould not favour you, you will have ſome ſatisfaction in having ſeen them, as well as other nations and countries. They are a moſt hoſpitable good-natured ſet of men, and in other times may be of great ſervice to you, who by their uprightneſs of conduct have gained the minds of all the Armenians and Lazguis. But, alas! you might alſo have purchaſed the black hearts of the churchmen for the ſame purpoſe, if you had had a good ſum of money."

From this long friendly ſpeech, compoſed of lamentation, reprimands, terror, and encouraging recommendation, Emin could not venture, in his diſtracted mind, to form any idea. Johannes, while he did not know who he was, would do any thing in the world to

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ſee his perſon, though ever ſo poor; but when he began to know him, he was terrified; and when he recovered himſelf from an unexpected ſurprize, would ſerve him to all intents and purpoſes! Emin judged it beſt to thank him for his fatherly advice; but little thought his boaſted relation Muſſeſs would have behaved in ſo puſillanimous a manner, as to expoſe his weak ſide, when he expected him to be as ſound as a rock, like himſelf; and was aſtoniſhed at the whiteneſs of Muſſeſs's liver, when he told him, he would not go with him by any means among thoſe mountaineers, nor accompany him longer, unleſs he returned to Tiffliz, or to ſome part of Perſia. The monk Johannes, learning what had paſt between the two relations, comforted Emin in private like a father, and ſo did his deacon Joſeph, telling him it did not ſignify, and ſince Muſſeſs could not be perſuaded to concur with Emin, his beſt way would be to go to Heraclius, who would certainly receive him again with pleaſure and ſatisfaction, being ſorry for having turned him out of his country. Emin remembering the old Engliſh ſaying, that "neceſſity has no law," put on a bold face, forcing his heart to become a piece of hard ſteel;

ſteel; and taking leave of Johannes, ſet out once more to have recourſe to that famous prince, at the riſque of his life, all the way to Tiffliz, not knowing in what his fate would end. Then, beſides his doubt in what manner he ſhould be received by Heraclius, a thouſand perplexing imaginations every hour paſſing and repaſſing through his inconſolable mind, he often wiſhed he had been made a ſlave by the Turkmans, inſtead of returning to a prince who had aſſured Emin, that he was not a perſon likely to be of ſervice either to him or to the Chriſtians, when he was in power, and had an opportunity, at the head of the Lazguis, to ruin Georgia. Even at that hopeleſs time, had he gone among them, he would have been received as before. But great is the principle of religion! powerfully affecting the human mind in general; dividing kingdoms; ſetting brothers againſt brothers, ready to cut each others throats, and turning their hearts to inveterate enmity from ſocial friendſhip. Such have been the motives of Emin from the beginning of his undertaking to this day; yet he did not proſper in his honeſt deſigns in the world, though many others in his place, and with his opportunity, would

would have ſacrificed every thing that was dear to ſelfiſh ambition, ſo as to ruin others to ſerve themſelves.

It was in the morning when he took leave of Johannes, and departed from the village of Khoſrove, with his poor-hearted relation, and Alahverdy the hired Mahomedan. They were not gone half away to the town of Khuy, when, with intention to ſhun the place again as before, they halted about a hundred ſteps on the right, out of the road, and alighted by the ſide of a ſpring to reſt a while, eat ſomething, and conſult what route it would be the leaſt dangerous to take: but unluckily he found that Muſſeſs's *yapenchee* or felt great coat was miſſing; he having diſmounted an hour before they came to that place, had thrown it careleſsly on the back of the pack-horſe, and leading it without looking behind, had dropped it. In the mean time, Emin ſaw a ſingle traveller paſs by, with his face intirely turned to the left, ſo as not to be perceived. This uncommon attitude made him ſuſpect that he had picked up the yapenchee, and for that reaſon did not look towards the ſpring where they were ſitting. He had got out of ſight, when, after a few minutes pauſe, Emin mounted his horſe, telling his men

men to follow quietly after him, and galloping about, ſcouring to the right and left, found him at laſt diſmounted ſitting in the corner of a meadow. Emin ſeeing the yapenchee at ſome diſtance, went up and took it from him, reprimanding the young Armenian for his behaviour. The Armenian excuſed himſelf, ſaying, that he thought they were Mahomedan Perſians, whoſe prophet had made the property of Chriſtians lawful booty for them, and, in conſequence, their goods ought to be made ſo to the Chriſtians. This he ſaid, not knowing who Emin was. He then mounted, and before they reached the high road, Emin inquiring who he was, found him to be a ſervant of the cuſtom-houſe, named Mehrab Aga, an Armenian of Tiffliz, in the ſervice of Ahmad Khan of Khuy, a man who had been ſent by an order to ſearch about the country under the Khan's government, and find out if any Armenian merchants or pedlars could be detected carrying or ſmuggling away Turkiſh piaſters to the town of Shoſhu, there to be made into current abaſis, (each equal to an Engliſh ſhilling;) and he hoped, he ſaid, that Emin had not any ſuch about him, for they would be taken from him, and he would receive 500 baſtinadoes on the ſoles of his feet.

Emin

Emin ſaid, he had not a ſingle piaſter about him. The young man believed him; but was ſorry to ſay, that he muſt acquaint the cuſtom-officer, as he had taken his oath, that ſuch and ſuch Armenians were coming upon the road. This polite way of threatening was occaſioned by Muſſeſs's imprudence, who, when he came up to them, inſulted the young man in moſt furious abuſive terms for ſtealing his coat, otherwiſe Emin could have ſent him away in a very friendly manner: but he was obliged to go to Khuy, in ſpite of all his endeavours to avoid it, as the ſuſpecting cuſtom-officer, through avarice, would have ſent half-a-dozen horſe to overtake and carry him up to the Khan, whether he would or not. Muſſeſs, recollecting his raſhneſs, not knowing at firſt who the Armenian was, could not help being ſorry for it. Emin ſaid to himſelf, "Let the worſt come to the worſt," and went on with great vexation of ſpirit; nor could he keep hold of the young Armenian to force him to go along with him a day's journey, for he was mounted on a better horſe, and took care to keep off at a great diſtance, after having told the nature of his office. In this diſagreeable ſituation, Emin marched very ſlowly, on purpoſe to enter the place

place in the dark, ſo as to ſet out in the morning early, without being known. It being paſt eight o'clock when he entered the town, and the young man then out of danger, he drew near and conducted Emin and his ſervants to the very caravanſerai, which was alſo made into a cuſtom-houſe, where the officers or Tiflliz Armenian merchants inhabited. They immediately making a noiſe, like many Jews, with dark lantherns in their hands, came in a fury to rummage the portmanteau, and at laſt found piaſters. In the mean while, Emin tried to keep at a diſtance, in the dark, in order to ſhun them, but it was to no purpoſe. They firſt cried out to Mehrab, "Sir, we do not know this man, who ſeems to have no language, for he does not ſpeak a word." Emin, finding that their inquiſitiveneſs could not be ſatisfied without knowing his perſon, ſaid, "What is it that you want?—You have ſeen, good people, that there is no money; but having done your duty, go your way—let me alone." One of them, ſitting with Mehrab and ſeveral others, in a low varanda not a great way off, heard his voice, and cried out, "Oh! it is Emin Aga." Then he, with all the reſt, got up from their ſeats, run down, and coming from all ſides, carried and made him

him ſit at the head of the table, already laid for ſupper. Mehrab the head cuſtom-officer, with his ſecond named Vaſky, told Emin plainly, before all that ſat and ſtood by, that he, with his companion Vaſky, muſt go and report to Ahmad Khan of Emin's coming to the town of Khuy, and that he had been at Khoſrove among the Aſſyrians or Curds, to make them revolt. Emin, finding him ſo unmercifully reſolved to betray him, without cauſe or any offence given, nor even a ſingle word being ſpoken to him, ſaid, "My friend, do your worſt;—ſhew your fidelity to the Khan, and ſhed my blood, and then ſatisfy your conſcience for being the cauſe of murdering your fellow Chriſtian, who never ſaw you in his life before, nor offended you. But the Great God, who has ſaved him from many perils, will not let him fall by your means." The villanous Mehrab ſaid, "I ſhall try that God, whom you have truſted ſo much without money: but the crooked ſword of Kizlebaſh will ſhew you the contrary." He pronounced theſe words in anger, and went away with Vaſky to the Khan. In half an hour he came back, appearing very unhappy and dejected: he ſat at the table, but ſaid not a word for five minutes; then he opened his ungodly

ungodly mouth again, ſaying, "Gentlemen, ſurely Emin Aga's God is great, [as if he had been an unbeliever]. I went and ſtood in the preſence of the Khan, like Judas the betrayer of Jeſus, and accuſed him with ſuch heavy enormous charges, that if he had been the Khan's own brother or ſon, he would have ordered him to be cut into a hundred pieces: on the contrary, he abuſed and inſulted me with ſuch angry words and threatening language, that I thought myſelf very near falling a victim inſtead of Emin; and rebuking me, ſaid, you wicked Armenian of Tiffliz, Emin has truſted in the only God, running through fire and ſword to ſave you from ſlavery, while you, brute beaſts! are endeavouring to reward him with a downfal:—get out of my ſight!—tell Emin, from me, he is welcome to my country:—let him reſt ſatisfied, ſtay as long as he pleaſes, and go when he pleaſes; no ſoul ſhall dare to ſay a word to him." Emin ſaid nothing, only glorifying the Omnipotent God in his mind, when the reſt of the Armenians were ſaying to one another, "Sure this is a miracle—for we expected him by this time to be cut in pieces; yet he is ſitting in peace, and will ſleep in tranquillity." The next morning he went without the walls, and

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lodged at an Armenian's houſe a fortnight, without being diſturbed, after many months fatigue and danger, not forgetting to this day, the natural humanity of Ahmed Khan the Mahomedan, to the ſhame of Mehrab the Armenian merchant of Tiffliz, who did not deſiſt from endeavouring to make an end of Emin. But God, who ſees the hearts, and knows the ſecrets of all men, will not forſake any who puts his whole truſt in him.

Emin, after ſtaying at Khuy fourteen days, and having given his diſturbed mind ſome reſt, entertained freſh hopes, contemplating, that while he continued firm in the principles of virtue, he need not be apprehenſive of being immaturely ſent out of the world. He undertook therefore the ſecond time to go to prince Heraclius, though without an invitation from him: yet, as ſeveral Armenians of Tiffliz, or Georgians, had informed him, that his Highneſs had often declared in public, that he ſhould be glad if Emin would return to Georgia, he flattered himſelf, that the prince, being a Chriſtian, had, from motives of conſcience, repented of his ill-behaviour to him, or endeavoured to retrieve his diſobliging the mighty Ruſſians, who had been ſo favourable as to recommend Emin. On the other hand, he

was under the neceſſity to juſtify his character, and ſtop the murmuring reflections of the world, leaving no room for any man to ſay, that the prince's mind was good towards him; but that he obſtinately refuſed to be reconciled to the prince. Emin, on thoſe two points, built a caſtle in the air; and putting on, a ſecond time, a bold face, ſet out with an Armenian caravan, and after twelve days ſlow travelling, arrived one afternoon at Tiffliz. He found that the prince was juſt gone out on a party of pleaſure, and not making any halt, gallopped immediately after him, and overtook him at two miles diſtance going along the bank of the Cur. Emin, according to cuſtom, diſmounted; and no ſooner did the prince ſee him holding his ſtirrup, and kiſſing his hand, than he ſtarted: but recollecting himſelf, expreſſed great joy, like a father receiving a prodigal ſon, and all his nobles were ſeemingly glad, yet much ſurprized to find him among them again. Then the prince, in a fatherly tone of voice, deſired him to mount, after he had ſtood five minutes, and then expreſſed ſorrow for his former ill-treatment, with great joy on ſeeing him a ſecond time in his country, ſaying further, "My unneceſſary ſuſpicions are all vaniſhed.—Truly you

you are an honour to the Armenian nation, more particularly in your zeal for Chriſtianity: —any one elſe in your place, with ſuch opportunity could never have withſtood the temptation which you reſiſted, refuſing moſt prudently the command of ſo many brave men in Dagiſtan. It is ſurpriſing to me, that you came from them unmoleſted, when they found that you were not inclined to injure Chriſtians." [Here the author could not help ſuſpecting the prince's ſincerity, ſince envy appeared in his countenance notwithſtanding his fair ſpeech.] "Pray, Emin Aga," continued he, "how did you manage thoſe ſavage Barbarians, who are thirſty for Chriſtian blood?" Emin anſwered, "May it pleaſe your Highneſs, by ſpeaking truth, and by virtue of your prayers, which ſaved me from all danger." On hearing the word *truth*, to which his Highneſs is intirely a ſtranger, he caſt his head down, and then lifting it up again, ſaid, "I wiſh every man had your way of thinking; and hope you will forgive me, not intirely laying to my charge the ill-uſage you received, which was chiefly owing to his Highneſs Simon the Catholicus, to the biſhop Zacharia of Tiffliz, and to many others among my own Georgians." Emin added,

that he had done his duty ſo far, that he wiſhed well to all evil-doers, and was indifferent what ſhould become of himſelf.

It was then the beginning of autumn; and, in the latter end of December, Shaverdy Khan of Ganja began again his undermining politics, writing letters to the Lazguis for troops to reduce the great tribe of Shamſadin, who had put themſelves under the prince's protection; but Heraclius, fearing ſome ill conſequence, ſent five hundred Georgian horſe to Ganja, in order to keep the khan quiet. He, not minding them much, laid a ſcheme, on the arrival of the Lazguis, to put them all to the ſword in cold blood. Since the Shamſadin tribe, like others, was divided into two parties, one for the prince, and the other for the khan, one party would have joined to put the deſign into execution; but, luckily for the Georgians, a young Armenian mountaineer, a new apoſtate to the Mohomedan faith, had been a few days before made a ſervant to Shaverdy; who being in bed and aſleep, the young man, not contented with his new religion, took the gun hanging in the ſame room, and ſhot the khan to death, which ended all the miſchief, and ſaved the lives of many thouſands. The

young man was put to the ſword by the khan's ſon, called Agajar Beg; and from that time Ganja by degrees became a province under Heraclius. The young Armenian, before he was put to death, being aſked what was his motive for ſo doing? ſaid, "He did it, that by killing the khan, and leaving a good fame behind, he might be killed himſelf afterwards for having renounced his own divine religion."

It may not be improper to recapitulate here three remarkable circumſtances in regard to the Armenian nation, which were of ſervice to Heraclius. The firſt was, David his ſubject, diſcovering the horrid conſpiracy of thirty-two Georgian noblemen, headed by Heraclius's own uncle by his mother's ſide, Prince Pata: the ſecond, that Emin, when commanding the Lazguis, diſcompoſed Shaverdy Khan's government, by freeing the Colan Curd tribe mentioned before: the third, that the young mountaineer put an end to the khan's life, when he was near recovering his dominions from diſorder, and preparing to overſet the prince's power, who being juſt on the brink of downfal, was fortunately ſaved from one of his greateſt rivals.

The Armenian merchants or tradeſmen of Tiffliz have ſerved the prince and his family, on all occaſions, with troops, money, quarters, proviſions, and forage, for forty years laſt paſt, moſt truly and affectionately; yet the prince was never mindful of them, nor ſhewed them any regard. Emin cannot in conſcience blame the poor prince on that head; he is rather to be pitied; ſince the force of his religion, and the holy miniſters of the ſacred Greek church, being predominant in his mind, he was not endowed with probity ſufficient to ſhake off its ſpiritual influence; not reſembling thoſe great-ſouled heroes, who diſdained partiality, and rewarded merit wherever it was found. Such has been the chief curſe to ſome Chriſtian powers, for the vengeance of the Almighty falling upon them, when Mahomed mounted on a camel from Arabia came to ſcourge them; and they are treated with indignity by all nations.

Emin, from day to day, flattered himſelf, through the ſmooth words of the prince, that he would aſſiſt him, by giving the command of a detachment to him. In this manner full nine months paſſed; but Heraclius could not afford to beſtow on him a ſingle abaſy,

nor

nor any thing elſe, except half a Tabriz maund, or pound, of bread, (little more than three Engliſh penny loaves,) half a maund of mutton, and half a maund of weak wine, for the allowance of two hungry perſons, Emin and his relation Muſſeſs, who through neceſſity were thankful for being taught economy by his Highneſs. Emin did not much mind it; having inured himſelf to living by that rule all his lifetime. Poor Muſſeſs perſevered as well as he could; but it muſt be ſuppoſed that he ſuffered greatly. This way of victualling was on feaſt days; but on faſt days they had no more than half a maund of bread and half a maund of wine: for the Armenians feaſt ſix months in the year, and faſt ſix months without eating either fiſh or fleſh. Thoſe who can afford it, may have all ſorts of fruits, fine olives, and pilau with oil; but God help thoſe that are poor; they can enjoy nothing. In any part of Armenia they may have plenty of fruits, but not at Tiffliz, where every thing is proportionably dear; it being in ſome ſort a metropolis.

In one of the laſt battles againſt the Lazguis, in the depth of winter, they were no more than a hundred men, each having an Emeral: the Georgians were commanded by

'Michael the Centurion, an Armenian by birth, who had been taken captive when an infant, and brought up in Dagiſtan. This brave man happened to be one of the captains of the Lazguis ſent to Solomon, prince of Emeral, as auxiliary troops. He came from Dagiſtan, joined his troops, and defeated 40,000 Turks and Dadians belonging to a petty Georgian prince of the Turks party, whoſe country the Lazguis ruined, and took ſlaves for their pay, to the number of one hundred, chiefly females. Others, more prudent, ſtaid where they were, in Emeral Georgia, till the melting of the ſnow, knowing that prince Heraclius would not keep his covenant, made when they were invited by his ſon-in-law prince Archil, brother to Prince Solomon. But this Michael, being originally an Armenian, and credulous by nature, truſted to prince Heraclius's honour, who having intelligence before of his intention to march through the ſnow on the Plain of Samigory (or the Three Miles,) lay in his way near a foreſt, half a mile's diſtance from the river Chabry, one the branches of the Cur. There he remained a fortnight, with four thouſand choſen Georgians, cavalry and infantry. In the afternoon the Georgian centries

centries brought word that the Lazguis were coming, upon which every man mounted readily, but without any order, making a confuſed effeminate noiſe, with the ſound of a long *i*, as far as their breath could go. The Lazguis not apprized of the prince's hoſtile intention, took it to be a hunting party. Before they came up, prince Heraclius's *eſhikageſies*, or aids-du-camp, ſaid to Emin, "It is his Highneſs's expreſs command, that you go out of his band to charge the enemy before." He inſtantly obeyed, ſpurring and whipping his horſe; but he was hardly gone ten yards, when the Georgians began firing behind him, and the Lazguis ſcarce fifty yards from him in front; ſo that he was between two fires, both taking aim at him. The Lazguis took him to be a Georgian, and the Georgians were glad of the opportunity to make an end of a poor ſingle Armenian, whoſe great faith was his armour and ſhield. He called upon God, and ruſhed through the enemy without being hurt, ſo that he went round and ſtood at ſome diſtance to ſee the operation. While he was between, thoſe two ſavages fired balls that flew cloſe to his ears, and killed fifty Georgians, with ſome men of note, and as many of the Lazguis.

Being

Being oppoſite, he then fell upon them ſword in hand, ſurpriſing them in cloſe quarter; while the Lazguis, fighting like tigers, laughed and ſpit in the Georgians faces, calling them treacherous Caffers, for not keeping true to their words. Michael the Centurion ſignalized himſelf in a moſt ſurpriſing manner, as he was ſurrounded by three hundred Georgians for his ſhare, and firing his piece, he killed one firſt, and not having time enough to load again, he clubbed it, and holding it by the muzzle, fell among the Georgians, and knocked down ſix or ſeven of them. When his firelock was broken, he drew his ſword, and with his dagger in his left hand, defended himſelf, fighting and calling Heraclius by all manner of bad names. The prince took care to go upon a high eminence. Michael received nine balls through his body before he fell, pronouncing, Lallah, Illalah, &c.: then he laid himſelf down with as much compoſure as if he was going to ſleep, and with his right hand under his head, looked as freſh as a roſe. The Georgians behaved like ſavages; for when he was dead and gone, ſome of them came and took his head off, ſome his hands, ſome his feet, and others ripped open his cheſt to ſee his heart, which

which was amazingly large, and his liver was as black as jet; which puts me in mind of an expreſſion of the ſailors as a rebuke to a cowardly man, Go your way, you white-livered fellow! The appellation ſignifies, that a black liver belongs to a brave man. When his ſon was taken, he ſaid that his father was ſeventy-two years of age. Forty of the *Lazguis fought* retreating compoſedly till they got to the top of an eminence, the ground being ſoft and mixed chiefly with ſalt-petre. In five minutes they dug holes with their daggers deep enough to entrench themſelves; in the mean time the whole army of Georgians formed a circle round them. The Lazguis fought deſperately. When any of them had exhauſted his ammunition, he left his poſt, drew his ſword, or clubbed his firelock like Hercules, came out of the entrenchment, ruſhed among the Georgians, and fought till he was deſtroyed. This continued till eleven o'clock at night, when the ſnow began to fall very thick, each flake being as big as an Engliſh ſhilling. Both ſides were tired, partly by the cold, partly by the fatigue; thoſe left in the entrenchment having no more powder or ball, cried out, Bariſh! (or peace,) on condition that the prince

prince would grant quarter, and not moleſt them, to which his Highneſs conſented; but after they came out, they were ſtripped ſtark naked; and after the army had marched back to the camp, ſeventeen of them were put to the ſword, and three only left, whom the prince ordered to receive a Tabriz maund of flour for four or five days journey, through ſnow half a yard deep, to the foot of Dagiſtan. Among them, an Armenian boy, ſixteen years of age, was taken priſoner and preſerved. Emin had the curioſity to aſk him, "Who were thoſe twenty-four men among the dead, and not circumciſed?" He ſaid, "They are Armenians, brought from Armenia when children, and brought up as Lazguis in Dagiſtan; for the Lazguis ſeldom ſell the Armenian boys to the Turks as they do the Georgians. The Armenian infants brought up by the Lazguis, turn out brave, and faithful to their maſters; whereas the Georgians are not ſo, but falſe and treacherous. There is no occaſion to ſay more; you have been in Dagiſtan, where you hardly ſaw a Georgian male ſlave made free, as we emancipate the Armenians, who live there like princes, and when they deſcend from Dagiſtan into Georgia for plunder, a few of

them

them ſtand againſt thouſands of Georgians? You have ſeen a proof of their behaviour to-day, by Michael our leader; who, truſting to Heraclius's falſe word, loſt his life bravely." Emin then ſaid, "Why did not thoſe Lazguis keep the grown men and women as well as the children?" Then he ſaid, "O, good Sir, how can you be ſo ignorant of the world? The Armenians will never turn Mohomedans, if they were cut to pieces; nor are their women ſo beautiful as the Georgians; and in their ſlavery they are moſt unhappy: they are therefore ranſomed by their own countrymen, and become free again."

That very night the prince aſked Emin the reaſon of his not bringing the heads of two Lazguis, which, as he had been told, he killed in the action. Emin ſwore by his honour that it was not true; and declared honeſtly, that he did not even fire his piece at them; when he had an opportunity, ſhewing the pan of it to the prince, that it was freſh, and the muzzle not at all dirty. The prince ſaid, "Why ſo, my Emin Aga?" Emin ſaid, "May it pleaſe your Highneſs, they are my beſt friends. I have been treated by them like their own eyes, as it is known to all men; it would be daſtardly in any man of the

the leaſt principle, to hurt his friends without provocation; eſpecially as it is againſt the law of nations, to attack theſe brave men who were called at the deſire of prince Solomon and your ſon-in-law prince Archil his brother, and became the chief inſtruments of reſcuing their principalities out of the hands of the cruel Turks." The prince, at this reaſonable anſwer, hung down his head, and after caſting his eyes five minutes on the ground, ſaid to him, "May God reward you according to your heart!" The next morning the prince marched with the heads of the Lazguis on mules backs. They were ſkinned after his arrival at Tiffliz, ſtuffed with chopped ſtraw, and ſent to Akhaltzikhas Paſha, to be diſpatched by him to Conſtantinople, as a token of friendſhip to the Sultan, and a proof of his important victory over the Lazguis. This ſmall piece of policy, though childiſh in its kind, made as much noiſe in thoſe parts of Turkey, as any one of the famous victories of the late Frederick King of Pruſſia made in Europe, which is owing moſtly to the effeminacy or ignorance of the ſinking power of the Othomans.

In the following ſpring, and till the middle of ſummer, Emin ſtaid in Georgia, with the ſame

ſame ſhort allowance mentioned before, and even that was gotten with great difficulty; for his poor relation Muſſeſs uſed to go early in the morning to attend upon the prince's nazir, or ſteward, bending his neck at his door till three in the afternoon for an order to procure that paultry proviſion.

The prince, for his recreation every year, as well as to lie in wait for Lazgui inroaders, at the head of ſome thouſand horſe, went to the town of Gory, with his haram, or family; the firſt ſhort ſtage was about ſeven or eight miles, from Tiffliz to Kheta, where their principal church ſtands, to the weſt of the river Cur. In the afternoon Muſſeſs appeared ſomewhat fatigued by marching on foot, and ſeemed to be in deſpair; having more ſenſe than like Emin to follow the prince in vain, without any fair proſpect of benefit. Though naturally modeſt, he abruptly aſked Emin's permiſſion to go away: the poor fellow made ſome trifling excuſes; that he had forgot his linen, and left ſome other neceſſary things behind: he wiſhed therefore to go back to Tiffliz for them. Emin perceiving his intention, made no objection. Thus he departed, and Emin being left alone, on the

next

next morning followed the prince and reached the town of Gory.

Five or ſix days after, prince Ivani Abaſachi, Heraclius's brother-in-law, came and ſpoke to Emin with a good-natured tone of voice, but with threatening words, from Heraclius, to the following effect: "I am commanded by his Highneſs, (for which I am heartily ſorry,) to acquaint you with his ſevere order, that you prepare immediately to go out of his dominions which way you chuſe; but in caſe of your delay, he will put an end to your life." The good man burſt into tears like a child, exclaiming againſt Heraclius for his barbarity; and adding, "The greateſt part of his ſubjects are Armenians, trained up in wars againſt the Lazguis; he is very ſuſpicious, and even afraid of a revolt from them, the conſequence of which may be fatal to him; therefore I muſt adviſe you, my dear Emin, to ſet out immediately, and ſave your life from his tyranny; for he is a man of ſo bad a diſpoſition, and ſo full of envy, that he cannot bear to ſee or hear of any merit. He is ungrateful, like the Perſians, and falſe to his very marrow; no doubt he will loſe his kingdom, and all his pains will prove vain."

Emin

Emin thanked Abaſachi for his friendly concern, and ſaid, "There is no occaſion for many words:" then he ſaddled his horſe and ſet out for Emeral Georgia, to try what ſort of metal prince Solomon was made of. He aſked ſome men the way to it, and had himſelf learned in England, from maps lent him by his friend Mr. Edmund Burke, that it was to the weſtward of Cartuel. After marching about five miles, he reached the bank of an unfordable river, one of the branches of the Cur, then much ſwelled by the late fall of rain, and the melting of the ſnow in the mountains. Being at a loſs in what manner to paſs, yet truſting in God, he puſhed the horſe into the terrible current, which carried him like lightning down the river, where himſelf, from his waiſt to the head, and only the head of his horſe, might have been ſeen, like two gourds floating on the ſurface of the water. The only prayer he could pronounce to Providence was this, "O, my God! let not prince Heraclius rejoice at the death of your ſinful creature!" He cannot recollect how many minutes had paſſed, when his poor beaſt touched the ground, and came out of the water: but when he looked back at the diſtance between the two ſtations, he gueſſed it to be

almoſt two miles. He then glorified the Great Maker of all for his narrow eſcape—and, an hour or two before ſun-ſet, came to the door of a mud houſe in a beautiful plain, without any other building or village near it: there he ſaw an elderly woman ſitting down and ſpinning cotton, and, not gueſſing her temper, he aſked her, if ſhe could tell the way to ſuch a place? No ſooner had ſhe heard him, than ſhe flew into a furious paſſion, ſcolding like a mad witch, ready to ruſh againſt his face; but fortunately a ſweet angelic Georgian girl, who was ſtanding by, interpoſed, and pacified the old dame with her amiable charming voice and ſenſible expoſtulation, telling her that ſhe ſhould not behave ſo roughly to the gentleman, who was a ſtranger in their country, and without any companion. "Do not you ſee," ſhe ſaid, "that his cloaths are wet? I dare ſay he is ſaved from being drowned in the river, which an elephant could not paſs at this time of the year:" then turning her dear ſelf to Emin, ſhe gave him an account of the road to Kertzkhilvan, the laſt frontier town of Cartuel. The words of her lovely mouth were theſe: "My dear ſtranger brother, be not uneaſy; let not your good heart be in the leaſt diſcompoſed at the thoughtleſs expreſſions and unbecoming

coming behaviour of this old woman—ſhe knows no better, elſe ſhe would not act in ſuch a manner. O, my God! if you had been drowned, what would have been the condition of your poor relations when they heard of it? Pray go to your journey's end, for it will be ſoon dark, leſt you ſhould not find your way eaſily." Emin thanked the ſweet angel and departed; but, now and then turning his face back, he ſaw her ſtanding in the ſame poſture in which he left her, till he was out of ſight. The emotion of his mind, excited by the natural humanity of that innocent lovely creature, was not to be wondered at. Let no brave man be blamed for endeavouring at the danger of his ſingle life, nor the richeſt man at the hazard of his fortune, to obtain ſuch a woman as ſhe was; for ſhe would ſtudy to make him paſs his life happily, and her agreeable ſociety, continuing always the ſame, ought to be eſteemed a ſingular felicity, while ſhe would ſet a commendable example for others to follow, and would teach them to be contented in the ſhort paſſage through this viſionary world. Emin cannot with a good conſcience avoid ſaying, that this kind of happineſs, as he has by many obſervations found, exiſts among a number of

European Chriſtian couples; but among few, very few indeed, of the Aſiatics, whoſe uſage towards the fair ſex cannot be compared to any thing but the conduct of devils: the law allowing a plurality of wives, has been the very cauſe of their never enjoying peace of mind, but continually deſtroying one another ever ſince the beginning of their empire. Any law or cuſtom againſt nature, muſt ruin cities, depopulate kingdoms, and leave nothing behind but a deſert, as wild as if it had never been inhabited by men.

Emin, in this manner was contemplating on horſe-back quite fatigued, till two hours after ſun-ſet he reached the ſame river, over which was made a faſcine bridge woven with branches of trees, the butt end of whoſe ſticks was not thicker than an inch; it was pretty ſtrong and tough, but was moved up and down in the middle by the wind, like a ſpring, and was there no broader than two feet and a half. He was going to paſs it on horſe-back, but the poor beaſt blowing with his noſtrils, ſtarted back:—fortunately an Armenian happened to be on the other ſide of the river, juſt at the end of the bridge, and diſcovering him in the dark to be Emin, called out to him in a frightened tone of voice,

"Pray,

" Pray, Sir, for God's ſake diſmount, and lead the beaſt, for fear of its falling in with you!" Emin did as he was adviſed, went over ſafe, and thanked the friendly Armenian for giving him caution, otherwiſe he might have been loſt. The village town of Kertzkhilvan being almoſt cloſe to him, he was conducted by the ſame young man his deliverer to the church, where he ſupped, and ſlept that night. As a great part of the inhabitants were Armenians, when they knew what ill-treatment he had received from Heraclius, they were grieved to the heart, and were afraid to entertain him long in their houſes, though they wiſhed to enjoy his company ſome weeks.

The next morning, a poor young nobleman of Emeral Georgia was going to Tzeretel, the firſt place of that principality, and willingly became Emin's companion and guide. This poor nobleman had neither arms nor a horſe to ride on; and the road was moſt dangerouſly infeſted (as they ſaid) by Lazguis, and they had full twenty-five miles to march to their journey's end. They were hardly gone from the village half a mile, when another Emeralian Georgian, a ſtout young man, joined them, armed with a firelock and a hanger: he knew the way better than the

firſt, and ſaid, they muſt take another route for fear of meeting robbers. Emin agreed, and ſaid, he ſhould not object to any way he thought the ſafeſt. As he had been inſtructed before in the village by an Armenian prieſt, as well as by others, he told them in the way he had a letter from Heraclius to Mipe or prince Solomon, upon buſineſs of ſome conſequence. After travelling five or ſix miles, they diſcovered, on the left of the road, at about 500 yards diſtance, ſeven Lazguis ſitting down upon the graſs. When they ſaw Emin and his comrades, they roſe in haſte, and put themſelves in readineſs. His companions took to their heels; but he, going on ſlowly, and expecting to be taken, had advanced no farther than fifty yards, when he fortunately found twenty armed Emerals ſitting down to reſt in the road, with their knapſacks lying before them. No ſooner had they ſeen the Lazguis' heads, and heard the hard thumping of their feet, than they got up and cocked their firelocks to receive them; but the Lazguis, little expecting to meet many armed men, and hoping to take Emin with his two companions, retired quickly to the neighbouring woods. They were ſaid afterwards to have ſurprized ſix travellers coming from the ſame village,

village, and taken into ſlavery two Georgian boys. According to the ancient ſuperſtitions of the Greeks, which prevail to this day all over the Eaſt, they firmly believe that the number 3 will be fatal in its kind: yet, Emin, in about twenty-four hours, fortunately eſcaped the two preceding dangers from rapid rivers, and the third from the Lazguis, when he might have been either killed or taken priſoner, if thoſe Chriſtians had not been upon the road, and he, knowing better things, never regarded that idea, imputing it to Omnipotent God's infinite goodneſs, who ſaved him from being deſtroyed. He (Emin) in honour could not leave thoſe brave men without expreſſing his acknowledgments in a long oriental ſpeech, thanking them heartily, and then he departed from them.

The road being divided, each party ſet out on their ſeveral ways. After marching, with immenſe fatigue, through rough grounds and thick foreſts, till fifteen minutes after ſun-ſet, Emin and his companions came at laſt to the ſide of another river, running down from the high lands with the velocity of a dart. Unfortunately the bridge was made of the ſame ſtuff or bavin as the former one, the ſide of it being overflowed about twelve feet, where

the ground was rather flat; but they did not think it adviſable for Emin to paſs. The young nobleman ſtayed with him on the bank. The armed man was anxious to go to his family, and an abaſy (equal to a ſhilling) was given to him, to get ſome bread and wine for his companions from Tzeretel, which was a little way from the other ſide of the river; but the man, being perhaps fatigued, did not return. That night Emin ſlept on the turf, covered with his felt coat. The young man, his firſt comrade, with great good-nature, took care of his horſe, which was grazing all the time. The next morning early, the other man, who went home in the night, came back, made his apology for diſappointing them, and returned the money. Emin deſired him to keep it with much perſuaſion, but he would by no means accept it. He ſaid, that he was a Chriſtian, and Emin's gueſt; that they were not like the Cartuel Georgians, who ſell their fathers for an abaſy, and are no better than Perſians. Then they ſtript off their coats, led the horſe over the river, and with much trouble got on the bridge, and walked to the other ſide. The young man held the beaſt, while the other returned, and carried Emin on his back, ſetting him on the bridge.

bridge. When he was gone over, he ſaw, at about 100 yards diſtance, a thatched houſe on a riſing ground, belonging to that noble young man, where a beautiful young lady was ſtanding, and looking about like an innocent dove. She was the young man's wife, and lately married. He deſired Emin, with politeneſs and good-nature, to alight on the green turf, making apologies, and telling him that it was preferable to his houſe, where no carpet was ſpread worthy of his reception; for the deviliſh Turks on the one hand, and the Lazgui inroaders on the other, had utterly impoveriſhed him. This pathetic ſpeech of the gentleman affected him ſo deeply, as to make him forget all his misfortunes. The young hoſt perceiving that, was no leſs ſenſible of it, and begged him to ſit down, not knowing all the while who his gueſt was. He then went up to the houſe, and brought two large cuy (or gurglets) of good wine, with ſome freſh cheeſe, and Jeruſalem white bread. Emin at that time was forty-two years of age, and hardly reliſhed wine; but that day, through fatigue and hunger, he liked it very much, and it made him forget at the time all his paſt dangers and troubles. Whilſt he was eating and drinking with his hoſt and ſome of the neigh-

neighbouring people, behold, all on a ſudden, a grey-headed Emeral fell down on his knees and kiſſed Emin's hand, then riſing up, ſtood before him with his hands croſſed on his breaſt. This unexpected circumſtance ſurprized the company; and the old man ſaid to the hoſt, "My lord Ivane, do you not know the gentleman whoſe hand I kiſſed?" Being anſwered, no; he ſaid, "He is Samckhy's patona [which ſignifies prince of Armenia]; his name is Emin Aga, whom I have ſeen at St. Peterſburgh; he had come thither from England, with letters of recommendation from Engliſh nobles, and was much reſpected by the great men in all the Ruſſian empire, was introduced to the grand nazir Worronzoff, and then preſented to the late king Tahmuraz father to Heraclius." He was going to tell the whole that he had ſeen there, when Emin interrupting him, deſired him to ſit down by lord Ivane, whoſe name he juſt then learned, and who could not contain himſelf for joy. The people being acquainted with this news, gathered from all ſides, bringing each of them a gurglet of wine, bread, meat, and boiled kids, that they might ſit by, eat, drink, and be merry. But when they underſtood that prince Heraclius had driven him out of Cartuel,

Cartuel, they were ſunk deep in ſorrow, and comforted him as well as they could, railing much againſt his highneſs's barbarous behaviour, with many unbecoming words. All this Emin did not approve, and appeaſed them in a friendly manner; adding, that the prince did not deſerve to be blamed; that it was owing to his own credulous weakneſs, in twice having recourſe to the prince, who was maſter of his own country, and might do as he thought proper. Nor to this day has Emin ſpoken ill of Heraclius; but cannot help pitying him for not knowing well enough thoſe men who could be of ſervice to him. Emin did not underſtand the Georgian language, but an Armenian, a native of Tiffliz, happened then to be among them; he acted as *linguiſt*, and explained to them his ſpeech, word for word. They were much aſtoniſhed, and commended the goodneſs of his heart, after ſuch unchriſtianlike treatment from the prince; ſwearing by all the ſaints above, (they were pretty well heated with wine), that Emin deſerved to be the ruler of his countrymen. They went on beyond the limits of prudence, wiſhing that he had the command of Cartuel, and of Emeral alſo, which were in a great meaſure exhauſted by their own tyrant lords.

lords. Emin could not help reprimanding them (yet in a moſt friendly manner), ſaying, "Gentlemen, I am ſorry for theſe expreſſions, which cannot be of any benefit, but, on the reverſe, when carried to the ears of any prince with abſolute power, would be conſidered as provocations, rather than imputed either to ignorance or to innocence. Conſider what you are ſaying; it is my duty, as a man of honour, to wiſh well to his highneſs." They ſaid, "You are not in his country, what makes you ſpeak well of him?" Then Emin ſaid, that he was neither a Georgian nor a Perſian, to ſpeak ill of any man behind his back, much leſs would he ſpeak againſt the prince whoſe bread and ſalt he had eaten ſo long a time. They then cried out, "Martalia [or true], you are a downright Armenian Chriſtian; but we Georgians are a very ſtrange people, and know no better." Then bending down their heads in a reſpectful manner, they made a long ſpeech to aſk his pardon. In this ſort of converſation the entertainment laſted till an hour before ſun-ſet, when a man from the lord of Tzerelet came, and making a low bow, conducted him to an Armenian thatched houſe, to lodge there till his lord ſhould return with prince Solomon, who

who was gone pleaſuring about the coun-, try.

During exactly forty days, Emin was accommodated and entertained by the ſame Armenian petty merchants; when the chiefs returned, with about 300 aznavurs, or knights, all from twenty-five to thirty years of age. So many handſome well-made men he never had ſeen before, except the Engliſh Oxford blues, the king's horſe grenadiers, and the Leib company (or the company of lions), the body-guard of her imperial majeſty Catherina. Prince Solomon immediately alighted. Emin waited on him, and was received very politely; but had no inclination to make a long ſtay there, and only gratified his curioſity of ſeeing that valiant Solomon, who really had ſaved his countrymen from being ſold to the Turks, and their freedom continues to this day. Half an hour after this the dinner was ordered; and it was curious enough to obſerve the ruſticity of its manner. The prince ſat down on the ſhort graſs, which ſerved for a table-cloth; the ſmall ends of branches of trees were cut, and the leaves ſpread before all the company; bread and khavia (or fiſh roe) were placed before every body, without any diſtinction. It ſurprized Emin to ſee lord Tzeretel, above five

yards from the company, gently digging the ground. When it was near two feet deep, there appeared a large flat ſtone of twenty inches diameter; lifting it up, he opened a large ciſtern, brimful of wine, and the ſervants with leathern buckets began filling their gurglets, each holding above three Engliſh gallons, one of which they brought, and ſet between every two perſons, who had flat ſilver cups in their pockets to drink out of. But the wine which was ſet before the prince was brought from Tzeretel's own houſe, his cup being a good deal larger than the reſt, holding almoſt one-third of a quart bottle. The prince filled it with his own hand, and preſented it to Emin, ſitting down juſt by him knee to knee; and he, with a ſhew of Aſiatic modeſty, declining to make ſo free as to drink in his company, the people with one voice blamed him, ſaying, "His highneſs confers ſo great an honour on you, that you muſt accept it immediately." The prince interrupted them, ſaying, "You are the firſt man among all the Armenians, and deſerve all due honours; therefore I thought proper to give this wine with my own hand." He added, with great good-nature, "Patona Emin, I will lay you a bet, after you have drank

drank this, if you do not aſk for a ſecond or third cup of your own accord, but abſtain from drinking more, you ſhall have my horſe, but if you do, I will take your horſe from you." Emin agreed, caſting his eyes on the prince's horſe; then he took the noble cup and drank it; the wine created ſuch an appetite, that he could not know how to eat his bread; he thought his head grown as big as St. Paul's church, and his arms like two monuments. A few minutes after, he aſked the prince for a ſecond bumper, acknowledging that the wine conquered him, and that he was growing ſo big, that neither the prince's nor his own horſe was ſufficient to carry him, nay even an elephant would be no more than a kid to him. This pleaſantry brought on ſuch merriment in the prince and the company, that for half an hour they could not hold themſelves from laughing. Emin was not become a giant only, but as great an orator as Cicero. The prince ſaid, "Now you are touched by the magnet of a ſociable diſpoſition, tell me your opinion of me, and of prince Heraclius, who has treated you ſo ill?" Emin ſaid, "Sir, there is a great difference between you and Heraclius." Solomon aſked what? He expected to be praiſed as ſuperior, and

and he was by all accounts as brave, and of an older family. But Emin having too much of the Armenian blood in him to flatter, beſides the generous wine he had drank from the hand of the prince, ſpoke his mind to this effect: "Sir, prince Heraclius, from many years experience in the toils of war, is worthy to be the emperor of Perſia, and yourſelf his generaliſſimo; provided you will both reſolve not to put on always, and every where, the religious habit of your holy church, to condemn all others, and to commend yours only. Such conduct will ſoon bring over the honeſt Armenians to furniſh you with all the neceſſaries of life, and true Chriſtianity will thrive better." Upon this, Solomon with all the company hung down their heads a long while, and ſeemed as if they had drunk no wine at all; then lifting them up, they unanimouſly and ſoberly applauded Emin's juſt obſervation. He did not expect to pleaſe the prince ſo well, thinking he had ſaid too much, and with too little partiality. Then Solomon aſking him to ſtay there, he declined it, ſaying, he had been away from his father twenty years, and muſt in duty return to obtain his paternal bleſſings. The prince aſked, what made him come thither? Emin anſwered, "The celebrity

brity of a prince who has been the inſtrument of delivering his country from ſubjection to the Turks." Then the prince bad him farewell, praying God to proſper him in all his undertakings.

Emin being at ſome loſs which way to betake himſelf, ſtayed ſome days longer, not without the entreaties of ſeveral perſons to remain there, and enter into Solomon's ſervice. While he was deliberating with himſelf, there came a nobleman from Heraclius to Solomon on ſome buſineſs, and was a little ſhy of ſpeaking to Emin; but his people told him, that the whole converſation he held with Solomon had been laid word for word before Heraclius; who was aſtoniſhed at Emin's preferring him to Solomon, without fear; eſpecially when he had been uſed ſo barbarouſly, after a ſolemn oath to treat him well. Emin believing this news to be ſtrictly true, went with the ſame party back to Gory, where Heraclius was. There Zachaïa, the old biſhop of Tiffliz, ſaw him, and told him, that prince Heraclius was much pleaſed with Emin's ſpeaking reſpectfully of him, and intended to ſend him in a public character, with a letter, on ſome great affair. Emin, well knowing the temper of Heraclius, told him, that his

father was growing old, and had ſent him an order to go to Bengal. Zacharia ſaid no more; nor did he go to ſee the prince, who, hearing that, could make no objection. He ſtayed there only two days, ſet out with ſome armed Armenians, and in two days more came to Tiffliz. The next day he joined a caravan, without looking back, to go to Ganja. In this caravan were twelve armed Armenian merchants, who begged of him to keep them company, as there was great fear on the road from the Lazguis; deſiring him to command them in caſe of an attack, and promiſing to give him four tumans (or eighty current rupees). Emin, very glad of the opportunity to be of ſervice to them, gave his word not to depart from them.

The road, for four or five days journey between Tiffliz and Ganja, is very populouſly inhabited by Tarakamas (or Turk tribes), who were removed by Shah Abbas from ſome part of Perſia, and made ſubjects by Heraclius after the death of Nadir Shah. They ſerve alſo as troops under him, when ordered; but in the months of June and July, they, with all their families and cattle, &c. aſcend ſome high mountains on the frontiers of Armenia, about two days journey off, to avoid the hot

ſeaſon. Theſe men, generally trained up in war, change their habits for Lazgui dreſſes, to diſguiſe them, and forming different parties, become great inroaders themſelves, and lying in ambuſcade, fall upon the caravans, which are compoſed commonly of Armenian merchants, whom they kill, or enſlave and ſell to the Lazguis. In this manner, the Armenians or Georgians are from time to time moleſted, by the careleſs management of the famous prince Heraclius, who judges it perhaps the beſt method to ſerve his own intereſt, like many other Aſiatic khans, of whom the author in ſome places ſpeaks well, as he ought, becauſe they really have ſome merit; but in others, tells his ſentiments without reſerve, from a regard to truth.

Before Emin proceeded on that dangerous journey, the caravan had pitched about five miles out of the town, at a place called Sokanluk, where he was conſulting with thoſe poor merchants, and inſtructing them in the method of fighting; when all of a ſudden, a young man among them named Nazar, of the city of Tabriz, knowing Emin's precarious ſituation, and apprehenſive of the prince's ſending after him, took it into his head to be very abuſive, and ſaid he would be the leader.

Emin with great patience bore his pertneſs, and ſaid not a word. That very inſtant, two horſemen of the above-mentioned Tarakamas arrived from Tiffliz, pretending they were going to Iravan; and being Emin's old acquaintance, were exceedingly glad of the inſolent behaviour of Nazar, and with all politeneſs begged him to go along with them. He conſented immediately, mounted his horſe, left the Armenians, and ſet out. As the road divided, they went weſtward, and after paſſing ſome high lands, came to a village on the brow of a hill, where they found Aly Kuly Beg, one of the chiefs of the Coſſack Tarakamas, who had ſtaid behind with his family, and about twenty well-mounted ſtout troopers. He alſo was glad of Emin's being affronted by the young Armenian of the caravan, and ſaid, "Let them go to the devil, with the vali their prince, ſince they do not know the worth of Emin." Having halted there, they eat ſome bread and tyr (or ſour milk), and were juſt getting ready to ſet out, when there arrived four of thoſe poor Armenians, with tears in their eyes, almoſt in deſpair. They begged Aly Kuly Beg to order a convoy of half a dozen horſemen to conduct the caravan ſafe to Ganja. He ſaid, after making ſome difficulties,

culties, that he would order only four men, for whom they muſt pay twelve tumans, to carry them no farther than a ſtage called Minoris, the inhabitants of which were gone up to the mountains for two months, as uſual; and there the gangs of thoſe pretended Lazguis generally make their rendezvous. This anſwer terrified the Armenians. The Mahomedans, *glorying to ſee them* in diſtreſs, reprimanded them ſeverely, and curſed Heraclius for his tyrannical government, ſaying, "Why does not he order a party of horſe to keep the roads quiet?" Emin, hearing all thoſe reflections, ſaid nothing, but his diſtracted heart felt enough within. The Armenians fell on their knees, holding his feet, and begging him for God's ſake to take care of them, and to convoy *the* caravan to Ganja; adding, that if they ſhould not make a *full* recompence for his trouble, their families, wives, and innocent children, would earneſtly pray God to reward him with ſucceſs in all his undertakings. They requeſted him, in a moſt ſubmiſſive manner, to overlook the offence of Nazar the brutal Tabrizian. Emin ſeeing this pathetic behaviour, melted into tears, and granting their requeſt, undertook to go with them. Ali Kuly with his gang were much

affected, and ſaid, "Go your ways, you unthinking Chriſtians! Emin's compaſſion has ſaved all your lives and properties: the more ſhame for the vali who knows not his merits, for we have often ſeen him in terrible actions againſt the Lazguis." Then he ſaid, "Emin Aga, you are in the right to take care of your countrymen; but let me tell you, that they will not behave to you as they ought, after they get to Ganja." Emin ſaid, "That does not much ſignify, as long as I can be of ſervice to them, that is all I want for my ſatisfaction."

They ſet out with the caravan, and their journey was completed exactly in five ſtages. They were frequently viſited by thoſe Tarakamas, or ſham Lazguis, every marching day, ſometimes twice, and ſometimes three times a-day. They ruſhed on ſword in hand, all well-mounted, and ready to kill or plunder; but when they found Emin to be there, they did no harm; they only wiſhed that he had not been among them. They now reached the ſquare gardens of Ganja, about two miles off, and though, while they were travelling, they had been frightened out of their ſenſes, and had given over the hope of eſcaping death, looking as if they had been taken out of

of their graves; yet now, ſeeing themſelves ſafe with their goods, their daſtardly hearts revived, and they began to exhibit their mean diſpoſition, ſpeaking to one another on purpoſe that Emin might hear them, in theſe words: "He was a fool to believe that our fears were real, and to let his compaſſion be moved, and be weak enough to be tempted by the offer we made to pay him four tumans for his trouble [each tuman makes twenty current rupees]: beſides, he might eaſily have let thoſe roguiſh Coſacks make a booty of us, when they ſwore to ſhare it with him like brothers. It is aſtoniſhing how much they reſpected him, as if he really had been their lord, only becauſe they had been in parties with him, while in Georgia under the vali againſt the Lazguis. Not long ago he firſt came from Ruſſia to Tiffliz, and was thence driven away by Heraclius; and this is the ſecond time, when every Mahomedan was thirſty for his blood, and it was expected by all the world he ſhould have been cut off; but on the contrary, he is become their darling." This ſpeech was made by one of them named Anton; but Hovſep, on the other hand, a man of ſome conſideration, ſaid to Anton, "You are an imprudent fooliſh

man. Emin at firſt ſaid, he ſhould expect nothing from us, what makes you take pains to diſpleaſe him. He did not ſpare his life to ſave ours. All that goodneſs is owing to the Chriſtian education he received in Frankiſtan, which aided his mind to be of ſervice to us; and we ſee he is capable of travelling over all parts of the country with as much tranquillity as if he was walking in his own garden." Emin laughed: then Arſen ſaid, "Sir, you are obliged to make a jeſt of it. If it were in your power, you would demand a double ſum of us. You are afraid of Mahomed Haſſan Khan, whom you defeated with a handful of Armenian mountaineers at the battle of Gedaſhen, and almoſt ruined his late father's government by your Frankiſtan politics, which you effected at the head of ſome thouſands of ſavage Lazguis. Depend upon it, on the leaſt motion you pretend to make here, or at Ganja, we will inform againſt you. Indeed, the khan will ſoon hear of your coming of your own accord to his ſlaughter-houſe, marked like a ram, to be butchered by his fury." Hovſep and the reſt reprimanded him, and ſaid, "You well know that his conduct has gained him the good-will of all theſe country-people.

To

To vex him in that manner, and put him out of patience, is not right: ſuppoſe he ſhould lay violent hands upon you, who will reſtrain him, and turn his horſe about? or who will be the man to go after him?" Anton ſaid, "I am well aſſured he will do no ſuch thing; for the chains of Chriſtianity on his neck, and the iron cuffs on his wriſt, will not let him ſtir an inch." Emin could not help laughing again at the drollery of Anton's ſentiments, mixed with malignant expreſſions. He thanked him in the main for his good opinion of Emin's faith.

At laſt they arrived at Ganja, and entered a caravanſerai. Emin found a near relation of his, named Agababa, who had come thither from Bagdad with merchandize; and at his habitation he took up his lodging. After ten or twelve days were paſſed, Mahomed Haſſan Khan, the governor of Ganja, ſent his firſt aid-du-camp with compliments, ſaying, that the khan would be glad to ſee him. He went immediately with the officer, and coming to the palace, made a ſalam to the khan, who was ſitting with his brother Aghajan Beg, in a large varanda, four feet above the ground, and about five hundred well-armed and well-dreſſed officers ſtanding in the

the court-yard, round the four ſides of a large ciſtern, or pond, with fountains playing in it, which is a great luxury among the Aſiatic lords. The khan hardly ſuffering Emin to ſtand a moment, deſired him inſtantly to walk up and ſit about three yards from him. After ſome ceremonious compliments between them, and a collation of ſweet-meats, ſherbet, and coffee, the khan began to ſpeak with great cheerfulneſs, ſaying, "I am very glad to ſee you have done with Heraclius, to whom you went twice without his knowing your value. I wiſh my late father had not, like him, treated you in ſo arrogant a manner above two years ago, when you came hither with two thouſand Lazgui horſe, offering your ſervice: his refuſal has been the chief cauſe of our country's depopulation; nor would Melick Yuſup have left us, whoſe battle you fought at Gedaſhen againſt me, defeating my army of about five thouſand men. In that action your conduct alone ſaved him and his tribe. I underſtand the cowardly merchants of Tiffliz, whoſe caravan was loaded with goods, have made your laudable conduct their ground of a baſe information againſt you, imagining that Mahmud Haſſan Khan would be mean enough, like

like their vali, to moleſt you. By this conduct they hoped to make you fear them, ſo as not to demand the four tumans, your juſt due. They are miſtaken in their diſhonourable conjectures. If you chuſe it, I will this inſtant order yaſawalls, or officers of ſeverity, to exact forty round tumans of them, inſtead of four; beſides chaſtiſing them handſomely for their ungrateful inſolence." Emin was ſurprized to find the khan ſo well-informed of every thing that had paſſed in the way, for he repeated the whole hiſtory of their mean behaviour, word for word, in a loud voice, before all his officers. Emin thanked the khan for his friendſhip and powerful interpoſition in his favour, but humbly implored him not to perſiſt in it, and to forgive them; quoting the following two lines in Turkman verſe:

" Yakhchilugha yakhchilug har egyden iſhi dur,
" Yamanlugha yukhchilugh ur egyden iſh dur:"

that is to ſay, To return good for good, is the duty of a common man; but to return good for evil, is the conduct of the brave." Mahmud Haſſan was much pleaſed, and admired Emin's placability of temper, and ſwore by Mortzaly, that if he had been in Emin's place, and ſo poor in pocket, with the ſame opportunity, he

he would have made them pay very dear for their ungrateful Jewiſh behaviour. He added, "Since you have ſo great an attachment for the Armenians, and even have ſhewn compaſſion to the Curdiſh Mahomedans, I ſhould be very glad if you would ſtay with me, and accept a command in my ſervice." Emin thanked him, and begged to be excuſed, ſince, as he was reſolved to return to his father in Bengal, it would not be poſſible for him to accept the khan's kind offer. The converſation being over, Emin took his leave, and went away. At the gates of the tent he met with thoſe poor Tifflizians, who having heard from other Armenians that were preſent what had paſſed between the khan and him, fell trembling on their knees, kiſſing his feet, aſking pardon, and making ſome nonſenſical ſpeeches; calling him their ſaviour; which word diſguſted him ſo much, that he took no notice of them, and ſaid not a word. He ſtaid about three months at Ganja, where the inhabitants behaved ſo very hoſpitably and politely, as to make him forget all his hardſhips through the ill-treatment of Heraclius and his unmanly ſubjects, who, though of the Armenian religion, are entirely aſſimilated with the falſe diſpoſition of the Georgians,

Georgians, having no probity, like others who are either under the Turks or the Perſians.

Emin, during eight years in the before-mentioned countries, ſo well eſtabliſhed his character, by virtue of his European education and conduct, that from princes to ſoldiers, from rich to poor, all became his friends, ſo that he could travel alone every where without fear. They, finding his intention was not founded on principles of violence or tyrannical ambition, wiſhed him ſucceſs in his honeſt undertakings: being convinced by Emin's harangues, that if the Armenians, who are ſcattered all over the world, great part of them through oppreſſion having taken refuge even in Turkey, could hear that the Perſians treated them well, they would reſort back to their own country again, and become of infinite ſervice to the kingdom; particularly if they were told that there was a perſon of their own nation at their head. He uſed to add, that the Perſians need not be in the leaſt apprehenſive of a revolt, well knowing that the Armenians were but few in compariſon of the Perſians; their country being ſo ſmall in extent, and ſo ill ſituated in the midſt of three large empires, that in caſe of

of a deſign to become independent, they might be cruſhed at all times by any one of thoſe mighty powers; and of courſe they would reſolve to continue faithful in peace and quiet, as in old times, or from the reign of the houſe of Safavia to that of Shah Sultan Huſein, ſince which the kingdom had been depopulating every year. Thus he lulled the minds of the khans, warriors, and huſbandmen, and made his preaching familiar to them.

Emin left Ganja in the month of Auguſt, marched with Agababa his relation, and in four days arrived at Shoſhu the third time. There he viſited Ibrahim Khan, who favoured him with an order, ſigned and ſealed, for him to be entertained, and his horſe to be found with forage. He ſtayed there a week, and thence, with a ſingle ſervant, in three days came to Orduvar, and thence to Tabriz, where he joined a large zavar (or aſſembly of pilgrims) going to Bagdad, to the number of 5000 ſouls, men and women of all ſorts, princes, warriors, merchants, and others. Thoſe abominable people of the Shia ſect began to grumble at him for being a Caffer; ſaying, he was not worthy to travel with that holy zavar of Huſein the martyred ſon of Ali.

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He was ſo much inſulted, and ſo exaſperated by their abuſive expreſſions, that he propoſed to himſelf to leave them; but after five days travelling, they entered the confines of Curdiſtan; and, before they came to the town called Banna, in one of the paſſes there ſtood forty or fifty ſtout Curds to exact rahdary or turnpike-money. Each man was to pay a quarter of a Turkiſh dollar. As the zavar was numerous, and not willing to give any, they ſaid nothing while they were paſſing, not knowing that a ſervant of Rania Khan's happened to be gone to ſome village in the environs with three other men to buy chopped ſtraw or forage. The Curdiſh party increaſing, ſaw the others coming from the right, and the zavar loſing courage, (though there were 300 horſemen well-mounted,) were panic-ſtruck, and ſtood ſtill looking at the Curds. Emin could not bear to ſee their cowardice, and took the opportunity to reprimand them ſharply. He then charged on a full gallop from the high ground to attack the Curds, the 300 men reſuming their ſpirit trotted after him, and put every one of the Curds to flight, when the ſervants who were gone for forage joined the zavar, without a blow, or firing a piece. This ſmall exertion

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of ſpirit was taken ſo much notice of by the whole body of the zavar, that when they pitched, which happened on the fifth day of the march, they unanimouſly elected Emin commander of the zavar; thoſe ridiculous ſuperſtitious fools telling him to his face that he was not an Armenian, but an angel ordained to come down and take care of the moſt pious zavar of Hazrat Imam Huſein, and Emin durſt not contradict them for fear of being ill-treated. He was contented to be in peace, laughed in his own mind, but looked very ſolemn and grave. The poor men, who had no horſes, mules, or aſſes, marched in the front, after the advanced guard of a dozen horſe; and the reſt who were mounted kept their poſt in the rear, and like an army paſſed ſeveral turnpikes without paying any thing. That journey continued about a fortnight.

When they came to Charachmalan, one of the capital towns of the Turkiſh Curds, Emin, after ſtaying ſix days, ſet out with three Armenians for Bagdad, and arrived there in ſeven days; there he ſtayed eighteen days with ſome apprehenſion of the Turks. About four o'clock in the morning he joined a Mahomedan caravan; and after going over the bridge

bridge of boats on the Tigris a ſtout young Arab on the march offered himſelf, in broken Turkiſh, to be his ſervant. Emin declined his ſervice, ſaying, that he was a Chriſtian, and poor in his circumſtances; that he could not preſume to accept him on thoſe terms, but ſhould be very glad if he would become his comrade. The young Arab, whoſe name was Malalah, being ſtruck with Emin's frankneſs, jumped down from his mule, thanked him by the word Barekallah, and ſaid, "Sir, ſince you are ſo good and conſiderate as to know the difference between Chriſtians and Muſulmans, I will ſerve you like a ſlave, without any wages, and, if you chuſe it, I will accompany you to any part of the world." While they were making this friendly agreement, the people of the caravan wondered, ſaying, "Wallahel Agim! (or, by the Great God!) this man is not a Gabr Gavury, or Armenian; and it is through the goodneſs of his heart that honeſt Malalah has offered his ſervice to him." They added, "Yuſup, or Joſeph," half in Turkiſh, and half in Arabic, "you are very fortunate to have ſuch a youth as your ſervant and comrade." Emin always took care, in all the Turkiſh territories, to be called Yuſup, or Joſeph; for the word Emin

is an Arabic name, and he feared leſt the deluded Turks ſhould be troubleſome to him.

From Bagdad to Helli are four ſtages:—two miles before each ſtage Malalah took care every day to gallop his hired mule, and ſecure the beſt birth in the public caravanſerais. And in the morning when they reached Helli, after ſtopping at an inn on the bank of the Euphrates, Malalah went immediately and ſpoke to the maſter of a zeyma loaded with corn and bound for Boſra, and agreed to pay a dollar for each perſon: he then came back like lightning, and ſaying that he had got a paſſage, packed up the baggage, carried it on his ſhoulders, and laid it in the boat. The next morning they left Helli, and dropped down the river by the current, ſailing the whole day and ſome part of the night. They tied the boat wherever there was a mizifkhana (houſe of charity:)—thoſe places are thatched houſes, built by rich Arabs to entertain travellers both by land and water, and they give plenty of coarſe boiled rice, with a little oily butter, and abundance of dates. Malalah took care always to go out with the boat's crew to eat there. Emin, having a proviſion of biſcuits, ſtewed meat, and ſweet-meats, told him not to go out, but to ſtay in the boat and eat as he did;

did; but all his perſuaſion was to no purpoſe: Malalah, modeſtly refuſing, ſaid, "Sir, we Arabs are uſed to make our diet upon coarſe victuals. If I begin to eat yours, it will not laſt you five days, and we ſhall have twenty days ſailing before we come to Boſra; therefore I beg you will not preſs me: I have eaten your bread and ſalt four days, from Bagdad to *Helli, which is fully ſufficient for any honeſt* man. I have once told you, that I am your ſlave,—reſt ſatisfied:—I am an Arab, not like the Oſmanly Turks, who have neither ſhame, nor principle of true honour.—I will ſtand to my word as long as I live. I have a ſiſter at Boſra married to an Arab: having two dollars about me, in our way I ſhall buy rice as a preſent for her, and then return to Bagdad, if you have no more occaſion for me; but if you have, I will go with you to the world's end." As they went on, the friendſhip between them increaſed daily and hourly; and, to do juſtice, the attachment of Malalah towards him was greater. In the boat were fifteen Bagdad Janizaries, all well-armed and equally attached to Emin, but not ſo ready with their firelocks. It ſo happened in the night, when ſome maſhuffs (or fiſhing-boats) of Arab robbers appeared like furies to attack the boat,

Emin, with prepared cartridges, could fire his piece four times before they could pull their triggers, and that without their pieces going off. Malalah could not help rejoicing to find him ſo expert, laughing and mocking the Janizaries; yet they went on cheerfully, ſinging and converſing ſociably.

After ſeventeen days they came to a village of Smavat. The boatman having imprudently forgot to get a permit at Bagdad, was ſtopped by the Turkiſh cuſtom-houſe officers, and was obliged to go back to Bagdad for a paſs. The good Malalah told Emin it would be a month before he could return; and that their beſt way would be to go in a ſmall fiſhing-boat, which goes in a day and a half's journey only to a place where they might get another conveyance; that if any accident ſhould happen to the governor of Bagdad, the Arabs, according to cuſtom, would revolt, and then they would not be able to ſtir an inch from that place. Emin conſented, and hired two boats, one for himſelf, and the other for three young Janizaries, each for an eighth part of a dollar; the reſt, whoſe baggages were heavy, were left behind. They dropped down and towed the whole day, and in the night they ſlept in the boats: but poor Malalah, ſitting

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by the head of Emin, continued awake the whole night for fear of being ſurprized by robbers. The next morning they proceeded in company with the Janizaries; and in the afternoon they came to a place, the name of which is forgotten. Here they found ſeveral Janizary merchants, who had come from Boſra to buy oil, butter, or greaſe. As they had taken their quarters at the mizifkhana, they invited Emin and his comrades to lodge there. They halted three days, not finding a conveyance to proceed. Malalah adviſed Emin and the three Janizaries to travel on foot down to Sagſhuff, where he did not doubt of getting boats to go to Corna. The Janizaries' baggage was not very heavy, and they could carry it very eaſily. Emin, in the firſt place, had his Tartarian ſaddle, weighing almoſt thirty pounds, his bedding, wearing-apparel, and proviſion, almoſt a hundred pounds. The Herculian Malalah packed them all up in a ball, and put them into his abba (or mantle,) the long ſides towards the angles, which lapped over one another croſsways very compactly, and with the other two ends tied together and flung over his forehead like an Engliſh porter's knot. He then ſaid to Emin, "Now, Sir, you have only to carry your piece

and your great cloak to keep yourſelf from cold." They ſet out marching, and Malalah tripped on, cantering like a dromedary, which made Emin ſuſpect that he had run away with the baggage. The poor Janizaries were no leſs ſurprized. Malalah, thinking they had kept up the ſame pace, never looked behind till he was out of ſight: they in the mean time running and trotting quite out of breath, ſaw him at laſt ſtanding, and drawing near heard him cry out, "Come on, you Janizaries!" When they came up, they found him ſtanding by the ſide of a creek frozen on the ſurface: —the water was five feet deep, and about forty feet wide. He then began to ſcold the Janizaries, ſaying, "Are not you aſhamed of yourſelves? Your mantles are not heavier than five pounds. You have not ſtrength enough either to keep up the ſame pace, or to call out to me, that I might not go too faſt before you, ſo as to fatigue Emin, whoſe Lazgui cloak is as heavy as all your three." They, grumbling, ſaid, "How is it poſſible for us, who are like oxen, to fly like you, who reſemble an Arabian horſe?" He laughed immoderately, and laid down his load, telling them to do as he did. He then pulled off his cloaths from head to foot, took them upon his head,

head, croſſed over to the other ſide, and there laying down the things, returned back, ſat on his knees like a camel, and made Emin ride on his neck. When he found Emin going to ſtrip, he would by no means ſuffer it, leſt he ſhould catch cold. He carried him over like a child, ſo as not to wet even his feet in the water. The Turks followed the ſame method, and paſſed ſtark naked: but when they were told by Malalah, that there were four or five more ſuch frozen creeks to ford, it frightened the poor devils out of their ſenſes; they looked like ſtuck pigs, almoſt deſpaired, and ſwore by the head of their Prophet, that if they had known it before, they would not for a thouſand dollars have ſtirred out of the zeyma at Smavat. It was certainly a hard trial of patience in the month of December, eſpecially when a pinching north-weſt wind was blowing, and when the only comfort they had was, that their faces were to the ſouth-eaſt, otherwiſe every one would have ſuffered ſeverely, except the heroic Malalah, who ſeemed as if he was walking on a bed of roſes. He was ſix feet high, as white and freſh as an European, always in good humour, with a ſmile on his countenance. Thoſe creeks, as Emin was told, had been dug up to water the cul-

tivated lands, chiefly fields of rice and other grain, which were diſtant from one another about two miles more or leſs. Through every one of them, Malalah took the ſame care of Emin as over the firſt.

Within two miles and a half from Sagſhuff, as they were travelling pretty near the river, they diſcovered a corn-boat with a fair wind ſailing down the water: Malalah *hailed the* boatman as loud as he could, and begged him, for God's name, and the Prophet's ſake, to take them on board as paſſengers, ſince they would be glad to go to Corna:—there the Euphrates and Tigris meet; and, luckily, the boat happened to be bound for that place. On hearing the diſtreſs which the five travellers were in, the boatman took compaſſion on them, and brought the zeyma cloſe to the bank, where they got in with great comfort and ſatisfaction. The maſter and crew aſked, who that ſtranger was? meaning Emin: Malalah ſaid, he was an Ajam Shiah Muſulman and warrior, belonging to Carim Khan, Sultan of Perſia. Emin reproved him in Turkiſh for not telling the truth; but Malalah, chiding him in a good-natured way, ſaid, "Good Sir! hold your tongue; for if they know you are a Chriſtian, they will not only kill you, but kill

kill us all.—Conſider you are in Shiah Arabiſtan, without a friend or protector:—you will be demoliſhed in an inſtant, if you will not conduct yourſelf prudently:—you are not to be compelled to renounce your religion:—be patient only for a couple of days, when you will come into Sunni government, and then you may publicly profeſs your faith, as well as the other Armenians in Boſra." He added, "You ſee our comrades (meaning the Janizaries) are Sunnis, but are obliged to profeſs themſelves Shiahs, to ſave their lives. I myſelf am a downright Shiah; but my heart does not ſuffer me to inform againſt you and ſhed your innocent blood; therefore I beſeech you to conſider, and not to be the cauſe of your own deſtruction." The Janizaries alſo were frightened at Emin's conduct, and begged him for Chriſt's ſake to ſay nothing while they were in ſuch a dangerous ſituation. Emin, who had been among the Lazguis for ſo long a time, never had ſuffered himſelf a minute to be maſked in ſuch a character; but recollecting the words of Saint Paul, "To the weak, became I as weak, that I might gain the weak. I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means ſave ſome." Emin therefore ſaid nothing for the ſake of his comrades.

rades. Had he been alone, or had he underſtood the Arabic language, he would have declared what he was, to preſerve his honour or fall a ſacrifice for his faith.

After a few minutes more ſailing, they came to Sagſhuff, and went on ſhore. The boat-maſter, with his companions and crew, ſat on their knees ſaying prayers: Emin alſo ſat down, and got up with open hands, proſtrating himſelf on the turf five or ſix times as they did, till the prayers were over. They ſlept in the boat cloſe to the bank at Sagſhuff, and about twelve o'clock at night they began rowing and ſailing for Corna. The next afternoon about five o'clock they arrived at that place, where a large boat was ready to go to Boſra. After ſailing two days, on the twenty-fifth of December, they ſaw the Company's ſhip Revenge, commanded by the late captain Farmer, lying at anchor near Minavy, oppoſite to the mouth of the creek. Emin's heart leaped for joy: he hired a ghiffa (or tarred baſket) for his little baggage: Malalah got into it and rowed towards the ſhip. When the officers of the watch on the gangway aſked who he was? he anſwered, "An Engliſh traveller, named Wilſon, would be very glad if you would allow him an hour's time

time on board, juſt to put on new clothes to wait on Mr. Henry Moore the preſident at Boſra." The captain was gone up to town to paſs Chriſtmas-day with the preſident: a midſhipman was ſent down to the cabin to Mr. Eyre, next in command, for an order. At firſt he made no objection; and Emin flattered himſelf the officer would have the good manners and hoſpitality to invite him to dinner, for he was very hungry, having not taſted freſh boiled meat during all the twenty-five days from Bagdad to that place; but his expectation was diſappointed. The things were not handed up two minutes before there came another expreſs order from Mr. Eyre, for him to go immediately out of the ſhip. This cold uſage was ſhocking to Emin; and he felt it ſo ſeverely, that he forgot all his paſt troubles. The officers too were aſtoniſhed at Eyre's barbarous behaviour, and adviſed Emin to go down himſelf to ſpeak to him about ſtaying for the time deſired; he did ſo; but Eyre's heart was turned into hard ſtone; he would by no means comply, making excuſes that he could not let him ſtay in the ſhip, as it was againſt the commander's order. Emin ſaid, "Sir, I do not want to ſtay in the ſhip for good, or to ſleep in it; allow me but half an hour,

hour, like the ſtrange Arabs, who ſell proviſions to the crew, and who ſtay the whole day on board. It was to no purpoſe; the officer would not conſent. Broken-hearted Emin took his things into the baſket again, the officers curſing Eyre for his unpoliteneſs. Poor Malalah, though he underſtood not the language, was ſenſible that Emin was ill-received, and rowing the boat to the creek's mouth, it being low-water, they landed.

At this place they hired an aſs, and Malalah packed up the things, but could not perſuade Emin to ride on the beaſt. Emin made him mount; ſo they marched, not knowing exactly the diſtance, (it might have been between three and four miles,) up to the town of Boſra. At about two in the afternoon they reached Mr. Moore's gates. The porter gave notice, and he was (being firſt diſarmed by the Janiſaries and Sepahis) admitted into the dining-room, where a Chriſtmas table was juſt laid. Mr. Moore was ſometimes ſtanding, and ſometimes walking: and on ſeeing a ſtranger, he ſaid, "Who are you, Sir?" Emin ſaid, "In private, I *will* tell you." Mr. Moore ſaid, "I will not hear you in private." Then Emin retired; and as he was going down ſtairs, dropped theſe very

very words, "Is it not enough that I am diſarmed by Palioz Moore's warriors at his gate, yet he is afraid to ſpeak with a ſingle man in private." Taking his arms back, he was juſt ſtepping out of doors, when a ſervant running down called him back. When he went up again, Mr. Moore ſaid, "There is nobody here; pray tell me now what is your name, or what you want?" He ſaid, "My name is Emin; you may have heard of my having been taken notice of by the nobles of England, patronized by the duke of Northumberland, protected by his Royal Highneſs the duke of Cumberland; of my having ſerved ſome campaigns in Germany under Prince Ferdinand and the duke of Marlborough; of my being recommended to the court of Ruſſia; and by them, to Prince Heraclius, without ſucceeding in my honeſt deſigns. I now ſtop at Boſra, before I go to my father in Calcutta; and for my ſervices to your famous nation, without any emolument, I now come with hopes of obtaining the protection of the Honourable Company's Flag, under which you, Sir, are preſident in this factory." Upon this, Mr. Moore ſtarted back, and ſaid, that he could not believe, unleſs he could prove it, that he was Emin,

who

who had been talked of all over the world as being deſcended from the ancient families of the Armenian kings; as being diſcovered by the great men in England; and of courſe reſpected, as Emin obſerved." This he ſaid, rubbing his hands together, ſmiling, and walking up and down the room, in ſeeming triumph, as if he was detecting a ſharper. Emin ſaid, coolly, "Sir, you are miſtaken; he is not of royal blood, nor did the good people of England take notice of him on that vain account: it was by means of his honeſty and upright dealings, as a deſpiſer of all tyrannical names. My name is Emin: I am the ſon of Joſeph Michael Emin of Calcutta, an Armenian by religion, and by birth a native of Hamadan in Perſia." Mr. Moore ſaid, "You ſeem to be an Iriſhman by your accent." Emin ſmiling, anſwered, "You honour me much in thinking ſo; for the Iriſh are a very brave nation, with deſerved renown." This anſwer made the gentleman look ſerious: he aſked Emin if he underſtood his native language? He ſaid, "Yes." Then Mr. Moore, in a hurry, called for his broker Petrus Malik; who, when he came in, was ordered to ſpeak and aſk queſtions. Emin anſwered every word; and Petrus knowing

his family and father, ſatisfied Mr. Moore; who, turning to him, ſaid, "Now, what ſhall I do for you? I cannot protect you. I am but newly come; you have been making a great noiſe in the world. I am afraid of diſpleaſing the Turks; or of drawing the Company into ſome trouble." He added, "if you are an honeſt man I will protect you; but you may be an impoſtor." Emin, by that cruel expreſſion, was ſo pierced to the heart, that he forgot himſelf and the poor Armenian merchants, for whoſe ſake alone he had humbled himſelf in aſking protection, hoping to ſecure them from being fleeced by the Turks. His ſinking ſoul roſe at once, and he ſaid, "Sir, you are not worthy of your poſt, and know not the power veſted in you; ſince you are ſo timorous, and ſo ſatirical, it were better you had not been born. Take care; remember what you have ſaid, and depend upon it, that I will afford you ample ſatisfaction for my words; for I am an honeſt Armenian, and as fearleſs as an Iriſhman. If the point cannot be decided at Boſra, where you are a great ſignior, and perhaps will continue here ſome years, I ſhall ſoon, by God's help, be at Bombay." Emin finiſhing his ſpeech, turned about to go away.

Mr.

Mr. Moore laid hold of his arm, and aſked his pardon, making very civil apologies, and ſaying, that he meant no harm; that he ſpoke only to try him; and that he muſt conſider, that being newly ſent thither, he was an entire ſtranger to the curſed diſpoſition of the Turks. Emin ſaid no more, and went away, not much pleaſed, and exceſſively hungry. At the gate his arms were returned to him; and going along he met an Armenian, who ſhowed him the way to one of his relations. When he entered the houſe, poor Malalah underſtanding from the ſervants of Mr. Moore that he was not received as he expected, was in great concern; and perhaps more dejected than Emin. He ſaid, "Sir, I find that there is no ſhip going to Bengal; it will be a long time before you will be able to go thither: it is beſt for me to return to Bagdad. I am going to ſee my ſiſter, and ſhall ſtay there but two days, and then ſet out again." Emin gave him a dollar, which was all the money he had, and prevailed on him to accept it with much ado. They eat a bit of bread and cheeſe, and parted like brothers, with great ſorrow.

After three months, Mr. Moore, eſtabliſhing himſelf in amity with the Muſulman governor

governor of Bosra, and hearing no noise, or any thing amiss in Emin's conduct, was aware of his being the very person of whom he had before heard; and one morning, he sent Shekh Hogos, the head Armenian interpreter, with compliments, inviting Emin to dine with him. When he went, he saw Mr. Moore with a tumbler of punch in his hand, standing in the same dining-room, with the table-cloth laid, as on the Christmas-day before. He cheerfully, and with polite words, presented the tumbler to him, saying, "Mr. Emin, I hope you have forgot all that passed in this place." Emin said, "Yes, Sir, from that very day." He then took it, and drank it to Palioz Beg's good health. The time passed very merrily at dinner, with the rest of the Bosra gentlemen; and when it was over, as he was going to wish them a good afternoon, Mr. Moore very kindly ordered a horse; Emin begged to be excused, alleging, that it would be imprudent to confer that honour upon him at once, in that despotic government; and adding, that he should be contented only with his good protection as one of the British subjects. Mr. Moore and the rest were much pleased, and complimented him with these expressions:

"Mr. Emin, your conduct is fully ſufficient to protect you; both what we have heard before, and what we ſee at preſent. Do as you pleaſe; we are your friends." Then Emin, making a bow, went away, through the ſun. The next morning, about eight o'clock, Beſhuve, his ſecond Syrian interpreter, came with a note from Mr. Moore, and a bag with ſix hundred *rupees* to Emin. He had heard from the other Armenians, and was much pleaſed to hear, that the late Aga Petrus, the ſon of Gregor Aga of Julpha, of the family of Minas, had offered him a ſum of money which he refuſed, knowing well the nature of the people of the Julpha, once famous for its riches, which is not far from the diſpoſition of modern Iſraelites; and being ſure that preſently after they would have made a handle of it to caſt provoking reflections on his character, as having received their charity. The purport of the note was as follows: "Mr. Moore and the gentlemen at Boſra ſend their compliments to Mr. Emin, and knowing him to be in ſtreights, deſire his acceptance of ſix hundred rupees; and if that is not ſufficient, they will be very glad to ſupply him with more,

Latouch, Secretary."

He

He anſwered thus,

Gentlemen,

" I return you my moſt humble thanks for your kind aſſiſtance in my preſent diſtreſſed condition, which will make me remember you gratefully all the days of my life, as having added to the many and great favours already received by me from your noble countrymen. I remain,

Gentlemen, yours, &c. &c.

J. Emin."

The Julpha Armenians, hearing of this conduct of Mr. Moore, the other good-natured gentlemen began to ſay to Emin, good-morning, or good-day to you, Sir; which condeſcending favour they did not deign before to beſtow on him; except Aga Petrus, ſon of Gregor Aga, mentioned before, who was really very glad of his little ſucceſs. Thoſe of oppoſite parties, though in awe of Mr. Moore, were outwardly ſomehow civil, when they met him by chance in the ſtreet paſſing or re-paſſing; yet would not be ſorry if the worſt of diſaſters had cruſhed him to nothing. Since they were removed by Shah Abbas from Armenia to Iſpahan, they grew

very rich in one century, but when born and brought up there, they loſt entirely all the virtues of their forefathers, and became exactly like the ſhopkeepers in the bazars of Iſpahan. Such alſo is the caſe of the Hamadan Armenians, of whom Emin himſelf is one, and would have been as bad as the reſt, if nature had not favoured him with a mind a little above them, which induced him to leave his father, and run away to Europe; for the force even of his ſuperficial education has made him proud enough to think that he knows himſelf, and can judge tolerably of others. He is very well convinced that there may be found good and bad in all countries; but wherever learning is hated, and ſhut up in the dark dungeon of cruel ignorance, men are no longer to be blamed, even if they reſemble ſavage beaſts, and tear each other to pieces. To return to the ſubject, Emin cannot in conſcience condemn them wholly. A ſet of artful people of the ſame nation, moſt piouſly working on their innocent ſoft minds, have brought them down ſo low as to be deſpiſed by every body; particularly by the indigent Georgians, who firmly believe, that the Armenian nation are not created by the hand of the ſame God, but ſprung on dung-

hills

hills like muſhrooms or weeds. As there was no veſſel at that time bound for Bengal, Emin was entertained, almoſt every day in the week, both at dinner and ſupper, by Mr. Moore, Mr. Beaumont, and Mr. Livius, but never ſo much as eat a mouthful of bread in any Julpha Armenian's houſe. The kind reader may judge that Emin ſpeaks as he feels, and ſpeaks truth, which is the queen of all virtues.

Emin ſpending a very ſmall part of his ſix hundred rupees, preſerved the reſt with great care, ſtill in hopes of returning to Armenia, and to Muſh, in Curdiſtan, to St. John's monaſtery, where his only friend Padre Jonas was then living, who had laid up eight thouſand fire-arms, ready to diſtribute among thoſe that had none. Here came two Armenian petty merchants to him, one from Maſhet, the other from Perſia: the firſt with ſix thouſand rupees worth of goods, the other with four thouſand rupees in ready money, offering Emin the whole ſum, if he would again venture to go to Armenia; informing him of the war commenced between the Ruſſians and Turks, and that the people of Curdiſtan had been long wiſhing to have him among them; ſo that it would be the only

time to undertake the plan. Conſidering a little, he approved their propoſals, on this condition, that he was not to accept any of their money, alleging that he had juſt enough to furniſh him with a horſe for reaching Bagdad, or going over to Perſia; and adviſing them each to buy a horſe and goods, as if they were merchants for the market of the places they were to paſs, *till their arrival in* the country before-mentioned; where he doubted not to find more men like them. This was agreed upon, and they ſeemed very ſanguine, on finding Emin ſo averſe to accept any of their offers. They ſaid to him, "Sir, our lives and properties are at your ſervice, do and command as you pleaſe; we are ready to obey you." He ſaid, "Good friends, it is very proper to obſerve one thing, ſince I have experienced often the diſpoſition of Armenian merchants, who will ſoon fly from their words:—I cannot help doubting of what you have now ſaid, nor can any one be ſo weak as to believe ſuch a thing, till you have performed it. Go, and God be with you!" Emin, though he could eaſily foreſee that thoſe merchants' reſolute propoſals were chimerical, yet was in ſome hopes to ſee them proſper; flattering himſelf with fortune's

tune's reconciliation to him; but, alas! his opinion of merchants in general was juſt, their mean ſpirits are only fit, by indefatigable induſtry, to heap up riches, to give them away to the prieſts in laps-full, and to be plundered by the Turks or Perſians!

While thoſe two poor Armenians were buſy to get things in readineſs, the famous Murnvana *of the iſland of* Kharick, came from his revolted army to *Boſra*, with thirteen of his officers, to crave protection. The barbarous Turks, inſtead of receiving him, put him in priſon, with ſtrong guards over him, and ſent a report to the late Omar Paſha, governor of Bagdad. In thirty days time an order was brought for his execution; his head was cut off, and the body thrown into the ruined mud wall of a garden, about ſix feet on the right hand of the middle ſtreet, which led to the north gate, where the Armenians of Boſra commonly uſed to take a walk mornings and afternoons. At the ſame time another accident happened: ſeven ſtout Arab thieves were caught in one night robbing either a houſe or a ſhop; every one of them was ſtrangled, and hung up in different places, ſome near the entrance of the bazars, which moſt people reſort

to or paſs under, and two of them juſt over the place where the Armenians walk. When this happened, the two Armenian volunteer merchants came to Emin, and ſaid, "Sir, have you heard the news, or have you ſeen the men who have loſt their lives?" He laughing, ſaid, "Yes." They again, out of breath, aſked, "If he was not afraid?" He burſt into a loud laugh, and anſwered, "No." Then again they repeated their fear, ſaying, "O, dear Sir, you muſt have a heart like ſteel! Suppoſe we ſhould be caught, what will be our fate then?" Emin ſaid, "You need not be apprehenſive here at Boſra, but when you are in Curdiſtan, ſhould you behave baſely, and not reſolve either to kill or to be killed, your puniſhment will be worſe, you will be impaled for not fighting bravely for your religion and liberty. Go your ways, follow your Jewiſh profeſſion, carry on trade, pay duty for your goods, count down your poll-tax to the Mahomedans, and give your money to the holy fathers of the church, confeſs to them as often as you commit ſins, that they may abſolve and pray for you, ſo that when you die you may go to heaven!" The poor creatures were daſhed with chagrin, went away, and ſaid not a word.

Emin

Emin continued at Boſra about eight months and a half, before the Succeſs galley, commanded by captain Roſebdome, arrived from Bengal. He took a paſſage in it, and arrived in three months at Calcutta. Two hours before ſun-riſe he came to his father's door, like the prodigal ſon, but was not received by him with the ſame rejoicing; he ought to have put a ring on his finger, to have killed the two fat oxen, to have invited his neighbours to a feaſt, to eat and be glad with him. However, with great patience he bore it for about five or ſix weeks, not knowing a ſingle perſon among the gentlemen at Calcutta. The earl of Bute's ſon, the honourable Frederick Stuart, in his infancy, at the duke of Northumberland's houſe at London, happened to ſee Emin, and when grown bigger, heard more of the author from his Grace. Being ſent to Calcutta a writer in the honourable Company's eſtabliſhment at the age of ſeventeen years, he had the curioſity (and was the firſt gentleman who had it) to find Emin out, and was very glad to ſee him. Mr. Stuart's hoſpitality it is impoſſible to deſcribe fully; his palanquin was at Emin's father's door regularly three times in the day, to go to breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper with him.

him. Emin only ſlept at home for ſeveral weeks together. Next to Mr. Stuart was Sir Archibald Campbell; then the late Mr. Cox, the Perſian interpreter. Sir Archibald introduced him firſt to Mr. Cartier, then governor; next to Mr. Ruſſell, now at Viſagapatam. In ſhort, in two months time, Emin was not only taken notice of by all the gentlemen in the ſettlement, *but careſſed as their favourite*; they learning from other hands, that his father, after finding a ſon loſt for twenty-one years, behaved but indifferently towards him, and thought that the Engliſh gentlemen, who are fond of novelty like other Europeans, would not be long before they would be tired of him.

Mr. Cox, one night as he was going to the Council-houſe, deſired Emin to keep him company part of the way; and ſaid, that if Emin would conſent, the gentlemen of the ſettlement would very readily make a ſubſcription for him, as at that time money was in great plenty in Calcutta: he believed it would amount to 65,000 rupees. No ſooner had he uttered thoſe words, than Emin ſaid nothing, turned about, and went to a great diſtance. Mr. Cox went on ſlowly, but finding him not to come on, turned back, calling loudly to

Emin,

Emin, and ſwearing upon his honour he had ſomething to ſay. When they met, perceiving the reaſon of his taking offence, Mr. Cox made an apology. Emin ſaid, upon his honour he would never go to him, nor was his ſpirit ſo mean as even to hear the name of a ſubſcription; he was neither a beggar, nor a cripple, to bend himſelf to ſuch a propoſal; he was *young and ſtout*, and could ſerve the Honourable Company, *if they thought him fit*; and if not, it did not much ſignify, he was able to live in ſome way or another in India, where he never had known a white man ſtarved. Though it was now made up between the two friends, yet Emin's ſpirit could not be eaſy with it; he pretended to be ſick, and never went out of doors for a fortnight, refuſing all the invitations of his worthy friends. One morning Mr. Cox came with his brother, and took him to his houſe; and after dinner ſaid, that he had ſpoken to Mr. Cartier, and was in hopes he would favour Emin with a commiſſion in the army. Thus was he entertained a long time, and treated like one of their own countrymen, taking pleaſure at balls and concerts in their garden-houſes. But to his great ſorrow, cruel death ſnatched away from him his good friend

Mr.

Mr. Cox, who died in three days of a high fever. This loſs he felt more ſeverely than all his paſt adverſity. Every one that knew his real friendſhip towards Emin, condoled with him. The governor, Mr. Cartier, in particular, comforted him, and a few days after favoured him with an enſign's brevet in the firſt brigade, and poſted him as roſaldar to the firſt troop (or the *Turkſwars*), commanded by lieutenant *Baillie*. Emin could diſcover, that Mr. Floyer, then a counſellor, was very much againſt it; but good Mr. Cartier would not change his reſolution, having on his ſide a majority in council, Mr. Ruſſell and Mr. Eyre, Emin's old acquaintance in London, when they learned the uſe of the ſmall-ſword of Sherlock the fencing-maſter.

At the latter end of September, Emin was at the government-houſe, being invited by Mr. Cartier to dinner. There were a great many gentlemen preſent, and the Council was ſitting in the next room. Before the table-cloth was laid, in came the packet of an India-man juſt arrived from England, and then in the river. Mr. Cartier was called out, opened the box, and poured all the letters upon the table. On looking over the directions, he found

found one directed for Emin, who ſeeing the ſeal of it, immediately knew that it was from the late duke of Northumberland; and it proved to be an anſwer to his letter from Boſra, over land. Emin, without breaking it open, directly preſented it to Mr. Cartier, who, with the Company's letters, entered the room where the Council was ſitting. He read it before the reſt, and it ſatisfied Mr. Floyer, who had no further objection againſt the author, and applauded Mr. Cartier for patroniſing him. By this time the cloth was laid, and dinner on table. The governor and counſellors came out, and Mr. Cartier returned the duke's letter to Emin, with his uſual cheerful countenance, wiſhing him joy. At dinner five minutes had not paſt, before the gentlemen on the right and left-hand ſide began reflecting pretty loud, and paſſing judgment on the duke's letter, on purpoſe that he might hear them, and by degrees elevated their voices ſo high that the whole company heard them, ſaying, "He is a knowing ſharp fellow; the letter is his own compoſing; as he was cloſe to the table when the packet was opened, and the governor with the reſt, impatient for letters, were ſitting over the box, it is ten to one he ſhoved it in with ſuch dexterity among the heaps,

heaps, that none of us could perceive it.' For this Emin cared not a ruſh, but with great cheerfulneſs made a hearty dinner. Who ſhould come in unexpectedly at that very inſtant but one captain Walker, belonging to the Madras eſtabliſhment (who perhaps came in the ſame ſhip that brought the packet); without pulling his hat off, inquiring for the governor, he firſt begged to know if Emin was among them, and ſaid, that he had a letter from the duke of Northumberland, with an expreſs order from his Grace to deliver it into Emin's own hand. The company could not help ſmiling at the captain's ſoldier-like roughneſs, and ſaid, "There is the governor, and here is Emin." He received the ſecond letter, which was a duplicate, without opening it, and laid both on the table before them, ſaying, "Gentlemen, you are welcome to read them, and be ſatisfied that Emin has not the art to forge another perſon's hand-writing. You are excuſable, ſuch haſty opinions muſt be imputed to the prejudices of your education; as yet you are young, and newly entered into the world; but for the future, I hope you will be cautious, and not commit ſuch ungenerous miſtakes, the conſequences of which may not be pleaſing to you." The gentlemen

peruſed

peruſed them, and, bluſhing, made their apologies. Every one at the table read them over, and wiſhed Emin well, ſaying, that his Grace's kindneſs towards him was remarkable. The good Mr. Cartier affably ſaid, he richly deſerves it for his meritorious conduct; otherwiſe, you may depend upon it, his Grace would not take the pains to write ſo affectionately to him."

The following is a true copy of the letter:

" (Duplicate.)

" Northumberland-houſe, London,
" March 14th, 1770.

" My dear friend Emin,

" I was made extremely happy a few days ago by receiving your letter, dated the 18th September 1769, which brought me an account of your being in perfect health and ſafety at Boſra. Your former letter of eight pages, dated Guliſtan (in the mountains of Armenia) 1767, was not received till laſt autumn, more than two years after it was written. So long a ſilence had thrown all your friends here into great apprehenſions concerning your ſituation, which appeared, from the many difficulties and dangers that ſurrounded you, to be truly alarming; but a great and noble

noble mind like yours is ſuperior to every difficulty, though it cannot always command ſucceſs. You have now done all that could be expected of a brave man, who loved his countrymen, and wiſhed to reſcue them from miſery and ſlavery. If they would not concur with you themſelves, that is their fault; you have acted a noble part, and you may now retire to your father and your friends, covered with the glory of having made ſuch bold and daring attempts, as no other man could even have conceived. After ſo many years of your life ſpent in the ſevereſt fatigue and toil, you may now, without the leaſt injury to your reputation and fame, ſit down quietly among your relations in India, and paſs the remainder of your life in the comfortable enjoyment of that peace, retirement, and domeſtic love, which you ſo generouſly ſacrificed in your younger years.

"As for the plan you mention of coming hither, in order to go into the Ruſſian ſervice againſt the Turks, I fear it can anſwer no purpoſe whatever, as there is not the moſt diſtant chance of your getting round to Ruſſia time enough to be of uſe. The approaching campaign will, in all probability, put an end to the war one way or other; and it is not unlikely,

unlikely, that even before you receive this letter, the whole affair will be at an end.

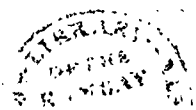
" I hope you will find your father's affairs in India in ſuch a ſituation as to enable you to paſs the remainder of your life with comfort and ſatisfaction. I ſhall always feel myſelf ſincerely intereſted in your welfare, and ſhall be glad to receive accounts of your health and proſperity. All your friends in England rejoice to hear that you are ſafe and well; they ſend you their beſt wiſhes and reſpects. Death has deprived you of ſome of them; poor Miſs Talbot died about a month ago. The Ducheſs and all my family are well. We all ſalute you, and I am with affectionate regard,

" My dear Emin,
" your moſt faithful friend
" and humble ſervant,
" Northumberland."

Emin omitted inſerting, that when Mr. Cartier favoured him with the brevet, the late rich Armenian Coja Petrus, at that time the earthly god of the other Armenians in Calcutta, being an old acquaintance of the author's father, and hearing of his good ſucceſs, thought it polite to make him ſome preſents,

and ventured to ſend him a large horſe (worth 600 rupees), with rich Turkiſh ſilver harneſs, and a pair of ſtirrups of the ſame metal, each large enough to weigh four pounds of ſilver, together with ſeveral fine ſhauls, the whole to the value of about 2000 rupees; but Emin, whoſe ſpirit was above it, though poor, refuſed the preſent, and returned it with with the following meſſage:

"Several afternoons, when, in obedience to my father, I uſed to make you viſits, you detained me in your houſe, in the cold ſeaſon, till it was dark and foggy, without even offering me a maſhal to light me home; and now, when you ſee me ſupported by the Engliſh, you ſend me preſents! I return them with many thanks. Be pleaſed to ſend me ſome bread and ſalt, with a maund of rice, and half a maund of ghee, to confirm our friendſhip; and to ſatisfy you that I can forgive all your Aſiatic artful methods of ſetting a father againſt his ſon, who was loſt, and then found. The ſame noble nation, through whom you thrive with riches among the Armenians in Calcutta, have provided, and will provide for me, reſt ſatisfied."



At

At this the Armenians were aſtoniſhed; but the noble-minded Engliſh admired it, commending Emin for his diſintereſted ſpirit, when they heard his ſimple reaſons, ſaying, that to take any thing which is given with an ill-will, is no better than exacting it by main force; for neither Petrus, nor any of the ſame caſt, would do a piece of kindneſs without having ſome low deſign in it. They are to be pitied rather than blamed, ſince having once loſt the ſweets of liberty, and being kept under exorbitant tyranny for ſeveral centuries, they are become like fatherleſs children, and it is impoſſible they ſhould conduct themſelves with the ſame delicate ſentiments as a free or polite nation.

After this, Emin was ordered to go and join his corps, then at Dinapoor, or the firſt troop of Turkſwars mentioned before, commanded by Mr. Baillie. He ſtaid there doing but very little, and about a year after marched, and advanced with part of the army commanded by Sir Robert Barker to the aſſiſtance of Sujah Dowlah at Shahabad, or the Rohillas country. Still nothing was to be ſeen, nor any real ſervice to be done, in two years and an half; ſo that he marched down again to Benaris, and the rainy ſeaſon being over, was ordered to re-

turn to Calcutta, where Mr. Haſtings, the late governor-general, arrived a few days after, and ſucceeded Mr. Cartier. The three troops were then diſcharged, and Emin was left to his half-pay and batta, thus loſing 300 rupees a month, which ſum he uſed to receive as reſuldar to the firſt troop.

Emin, before he was favoured by Mr. Cartier with the poſt of an enſign by brevet, wrote to the duke of Northumberland for his conſent to go to England, and thence into the Ruſſian ſervice; and if that was not poſſible, then to be naturalized, ſo as to be able to obtain a commiſſion in the Honourable the Eaſt India Company's ſervice. The ſubſtance of his letter was as follows:

After many Aſiatic compliments, he acquainted the duke, that if his Grace had no objection, he with a good will would return to London, as the war between the Ruſſians and Turks was not yet over; and even if it was, it would break out again, ſo that he might go and enter into their army, to try if he could be of ſervice to his own headleſs country. Adding, that his father had promiſed him to advance a ſum of money to bear his charges all the way, ſo as not to trouble his Grace.—His anſwer happened to come juſt at the time when

when the troops were diſmiſſed. The following is the copy of it. Although very affectionate in its terms, it was diſcouraging in the higheſt degree to the grateful mind of one who had rung the name of Northumberland, like the great bell of Moſcow, in the ears of people in Turkey, Perſia, Armenia, and Georgia, who never had heard of it before in their lives.

" Northumberland-houſe, London,
" May 17th, 1771.

" My dear Emin,

" I received the favour of your letter dated Calcutta, September 5th, and as you have always my beſt wiſhes for your health and welfare, it gave me very particular pleaſure to hear you were well. I have conſidered your letter with the utmoſt attention, and as your ſincere friend I beg leave to obſerve, with regard to your deſire of coming once more to Europe, that you have already done every thing that could be deſired or expected from a brave man; and though your generous attempts in behalf of your countrymen were not attended with the ſucceſs you deſerved, yet you have ſufficiently gained the applauſe and admiration of all judges of real merit; and

therefore may now ſit down contentedly, and paſs the reſt of your life in honourable eaſe and tranquillity among your family and friends. On this account, I can by no means wiſh you to think of running the ſame dangers a ſecond time, eſpecially as the war between the Ruſſians and the Turks is now believed to be ſo near a concluſion, that in all probability peace will be reſtored before this letter gets to India, or at leaſt long before you could arrive in Ruſſia. And as to applying for any poſt under the Eaſt India Company, it muſt be done in Bengal, for by a late regulation, no employment can be obtained here for a foreigner. I am ſorry therefore I cannot entertain any hopes of ſeeing you, but I ſhall always be happy to hear of your proſperity, and beg you will be aſſured that I am with conſtant regard,

" My dear Emin,
" your very ſincere friend
" and faithful ſervant,
" Northumberland."

His Grace judged of Emin's conſtitution by the delicacy of his own, and though he had been a thouſand times told that it was hard and robuſt, yet he could not be made ſenſible of

of it. From the firſt he had always ſhewn himſelf more like an affectionate father, than a ſtrict commander; not reſembling Peter the Firſt of Ruſſia, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, or the late Frederick king of Pruſſia, who would have advanced him by ſevere duties, and encouraged the ardour of his diſpoſition, ſo that he being inured from his earlieſt days to *hardſhip and fatigue*, might either by this time have fallen with honour in ſome action, or become in ſome degree conſiderable in the eyes of the world. But any one, without a proper ſupport from ſome liberal hand to animate him, muſt ſink under the weight of misfortunes, and fail of ſucceſs in his honeſt ambition, after all his hardſhips, graſping at laſt a ſhadow inſtead of a ſubſtance. In twenty years more, when he and all his good friends, who knew his accounts to be true, ſhall be dead and gone, he will be looked upon as a mere romancer.

When he was protected by the late duke of Cumberland, and was ſent to the Royal Academy at Woolwich, Mr. Muller, the late profeſſor of fortification, adviſed him to beg of his Grace that he might be naturalized, as many foreigners were in the army; and when he did ſo, it was of no effect. He might cer-

tainly have reaped ſome advantage from it, ſince he was in the king's army ſome years without any emolument, and has been eighteen full years on the Honourable Eaſt India Company's eſtabliſhment as a brevet enſign, and is now ſixty-one years of age. He might have checked his pen on this head (and he writes with reluctance), had not his Grace mentioned in his letter, *after all his pains to* ſupport him, " *that a foreigner* was not to obtain any poſt, by a new regulation." It is to be hoped that the candid reader will excuſe him for ſpeaking the truth, which is the beauty of biography, and does no injury to the ſentiment of gratitude; for he will always acknowledge as long as he exiſts, that if the duke of Northumberland had not by mere chance found him out, he might like other Armenians have been ſunk in the deepeſt oblivion, or not have lived to write his own hiſtory. Though he is not great nor rich, yet he truſts he is honeſt, and with a good aſſurance can ſay, that he is as happy and contented as princes are great; and may God preſerve and proſper them, for the ſake of the poor eaſtern Chriſtians, that they may be made free from ſlavery, and that their imaginary comfort may be changed into reality!

The Armenians firmly believe that the Chriſtian kings of Europe will, one day or other, come and reſcue them from ſubjection to unbelievers.

Emin, finding by the purport of the duke's letter, that he was not to advance higher in the army, took it into his head to try once more his fortune, having ſaved out of his pay about 3000 rupees. He went therefore to Mr. *Haſtings* (then governor), laid his caſe before him, and begged leave of abſence, which he, without limitation of time, very readily granted; he alſo gave him a commiſſion to buy ſome horſes at Boſra, and promiſed, that if Emin ſhould not meet with ſucceſs, and ſhould return to Bengal, he ſhould have his rank. Sir Archibald Campbell, at that time chief engineer of Fort William, was going home in an Indiaman commanded by captain Elphinſtone. Emin took his paſſage in the ſame ſhip, which was to touch at Madras, at which port ſhe arrived in eighteen days. He went on ſhore, and was introduced by Sir Archibald to the late governor, Mr. Wynch, who received him moſt politely. Mahomed Aly Khan offered to give him a command in his cavalry. "The Armenians at Madras are poſſeſſed of a little more virtue than thoſe of Calcutta, particularly Mr. Shahamar,

hamar, whom he had not ſeen before, and who diſtinguiſhed himſelf among a thouſand Armenians. He took Emin into his houſe, and entertained him three days; after which Emin hired a ſmall houſe, but dined and ſupped at Mr. Shahamar's; and by the interpoſition of this ſingular active gentleman, all the other Armenian merchants joined to advance 12,000 rupees a-year, to be remitted to him in Armenia, ſo as to maintain a few troops; they being well aſſured that he, who with 2000 rupees and good management had commanded thouſands before at their own charge, and maintained himſelf eight years in that country, would in all probability eſtabliſh himſelf there on a good footing. One of them, named Gregor Michael, who is now dead, ſaid, that beſides his own ſhare in the 12,000 rupees, he would beſtow the beſt part of his fortune (which then amounted to ſome lacks of pagodas, and he had but one relation in the world) in promoting that laudable deſign, upon condition that the late Simon Catholicus, the Father in God of all Armenia, would concur with Emin; and he added, that he would give him a letter of credit to Etzmiatzin, to receive of his holineſs 12,000 rupees, provided the holy father Simon ſhould

approve

approve of his plan. They were near reſolved to draw an agreement, or write a joint letter, when Ovanes, one of the biſhops of Jeruſalem, hearing of this union, ſtept in with his diabolical cunning, and ſpoiled the whole ſyſtem, making them all fly from their words, ſo as to be frightened at the very ſight of Emin. This man, void of conſcience, without any principles of Chriſtian faith, biſhop Ovanes, ſon of Fative, was a native of Hamadan, and a diſtant relation of Emin. At the age of ſixteen years he ſtrolled away from place to place, till he arrived at the monaſtery of Liman, in an iſland in a ſalt lake near the city of Van, in the north-weſt of Armenia, where he ſtudied chiefly prieſt-craft inſtead of divinity. When he was about thirty-five years old, he moved thence to Jeruſalem, and after remaining there five years, received an order from the patriarch of the holy city to come to India, and collect alms from the Armenians at Surat, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and Sydabad. In each of thoſe towns, whenever he preſented himſelf, in a week's time he ſet all the people againſt one another, and made them ready to cut each others throats. In Calcutta, the late Petrus, with many more, ſigned a petition to the governor and council, complain-

complaining of his enormous conduct, which would have brought on him a ſevere proſecution, if Hovſep, Emin's father, had not interpoſed, and ſtopped their proceedings. Emin could very eaſily penetrate into Ovanes, and ſeeing that he was only ſhrunk for a time, like the frozen ſnake in the fable, adviſed his father to have nothing to ſay either good or bad in their quarrels; but Ovanes, with his ſweet inſinuating double tongue, deceived Hovſep, whoſe paternal perſuaſion not only affected Emin, but induced him to join to get a paſſage for the biſhop in the ſame ſhip to Madras, where he proved himſelf not only a prieſt, but an inveterate enemy to all the Armenian nation. If this biſhop Ovanes had ſtaid behind in Calcutta two or three months longer, Emin in all probability would have carried his point with the Armenians at Madras. His poor father, hearing of Ovanes's ungrateful behaviour, was very much vexed, and wrote to Emin the following lines:

" My dear ſon Emin,

" God has given you more ſenſe than myſelf; you ſaw through the monk Ovanes. I wiſh I had not interfered in his quarrels, and uſed my intereſt to ſave him from being proſecuted

ſecuted juſtly by the poor Armenians, who gave him above 20,000 rupees to obtain peace and bleſſing, but obtained only conteſt and confuſion. A dozen years will come before they will be friends again. I agree with you in ſentiments, and ſhall never entertain a good opinion of the eccleſiaſtics as long as I live. As you obſerve, they have been the ſole ruin of the Armenian ſovereignty: but as for the monk Ovanes, he excelled them all in villany. I pray God to preſerve you from their hatred, craft, and jealouſy, and to proſper you in all your undertakings, that you may cruſh the head of ſerpents and walk in the jaws of lions. —Go on, my dear ſon! If you ſhould not ſucceed in your honeſt and dangerous undertakings, yet be ſure nothing will hurt you in the way. I remain, with my bleſſings on you, and ſubſcribe myſelf your affectionate father, Hovſep."

After receiving the letter, Emin kept it to himſelf; for all the Armenians deſerted him by means of their holy father Ovanes. Mr. Shahamar alone pretended to be his friend, and to deſpiſe the monk and all his weak-hearted followers. He was ſeemingly ſorry for their ignorance in being enticed away by an artful low-minded perſon, whoſe chief ſtudy was breeding miſchief by falſehood,

and

and ruining his countrymen. After ſome years, this very monk happened to be elected patriarch of Conſtantinople, and contrived to ſet all the Armenians by the ears; thus exciting animoſities, which coſt both parties twenty lacks of piaſters, paid down to the Turkiſh grand vizier or other high officers, many poor creatures being falſely accuſed of diſloyalty in ſending to the emperor of Germany and the Ruſſians intelligence of all the tranſactions of the Ottoman court, ſo that many of them were unjuſtly ſent to the Turkiſh gallies for their lives. Luckily his office of patriarch laſted but ſix months; otherwiſe he might have made them all miſerable. Both parties, after ſquandering away ſuch great ſums of money, united and drove him out of Conſtantinople. This very monk Ovanes, who did every thing in his power to hurt Emin's intereſt, exacted moſt cunningly a great ſum of money, beſides valuable preſents. The enthuſiaſtic women in particular gave away great part of their jewels, chiefly rings of diamonds and rubies, golden croſſes and large ſilver euchariſts. Among the reſt Gregor Michael and Mackertum Mirzam, who are now both dead, gave each a maſſy gold cenſer for burning frankincenſe in the

— church

church of the holy city of Jeruſalem. After having hardened their minds againſt Emin by falſe rhetoric, and by working on their ignorance, he began preaching openly and moſt ignorantly, that the Grand Signior of the Turks is the only king of the Armenians, who are to continue his ſlaves as long as the world laſts; that they are the little beloved flock of Chriſt, the ſovereign lord of the Armenians, for whom alone is prepared the kingdom of heaven; but that as to Chriſtian kings, whoſe glory is only in this vain world, they, like the heathens, are to be condemned eternally. In this manner he finiſhed his prieſtcraft, and ſet out by land for Surat. Shahamar was the only man that cared nothing for him: but, to be ſociable with the reſt, conſidering his immenſe fortune, gave him about 1000 rupees, though aware of his artfulneſs in making fools of them.

Emin, then leaving Madras, went to Bombay, to which place he travelled by land in a common hakry before the fall of the rains. In paſſing through Hydarabad and Ovrangabad, the nabobs of both places offered him very great commands and tempting encouragements; but refuſing them with becoming fortitude, he marched thence to Poona in the Mahratta country, and refreſhed himſelf there three

three days in the houſe of the Engliſh reſident: if he is not miſtaken, the gentleman's name was Mr. Manſon, who not only treated him hoſpitably, but greatly admired his motives, and offered him preſents, which he, being provided with neceſſaries, would not accept. In four days more about eight o'clock in the evening, he came to the ſide of the river that divides the iſland of *Bombay* from the continent: he hailed the boat, which came and took him to the other ſide. About forty yards from the water he found Mr. Randall in his great bangla with ſeveral gentlemen. Oh! how eagerly did he feel his heart leaping for joy on finding himſelf among the countrymen of his good Engliſh friends! Mr. Randall received him with politeneſs, and at Emin's deſire hired a hakry; in which he was hardly gone a mile, when, upon running after him, and calling him back, Mr. Randall made an apology for letting him go without inviting him to ſupper. One captain Brooke in the army, who was there alſo, about eleven o'clock took Emin in his carriage to his houſe at Bombay town. The next day the rains began to pour down. It was fortunate for him that he was not caught in travelling almoſt forty days. Having breakfaſted with captain Brooke and

his

his agreeable lady, he went and took an upper-roomed houſe at thirty rupees per month, and hired a ſervant, expecting ſome veſſels in which he might get his paſſage to Boſra. The late Mr. Moore arriving with the reſt of the gentlemen from that place on account of the plague, he was obliged to remain in Bombay, where he made many new acquaintance. *Colonel Egerton* was his old acquaintance in England, (he was the brother of the late biſhop of York,) and Mr. Daniel Draper, next to governor Hornby, was moſt particular in his kindneſs and hoſpitality, treated him as one of his own family, and invited him to dine and ſup with him conſtantly.

Nine months paſſed before the letters of health came from Boſra. As the plague was over, the Company's ſhip Revenge was made ready to accommodate Mr. Moore and his retinue: a ſnow joined her by order, and in that Emin took his paſſage. In two months, at the latter end of winter, he arrived at Boſra, where it was the beginning of the ſpring; thence he went in an Arab veſſel with many others to Hella; and travelling with a caravan reached the town of Bagdad, then almoſt depopulated by the late plague. After ſtaying nine months, and waiting for a caravan that

was preparing to ſet out for Curdiſtan, his relations and friends gave him to underſtand that the Turks had been informed of his intentions by ſome Jews, and perhaps by ſome Armenians. They ſaid, that the governor, Omar Paſha, would infallibly apprehend him, and that he would run a riſque of being cut off. Markar the Armenian, Mr. Moore's vakeel, nominally the agent of the Company, but employed to carry on a trade partly for the gentlemen of Boſra and moſtly for the Jews, having orders from Mr. Moore to repair to Boſra, Emin thought it prudent to go back with him, and in the caravan he had the pleaſure of enjoying the agreeable company of colonel Knudſon, at that time a major, and there was another Engliſhman, but not quite ſo ſociable; both had come by land from Aleppo.

After ſome troubles by land and water through the rebellious Arabs, in about thirty-one days they arrived at Boſra, where Emin, ſtill in the ſame reſolution, thought how to find a way of going to Armenia. As there was no conveyance immediately to be found, he remained at Boſra four months. The fatal news concerning the army of Carim Khan, the late king of Perſia, was brought in that interval: it

it was commanded by his own brother Suduk Khan who came to lay ſiege to Boſra. In about a month the intelligence was confirmed, and in a few days more the army arrived at the other ſide the river. The governor Sulaman, who is now the paſha of Bagdad, was gathering Arab troops, and mending the paultry walls of that extenſive town. As there were two ſmall cruiſing veſſels in the river lying at anchor over againſt the Minavy creek, they were ordered by Mr. Moore to be watchful of the Arab veſſels or galavats, of which, thirteen belonging to Chaab were ſeen at a diſtance ſailing with the tide and a fair ſoutherly wind up to Sualy to ſuccour Suduk Khan, and to aſſiſt in throwing up a bridge of boats. Captain Twiſleton bravely cut the cable of his ſhip's anchor, and firing grape-ſhot killed about fifty of them and took two of the galavats, which were burnt: after chaſing the reſt about three miles up, the water not being deep enough to be navigable, he was obliged to put about and come to his former ſtation. This little ſucceſs was of great ſervice to the Turks in the town, and encouraged them to defend the place with more ſteadineſs and reſolution. Emin, a few days before, had of-

fered to ſerve as a volunteer, and received the under-written order from Mr. Moore:

"To Mr. Joſeph Emin.

"Sir,

"As the Succeſs is in want of an officer, and as you have offered your ſervices as a volunteer, the agent and council have accepted them, and have given you the proviſional command of it.

By order of Henry Moore, Eſq.
Boſra, 23d March 1775. } agent, &c. council of Boſra.
William Digges Latouche, ſecretary."

Emin, receiving the above commiſſion, went on board the Succeſs ſnow, commanded by the brave captain Twiſleton before-mentioned, where taking the charge of thirty-two ſtout European ſoldiers, he continued three weeks in that ſtation doing but very little duty, except obſerving the buſy Arabs on the other ſide of the river. During one or two of the nights the people of the town, men, women, and children, made a terrible noiſe, occaſioned by an alarm from the Janizaries, as if the Perſians who beſieged the place were going to

ſcale

ſcale the walls. This frightened the council and the gentlemen of the factory, who haſtened early in the morning on board theſe two veſſels, taking with them only their wearing apparel; and about ſun-riſe they diſcovered down the river a great many Perſian armed veſſels, of which they had intelligence that Shiah Naſir the governor of Buſhir had the command. *Mr. Moore* made a ſignal to the cruiſers to hoiſt anchor; but as there was no ſort of wind, they only floated down with the current. In the evening they lowered their ſails and drew near the bank on the left, and ſtood at the mouth of the river Haffar. About one in the afternoon the cruiſers let go their anchors, and a ridiculous action began firſt by the enemy at the diſtance of almoſt two miles: the cruiſers returned the compliment. The cannonading continued till about nine at night. The enemy, who were no fewer than 3,000 fighting men, if they had had but the courage of Europeans might have come to cloſe quarters and taken the veſſels with great eaſe: on the contrary, the next morning they were all ſtuck faſt in the mud, and the men buſtling with their things on ſhore. The ſailors and the ſoldiers of the two cruiſers amounting hardly to 500 men, animated by the daſtardly

conduct of the enemy, were ready to go in boats and ſet their veſſels on fire; but a north-weſter ſpringing up, Mr. Moore, then on board the other veſſel, made a ſignal to weigh and ſet ſail. About ſun-ſet they came to and anchored at Maidan Aly. The next day they ſailed for Buſhir, and in about twenty-four hours arrived at that place, where Mr. Moore waited three weeks on board for an anſwer from the government of Bombay, and in expectation of a Maſkat fleet which he might join and go back to the defence of Boſra; but, contrary to his wiſhes, Mr. Gardiner arrived in a Bombay grab, with an order from the council not to interfere in any ſhape in the quarrels of the Perſians and Turks:—this put an end to Mr. Moore's ſcheme:—had he ſucceeded in it, he would have joined the Maſkat armament which came ſome weeks after, and in all probability would have raiſed the ſiege of Boſra and ſaved them from falling into the hands of the villanous Perſians, and thus eſtabliſhed the Engliſh factory on a ſtronger footing there. He might have thrown up a ſmall fortification in Minavy at the end of the creek to be ſecure from either of the Muſulman nations, and he would have had the command of the whole river, and even have given law to the Perſian gulph

gulph as far as Maſkat: it was a very proper opportunity to reap a conſiderable advantage. The daily decay of the Turkiſh power and the neglect of their deplorable government, would have compelled them to ſeek the protection of the Engliſh againſt their enemy in all times of need; and of courſe they would have cheerfully conſented to Mr. Moore's wiſe meaſures, if the *honourable* Company had but encouraged him to proceed with his laudable plan, which was formed in a very maſterly way.

Emin, a year before, having been favoured with a letter of recommendation from Mr. Moore to Simon, patriarch of Armenia, had, on coming back from Boſra, entered as a volunteer in that affair, intending to exert himſelf in it, and hoping to gain Mr. Moore's good opinion; but unfortunately he was diſappointed. Having been almoſt two months in that ſtation doing nothing, he thought it proper to go to Mr. Moore and take leave; but he in a friendly manner expreſſed ſome little anger in the following words: "Emin, I muſt tell you that you are not in your ſenſes.—I adviſe you to drop your chimerical ſcheme of going to Armenia: the ungrateful people of that country are not worthy to be made free.—What I have heard of your con-

duct in Europe agrees with theſe two months ſervice before my eyes, in which you have diſtinguiſhed yourſelf in a becoming manner. Be advised by me—return to Bengal again.—I will write to Mr. Haſtings a very ſtrong letter in your favour, and he will promote you." But Emin was infatuated, and could not be perſuaded.

With much difficulty Emin *obtained* permiſſion to depart, and landed at Buſhir, where he ſtaid about ſeven months. He then joined a caravan and went to Shiraz, where he remained nine months on purpoſe to avoid the ſuſpicions of the Perſians. In that interval he drew a ſort of memorial or petition to the late king of Perſia, the famous Carim Khan, ſtating, that he ſhould be happy to live in his majeſty's dominions, and to ſettle himſelf in any part of it that would ſuit his circumſtances. The king, accepting his arzi, ſealed it, and ſo did his vizier Mirza Jaffer, with all the Mirzas of his court. After ſtaying ſo long a time in Shiraz, he travelled with a caravan to Julpha in Iſpahan, where, flattering himſelf with hopes of ſetting out *in* another caravan, he was informed by ſome people that the Beglar Beg (or governor) had given orders, that on the day preceding the departure

departure of the caravan he ſhould be laid hold of. Marcus Vardapit (or the monk) who had at that time brought preſents from Etzmiatzin (or the Three Churches) for Carim Khan, and, having returned from Shiraz, was going in the ſame caravan, told Emin, in a friendly manner, that if he ſhould eſcape at Iſpahan by ſome means or other, yet he would be made an end of by Simon the Catholicus of Etzmiatzin, who would deliver him to the fury of Huſein Ali Khan, the governor of Iravan. He added, it was true that all the Armenians were ready to receive and be commanded by Emin; but that their ſouls and bodies depended on his Holineſs's will and pleaſure, leſt he ſhould damn them to eternity: therefore he and many more adviſed Emin to be married and ſave his life. He, conſidering awhile, conſented rather than fall a victim to the enormous envy of an earthly unmerciful idol. Simon's clandeſtine manner of writing letters to ſeveral places, giving the injurious appellation of tyrant to Heraclius, whom he for ſeveral years had flattered with the title of ſovereign lord of Armenia, was at laſt diſcovered by intercepting his Holineſs's letters, and the diſcovery coſt him pretty dear, the prince exacting great ſums of money from him

him for a duplicity ſo contrary to his holy profeſſion. Both thoſe great men in power, Heraclius and Simon, acknowledged their error in not knowing the merit of a well-meaning man; the former not putting confidence in him, the latter not encouraging him. Concerning his Holineſs, Emin ſaid, that if he had aſſiſted him, he would not have been ſo daſhed by the chagrin of his own conduct; he would not have been treated ſo ill by the Vali of Georgia; which ſpeech his Holineſs took ſo much to heart, that in two or three years time he died in a conſumption.

Here the author may ſeem to ſpeak rather more of his own merit than he ought; but if the good reader could have been an eye-witneſs of his European management in thoſe barbarous countries, and could have ſeen how near he was to the accompliſhment of his original plan, he would have blamed him for not writing every particular of his life, which he endeavours to make as brief as poſſible. He muſt have ſucceeded, if thoſe two powerful perſons had not been jealous of him. They afterwards were ſorry that they did not know him better. But it was then too late. Emin therefore married principally for the ſafety of his life, and in ſix years, Providence

bleſſed

bleſſed him with four children, two of them male, and two of them female.

When Carim Khan died, the kingdom of Perſia fell topſy-turvy. Zaky Khan, his brother, after deſtroying four or more khans at Shiraz, ſent Aly Murad Khan, his lieutenant, to Iſpahan, to check Zolfkhan Khan the Ovſhar Aly Murad. After cutting him off, with his uncle and eighteen of his relations, and putting a mob of twenty thouſand men to flight, he revolted from Zaky Khan, who, after reigning in Shiraz forty days, marched out with a hundred thouſand men to chaſtize Aly Murad; but within three days march he was aſſaſſinated by his troops, in a village called Coſhkizan. 'Abulfat Khan, ſon of Carim, who was with Zaky's army as a priſoner, being ſet free by the aſſaſſins, and proclaimed king of Perſia, was conducted in triumph back to Shiraz, and ſet on the throne of his father Carim. Saduk Khan, his uncle, who had fled before from the fury of the late Zaky Khan, returned from Syſtan, and finding his unworthy nephew Abulfat Khan in a deplorable ſtate of debauchery, drinking with his footmen, or common ſervants, and dancing-women, day and night, without minding the precarious government of his dominions,

dominions, took that opportunity to dethrone and imprison him. During theſe tranſactions, Aly Murad, at Iſpahan, ordered a proclamation to be ſounded in the ears of the people and troops, that his revolt, from the firſt to the laſt, was on account of Carim's family, and that his intent was to replace Abulfat Khan on the throne of his late father. In this manner maſking his wicked deſign, at the head of 40,000 men he marched out, defeated and ſlew Zolfkhan Khan, another Ovſhar prince of Zangan Sultan, within three days journey of Hamadan, whoſe army amounted to 25,000 men. During Aly Murad's abſence from Iſpahan, Saduk Khan, his ſtepfather, reigning in Shiraz, ſent Jaffer Khan, of the ſame mother as Aly Murad, with about 12,000 men, to take poſſeſſion of Iſpahan, which accordingly he did. Aly Murad, after his ſucceſs againſt Zolfkhan, had marched down to Mazindaran, and alſo defeated Aga Mahmud Khan the Cajar; but hearing the news of Saduk Khan's proceeding, he was much exaſperated, and more ſo by his ſending Jaffer to Iſpahan to ſucceed him. The juſt government of Jaffer in three months almoſt relieved the poor ſubjects from their diſtreſſes; yet, four days before the tyrant's arrival,

arrival, the good Jaffer's army deſerted, and went over to Aly Murad, while Jaffer, with a few of his own domeſtics, flew to Shiraz. Aly Murad, a month after his entering the town of Iſpahan, detached 40,000 men, of whom he gave the command to his nephew Seid Murad Khan, who marched four days journey, and encamped with his army at *Shiraz*. *Aly Murad* being intoxicated with his late mobbiſh victories, began to exact unreaſonable ſums of money from the citizens, impoveriſhing ſeveral families; giving himſelf up to drinking, and to all kinds of debauchery, ſo as to ſtrip himſelf ſtark naked, and to dance like a harlequin in the palace before his general officers and troops; in a place which, two centuries before, was revered by the Perſians as a ſanctum ſanctorum. He eſteemed himſelf firmly eſtabliſhed on the throne of Perſia, when news came that Seid Murad's army was diſperſed without fighting by Aly Naky Khan, the third ſon of Saduk Khan by another woman. Aly Murad's ſtanding army, already offended at his fooliſh behaviour, mutinied, carrying away ſeveral cheſts of his treaſures; and in their way, plundering the people and the ſhops in the bazar. Some of them went to their own

country, others marched to join Aly Naky, except forty or fifty Armenians and Georgians, who took care of his haram, or apartments of the women, and fled with him to Hamadan, and that with great difficulty. After four days more, Aly Naky arrived at Iſpahan, in as much triumph, becauſe he had deceived the poor people of Yezd, as if he had defeated the army of the Grand Signor, and taken Conſtantinople. The wretched young devil, in whom the ſubjects as well as the troops had put great hopes, becauſe he was a ſon of the prudent Saduk Khan, behaved ten times worſe than Aly Murad. Inſtead of purſuing him immediately, when he might have taken him with eaſe, he halted forty days at Iſpahan, where he and his officers fell to drinking wine, defiled four hundred virgins of the town, and forced two girls from Julpha, one of them out of the nunnery, the other a daughter of a ſecular prieſt. It was lucky for the Armenians that their children were not ſo handſome as the Perſians; otherwiſe they might all have been torn away from their parents, and ruined by the luſt of thoſe monſters. During that time, Aly Murad recovered himſelf at Hamadan, where Aly Kuly Khan of Kirmanſha, with 12,000 Curds, joined him.

him. The multitude of Iſpahan were diſguſted at Aly Naky's beaſtly conduct; and the diabolical Mirzas, who are the ruin of that empire, ſent private letters to Aly Murad, encouraging him to march to Iſpahan. He ſet out, therefore, and came within a day's march of it, when Aly Naky went out to Muchakher to give him battle; but his army left him and joined Aly Murad; whilſt he, with ſome cavalry, fled to Shiraz; where afterwards he, with his father, mother, and ſeveral brothers, after a ſiege of thirteen months, were taken and put to death by the cruel Aly Murad, who, after three days, arrived at Iſpahan in triumph; kindling again the fire of oppreſſion, baſtinadoing the men, and burning the breaſts of the rich women, and taking from all the ſubjects great ſums of money, ſo as to render that city once more ſplendid with extorted riches, exactly as in the reign of the tyrant Nadir Shah. All theſe events happened within the ſpace of little more than two years. The patriarch Mackertiſh of Julpha, with ſeveral monks, were taken up and beaten moſt unmercifully, till they confeſſed where they had concealed the ſilver and gold veſſels of the church, which conſiſted of cucharifts, croſſes, and ſentyres,

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to the value of ſeven thouſand tumans, beſides rich diamonds, rubies, and other gems fixed in them. The precious metals were melted and ſtruck into money; and the jewels were kept in the king's treaſury.

In all this time, no ſoul paſſed by the door of Emin, nor ſaid a word to him: but when the ſtorm of Aly Murad's tyranny was over, the Georgians, who had been the chief inſtruments of ruining the monaſtery, and the ſcattered inhabitants of Julpha informed him, that Emin had been in the armies of the Engliſh, and underſtood their art of fighting. Aly Murad hearing that, gave orders to one of his men, named Mirza Abdul Carim, who came to Julpha to find out Emin, and inliſt him ſultan, or lieutenant-general, whether he would or not; telling him plainly, that if he ſhewed the leaſt unwillingneſs, his head ſhould be cut off immediately; and that it was his majeſty's ſpecial command to inliſt twelve more Armenian young men of Julpha and give him the command of them. "You are now," ſaid he, "to increaſe your detachment with as many recruits as you can raiſe, and train them up like the Franks, ſo as to be ready in eight months to march with his majeſty againſt the city of Shiraz; and you, with

with your twelve men, muſt attend his levee to-morrow morning, to make your ſalutation." Emin, finding himſelf innocently in a ſcrape, and fearing the tyrant's reſentment, made no objection. The next day, about nine o'clock in the forenoon, he went to Iſpahan, and entered the palace of the late Shah Abbas, (commonly called Favila Talarb,) making his bow, as directed by the aid-de-camp, and ſtanding in the ranks of general officers. After ten minutes, Aly Murad ordered twenty tumans to be given to him, to be diſtributed among his men; and appointed him, with his twelve recruits, to be his life-guards, next to the haram where his majeſty ſlept. Within a few days, Emin received three different liſts from the Armenians of Julpha, each containing one hundred and ten men ready to enter into that devil's ſervice. Emin imprudently, not conſidering the ill-conſequence, refuſed them, at the hazard of his own head, rather than ſuffer ſo many thoughtleſs Chriſtians to be ruined or deſtroyed; for if the next competitor ſhould overcome the villain, they muſt ſtand the chance not only of loſing their lives, but of being enſlaved with all their families, and having their effects confiſcated; inſtances of

which they had before ſeen with their own eyes. Emin reprimanded them in a brotherly manner, till they were quiet, and went about their buſineſs. He little thought of his precarious condition, his mind being agitated by deſpair, and not finding any means to deliver himſelf from the trap he was caught in. But Providence, who has the care of all mankind, unexpectedly delivered him, though not without ſome danger.

Aly Murad, and all his generals, obſerving Emin to be ſo ſanguinely attentive to his duty, ſaid, that he would give him the management of Julpha, to receive the taxes and raiſe as many Armenians as he could. The wild Georgians were often reprimanded and laughed at for not being ſo exact in their waiting; on the contrary, they were moſtly drunk and gaming, even in the guard-houſe. The report of this was carried to Makertiſh Vardapit at Julpha, the head biſhop of the monaſtery, who fearing that he ſhould be turned out of his calanteri, or government, went, unknown to Emin, and privately bribed Mahomed Huſein Khan, the beglarbeg of Iſpahan, with forty tumans. Huſein therefore repreſented to Aly Murad, in private, that the world began to talk, and

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to ſuſpect that he was much diſtreſſed for want of fighting-men, ſince he preſſed the poor Julpha Armenians into the ſervice. This addreſs quickly affected Aly Murad, who ſaid, "Very well, they ſhall be diſmiſſed; but Emin Sultan ſhall continue in the ſervice." Emin not knowing all this, after being about a month in the ſervice, went one morning according to cuſtom to the levee, and made a very low bow, ſtanding in the ranks of the khans, reſolving either to have his head ſtruck off or be diſcharged, according to the regulation of that infernal court. When Aly Cooly Khan of Carmanſha arrived, who uſed to come in after all the commanding-officers and ſit by Aly Murad, the firſt comers made a bow and retired, ſo that the levee was over in fifteen minutes; but Emin ſtood unmoved. Aly Murad nodded to him three different times to go away. He pretended not to know his meaning. The officers ſtanding cloſe to his ſide, on the right and left, ſaid to him, ſoftly and kindly, "For God's ſake go away: did not you ſee how a little while ago he ſtrangled two men for offending him? By the Prophet's head you will ſhare the ſame fate." But Emin, truſting in God, could not be perſuaded: when Aly Murad called

out aloud in a fury, "You Nanakally khans," [Nanakally is the name of the mountaineer tribes,] "drive the Armenian ſultan away." They did ſo, but not violently; becauſe every one of them had a regard for him. Aly Murad perceiving their partiality, repeated his order with double force. Before they could reach him, he made a ſhift to ruſh through the crowd, and went out of the gates, ſtanding about fifty yards from the cabac (or the pole fixed in the middle of the grand ſquare,) under which the condemned men are to have their heads ſtruck off. In this diſagreeable ſituation Emin had juſt time to ſay a ſhort prayer, and reſign himſelf to God, expecting the men to come out with drawn ſwords to put him to death. He had hardly been there ten minutes, when Mirza Abdul Carim, who had inliſted him, came from Aly Murad Khan alone, looking as pale as death, and wiſhing him joy, pronouncing theſe very words: "O Sultan! God has beſtowed on you his infinite mercy. Aly Murad, (whom the devil take to hell,) has made you murakhas, or diſcharged. You are now free and ſecure from all dangers, but you were within a hair's breadth of loſing your life. You behaved like a hero, and I am glad

glad it ſo happened: but to the great ſhame of Aly Murad the king of Perſia, he has given me orders to tell you, that you and your detachment are to pay back the twenty tumans which he gave at firſt as an inam, or gratuity, and which muſt now be received by the dirty Georgian dogs. Go, my honeſt friend, bleſs God for his miraculous mercy, and reſt ſatisfied!" Emin thanked him, and paid the paltry inam back to the Georgians, who pretended to be ſorry; but ſome villains, who had a hand in the plot with Makertiſh the monk, accuſed the author before Aly Murad, telling him every article of his tranſactions in Georgia, Armenia, and Dagiſtan; and ſaying, that he was a dangerous man, ſince he was always ſober, drank no wine, and kept no bad company; ſo that if the Muſulman ſoldiers ſhould be attached to him, he might raiſe a tumult, and poſſibly effect a revolution. Aly Murad, who ſeemed to preſerve at that time a ſmall ſhare of humanity, though he had been cruel enough to deſtroy no fewer than forty of his own family, and after taking Shiraz, had tortured to death his father and brothers, beſides many generals and lords, yet he then ſeemed to have more feeling and good ſenſe than to liſten to thoſe

abandoned low lived Georgians. He only aſked them if Emin had any money? They anſwered, no. Upon which Aly Murad, in great anger, ſaid to them, "Get you gone, you worthleſs black-hearted dogs! Emin is an honeſt man, whom we have not made captive by our ſwords; and he ſhall be free from your falſe calumnies, ſo as to live happy for the future with his family in Julpha: while I reign, no one ſhall moleſt him: and at your peril let me hear no more againſt the poor man."

Emin had been in Julpha about five years, and during the whole time had many diſagreeable apprehenſions before that accuſation was made. His alarms affected him not ſo much while he was out of his houſe as when he was at home and any perſon knocked at the door; he then felt to his heart for his helpleſs family, imagining there was ſomebody ſent to demand his head. Like a careful porter, he was at all times ready to open the door himſelf, that if any diſaſtrous accident ſhould cruſh him, he might avoid ſeeing his poor family and harmleſs children. He wiſhed to die five or ſix minutes before he ſhould ſee their miſery. He often called to mind the wiſe ſaying of Mareſhal Saxe, "That a ſoldier

dier ſhould not be married;" and this is particularly true in ſuch a deſpotic government and diſtracted lawleſs country, where he was however compelled to marry, as he has mentioned before.

It will be proper here to deſcribe the diſpoſition of the preſent inhabitants of Julpha, whoſe anceſtors, from their firſt ſettlement, had ſet bad examples of informing againſt and accuſing each other, and of defrauding and oppreſſing the poor. The reaſon why Emin was not openly injured by them, nor forced to pay them a ſingle penny, was, that he did not care for nor aſſociate with them, nor did they dare to enter his gates. In Aly Naky Khan's miſerable reign of forty days in Iſpahan, a dozen of the worſt ſort of them, who are called catkhadas, or burgh-maſters, by expreſs orders from Aly Naky, and to their great joy (as they are always glad of an opportunity to ruin the poor), were joined to Aly Naky Khan's Mahomedan officers in a commiſſion to ſearch for two young women. They got drunk together, and began at night to break open almoſt all the doors in Julpha, in order to diſcover the concealed females, to gratify their abominable covetouſneſs, and at the ſame time ſatisfy the diabolical officers, in

a place where there are no more rich merchants left. It was proved that they had exacted the ſum of 15,000 rupees from carpenters, weavers, butchers, ſhoemakers, coblers, and even of blind beggars. But they did not dare to paſs the ſtreet where Emin's houſe was, he having warned them beforehand, that if they offered to come near his habitation, he would do his utmoſt to kill the Mahomedan officers with his firelock, which would be a juſt pretence to Aly Naky to kill him firſt, and then to put to the ſword both his family and the other inhabitants of Julpha. By this deſperate declaration he ſaved himſelf from abſolute poverty, and his family from being frightened out of their ſenſes; for they well knew from his character that he would be as good as his word, and that he was well armed with three firelocks loaded, a brace of piſtols, a ſcymitar, and a Lazgui dagger; he having watched ſometimes behind the door, but moſtly on the top of the terrace, on purpoſe that they ſhould take notice of his arms. In caſe he had been eaſy, and had not taken that precaution from the beginning to the end, in all probability they would have found means to impoveriſh him the very firſt year. Julpha will never be peopled while ſuch abominable wick-

edneſs

edneſs ſhall continue in it. It is moreover to be obſerved, that by the ſtanding law of the late Shah Abbas the Firſt, the Armenians (who are ſuperſtitiouſly fond of eccleſiaſtical ceremonies) have been allowed to have their weddings and chriſtenings in public, their prieſts ſinging, or rather bawling out hymns, with the congregation coming out of the church and going through the ſtreets, or when the bridegroom and bride enter the houſe with a pompous proceſſion. This ſtupid formality is an inducement for the foreign Armenian unmarried merchants, who are ſubject to the Turks, to come and ſettle there, as they dare not do the ſame in any part of Turkey. They are even glad to agree with the inhabitants, according to their circumſtances, to pay a reaſonable tax; but that deſtructive ſyſtem of policy ſoon diſguſts them. No ſooner are they married, than an officer is ſent by the catkhada to demand the tax-money, though they dare not come near unmarried merchants in Iſpahan. Many of them have begged of Emin to interpoſe with the Calauter Makertiſh to make ſome regulation on that point, ſo as not to oppreſs them; but it was to no purpoſe, neither he nor the catkhadas would condeſcend to make any regulation.

Thus

Thus in a few years, with the help of continual civil wars, the fine ſuburb of Julpha, once inhabited by 12,000 rich families, contain at preſent hardly 500 houſes, and may ſoon be deſerted and left for the Muſulmans of Iſpahan.

To reſume the principal ſubject.—Emin enjoyed life pretty tolerably above two years, without any uneaſineſs of mind during that time. Aly Murad almoſt firmly eſtabliſhed himſelf there, and after nine months preparation marched to Shiraz, which after a ſiege of thirteen months he took, deſtroyed his father Saduk Khan and his brother, and put out the eyes of the two ſons of the late Carim Khan, namely, Abulfat Khan, and Mahomed Aly Khan; after which he returned again to Iſpahan, and ſat on the throne of the Safi's. The country appearing now to be in peace, Emin with no ſmall difficulty obtained a patta (or paſſport), and took his eldeſt ſon Arſhac with him, leaving his wife and three children (a ſon and two daughters) with his father and mother-in-law, and ſeveral other relations. He joined a ſmall caravan, and in eight days reached Shiraz, not without many obſtacles, cauſed by different rahdars (or turnpike-men) on the road. After halting there eighteen days,

days, he joined another caravan, and in the way caught a violent cold; his diſorder was mixed with a complaint in the liver, cauſed by a pin. In ſix days he reached Cazran, and ſtayed there about a week; thence in five days more, with exquiſite pain in his right ſide, ſo that he could hardly breathe, he came to Buſhir, where the ſevere diſorder continued upon him forty days. There was no one to give him any advice, he was therefore his own doctor; he paid a piaſtre to a Perſian barber to bleed him; but the man took ſuch a quantity of blood from him, as to throw him into a ſwoon. He fell from his ſeat, and laid on the ground about an hour. The barber (or rather the butcher) and ſome Armenians were frightened, and did not expect he would live. When by degrees he recovered and opened his eyes, he ſaw the poor boy ſhedding tears, and heard him ſay in a moſt feeling manner, "Dear father, what is come to you?" Emin, to encourage him, ſaid, "Never mind it, my dear child, I am well again." Then raiſing himſelf, he ſat up, and after two days more was cupped by an Armenian barber, as clumſy as the Perſian. Finding himſelf ſomewhat relieved, he dined at Mr. Gally's two or three times. Three or four

four Julpha Armenians, who were at Buſhir, did not ſhew him any hoſpitality.

Emin and his ſon, with Gabriel a mountaineer of Caucaſus, who had been his comrade from Iſpahan, took their paſſage in an Arab daur, commanded by Mahomed Ben Eſy, and ſailed in four days to Charaky on the coaſt of Perſia, where they came to an anchor. The ſailors with the maſter went on ſhore to their families, but four of them ſtayed on board with Ben Eſy's brother. A week after, a weſterly wind aroſe, and blew ſo hard for about an hour, with rain and a little thunder, as to make them give over all hopes of eſcaping a wreck. Had it continued a quarter of an hour longer, in all probability the terrible wind and ſea would have driven the Arab veſſel againſt a rock, quite oppoſite to the wind, but it fortunately ceaſed. That day, and ſeveral days beſides, Gabriel was on ſhore; his ſmall capital, with the money of the other Armenians, was in Emin's cheſt, to the amount of 12,000 rupees. He was frightened out of his ſenſes, and pretended he had ſome buſineſs to do; but it ſoon came to be known that he was afraid of being loſt on board, where they had better accommodations than

than in Charaky, and had freſh water to drink.

One or two nights, when Emin went on ſhore with his ſon, Mahomed Ben Eſy's inviſible lady ſhewed them great kindneſs, and ſent proviſions, dates, and freſh water, in compaſſion to the young Emin, whoſe innocence had often been of ſervice both to himſelf and to his old father; but it was afflicting to ſee Gabriel's envy, though he ſhared equally with them the hoſpitality of that amiable lady. Though ſhe was not to be ſeen, yet ſhe was celebrated by every body in the place for virtue and beauty. There is an anecdote worth relating: Her huſband Mahomed Ben Eſy, before he was in eaſy circumſtances, ſent meſſengers to her father, a renowned Arab chief, to demand her in marriage. The old gentleman reſented the propoſal; and finding an opportunity of catching the ſuitor alone, had him ſeiſed by many Arabs, tied up, and baſtinadoed ſo ſe erely, that he kept his bed for ſome time. The young lady, knowing his ſuffering to have been for her ſake, declared openly for Ben Eſy, and threatened to deſtroy herſelf if her father ſhould refuſe to conſent. Ben Eſy ſome time after ſailed acroſs the gulph, with ſome paſſengers to Bahrain, where

pearls are found; and having finiſhed his voyage, put again to ſea; but when he was out of ſight of land, he was attacked by ſeven Arab veſſels, ſome of them galvats, and others daurs. Ben Eſy finding their intention to be hoſtile, ſince they ſailed on and purſued him, when near enough to be heard, begged more than a hundred times that they would go away in peace; alleging, that both parties being Muſulmans, it would be unjuſt to ſhed one another's blood. All his expoſtulations ſignified nothing; when finding that no ſort of rhetoric could pacify them, he barricadoed the top of the archway of his veſſel, having only twenty-five fighting ſailors, all his relations. The enemy, too proud of their ſuperior force and numerous crew, without firing their great guns, thought it the ſureſt way to board them, to kill all the men, and to take the veſſel; well knowing that the merchants had entruſted to Mahomed Ben Eſy ſome bags of pearls for the Buſhir merchants. The pirates drew near, yard-arm to yard-arm, and ſoon boarded Ben Eſy, who very wiſely had reſerved his fire all the while, till the veſſel was crowded with them ſword-in-hand; he then gave orders, and a bloody ſlaughter enſuing, he killed 400 of the enemy,

my, took two of their veſſels, with ſeveral bags of pearls and ready money. The reſt had much ado to make their eſcape back to their country. Ben Eſy very prudently left the two veſſels behind which he had emptied of their riches, leſt his own ſhould be weakened, and returned ſafe to Charaky, where there happened to be a great famine in that year. He maintained for twelve months, with dates and other proviſions, all the inhabitants, to the number of 600 men, women, and children. Such were his bravery and his wealth, obtained by victory and his humane diſpoſition!—Yet farther to prove the greatneſs of his mind: a very rich man on the coaſt of Arabia, with whom Ben Eſy had a ſlight acquaintance for ſome years paſt, by eating bread and ſalt with him, ſent him a meſſenger with a letter, ſome time after that affair; a zinbil (or date-baſket) of pearls happened to be taken by Ben Eſy in the action from one of thoſe abandoned veſſels which had been this man's property. The ſubſtance of his letter was, "O! Mahomed Ben Eſy, if you will reſtore the pearls to me, they will be the means of preſerving my credit, and ſaving my family from total ruin; if not, the light of their exiſtence may be for ever extinguiſhed." On the receipt of this letter,

Mahomed

Mahomed Ben Eſy reſtored the pearls untouched, without any heſitation. Emin was told, when at Charaky, by an Armenian merchant, that the baſket had been reſtored, and was valued at ſome lacks of rupees; for which Ben Eſy received only a preſent of 2000 rupees from its owner, or bread and ſalt as a friend. Beſides his great joy on having an opportunity to obey the laws of Arabian hoſpitality, Ben Eſy did this to ſhew to the world the juſtice and firm friendſhip of that famous nation, once maſter of all Aſia, Africa, and part of Europe. When his manly conduct came to the hearing of the ſheick who was father to his faithful love, he was reconciled to him immediately, declaring that he was worthy of his beautiful daughter. Ben Eſy paid 12,000 rupees for her ſhirboha (or the price of milk), and married the lady, to his infinite joy. Here it muſt be obſerved, that, among the Arabs, no one can obtain a handſome virgin without being ſignalized by ſome noble enterprize, not even among the common people; and a young man is not to be called by his proper name, but only ſuch-a-one, unleſs he has performed ſome military exploit. The Armenians never take any notice of the braveſt or beſt man, unleſs he is very rich,

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can pay exorbitant taxes to the Mahomedans, and give lapfuls of money to the holy fathers, in order to domineer like tyrants over the poor people. In all the different nations in thoſe parts of Aſia where Emin has travelled, the higher natives are taught from infancy many noble principles, which often make them conſiderable in the eyes of the world; but the poor Armenians, on the contrary, are entirely deprived of ſuch advantages, and imbibe nothing but horrid ſuperſtitions, which of courſe have made them entirely ſtrangers to thoſe commendable virtues which lead to ſweet liberty, and enlighten the human mind. They reſemble the natives of Bengal, who never in their lives taſted Engliſh apples; or the Laplanders, who never ſaw a mango fruit.

Emin having ſtayed at Charaky eighteen days, went in the ſame veſſel commanded by the brave Ben Eſy, and arrived in twelve days at Moſhcat. He ſtayed alſo eighteen days in that unhealthy place; and thence in a Mahomedan veſſel, after fifteen days ſailing, he arrived at Jurat, where he was entertained above ten days by an Armenian merchant of Tiffliz, named Stephanus. Captain Pickett, his old acquaintance, on the Bombay marine eſtabliſhment, being then an annual commodore there,

applied to captain Tuice of the ſame corps, and procured a paſſage for him in his ſhip; in which, after five days ſailing, he came to an anchor in Bombay harbour, and in a few hours went on ſhore to his relation Muſſeſs, who had been his ſervant and companion almoſt eleven years before, and who, when he left Emin in Georgia, went prudently to Madras; where, underſtanding tolerably well the Armenian grammar, he introduced himſelf to Mr. Chamier's favour, and was retained to teach his ſons. In two or three years, Mr. Chamier gave Muſſeſs a commiſſion with goods to Suez, and thence to Egypt. On his coming back from that voyage with ſome gain, Mr. Chamier, finding him capable, entruſted him with greater merchandize, and a ſhip for Buſhir in Perſia; and alſo with valuable India goods and China wares to Shiraz, as preſents to the late Carim Khan, in order to eſtabliſh a factory there, and to ſell his merchandize; but, unluckily, the king happened then to be dead. The preſents were delivered to Abulfat Khan his ſon, who being unworthy to reign after his father, was diſpoſſeſſed by Saduk Khan his uncle. Muſſeſs, wiſely obſerving that the country was going to ruin through deſtructive civil wars, and hearing

hearing from all quarters the revolt of different generals, with much difficulty paid a ſum of money to Saduk Khan, and bribed the officers of the court to let him go back to Buſhir. Thence he went to Bombay; when the war happening to break out between us and the French, he thought proper to ſtay there by the order of Mr. Chamier till ſuch time as he ſhould be called for. Emin was not a little glad to find him there, after ſo many years longing to ſee him; but, contrary to his expectation, he found him quite transformed, behaving imperiouſly and haughtily. Emin had not been in his houſe fifteen days, when, in converſation, he had the baſeneſs to uſe the following words to the face of Emin, who had been the cauſe of his ſuperficial learning: "Now you are ſo humbled that you come to my houſe to be beholden to me." At which unbecoming Jewiſh addreſs, Emin was all on fire, and got up immediately to reward him accordingly; but the poor creature began to tremble without being touched, and from walking up and down the hall with a domineering attitude, ſat himſelf down in a chair almoſt exhauſted, and becoming quite as meek as when he was a ſervant to Emin, begged his forgiveneſs. Emin forgave him freely.

As it was night, Emin ſaid nothing to him; but the next morning he left the habitation of the unthinking ungrateful Muſſeſs, and took a houſe at fifteen rupees a month, without a rupee in his pocket. But a countryman of his named Hacob, though too poor in circumſtances to lend him any ſum of money, made him coolly welcome to eat every day in his houſe ſome rice and curry.

Emin omitted to mention before, that a few days after his arrival at Bombay, he proceeded on foot to Purrel, to wait on Governor Boddam. Mr. Mallett, his worthy friend, happened to be there, and introduced him to his Excellency. Mr. Alexander Adams, one of the Honourable Company's civil ſervants, who came thither on ſome buſineſs, offered kindly to take him in his chariot back to town; but the governor engaged him to dinner, and ſent for his ſon, who came in a hakry. In the afternoon, dinner being over, he went in the ſame carriage with his boy to Bombay. When Mr. Mallet came to town with the Governor, (which uſed to be once a week every Monday morning,) he made it his buſineſs to bring Emin acquainted with a great many gentlemen, particularly Mr. Pemberton, whoſe letter of recommendation to his brother was

afterwards

afterwards of great conſequence. He alſo found Mr. Niſbet, and Mr. Matcham, his old acquaintance, whom he had ſeen twelve years before, and whoſe hoſpitality and good-nature for nine months kept Emin from being almoſt ſtarved. He and his ſon dined with them at leaſt three days in the week, and this made him paſs the time pretty eaſily, otherwiſe he might have been uncomfortable, living intirely with the Armenian Hacob, who, like Muſſeſs, had been his ſervant for two years at Boſra and Bagdad. Emin, in all that period, had not a ſingle rupee in his pocket; yet he took care not to open his lips to thoſe gentlemen, nor did they ſay any thing to him on the ſubject. He ſuppoſed that money was very ſcarce there, or that they were ignorant of his wants, otherwiſe they would ſurely have offered him a ſmall ſum. While he was meditating on his diſtreſſed condition, captain Pickett arrived in two months from Surat, and with him, as an old acquaintance, Emin made free, borrowing of him 400 rupees, which were juſt enough to pay ſome ſmall debts contracted to make up ſome linen for himſelf and the boy. But he was at a loſs to get his paſſage to Calcutta: the commanders of the ſhips, on the

one hand, not knowing him, would be paid on the ſpot in ready-money; and his friends, on the other hand, preſſed him to go away; ſo that he was as much in diſtreſs as ever. At laſt he told Mr. Mallett that he had no money, and his friend very kindly interpoſed with the governor, who ſpoke to one captain Smith, (a Cumberland man,) commanding a new-built fine ſhip called the *Admiral Hughes*, to give Emin a paſſage, which he promiſed the governor he would, but not in Emin's preſence. This gentleman being newly come from Europe, was naturally very fond of money, and kept Emin in hot water for ſome months before he ſet ſail; telling him it was true that the governor had ſpoken in his behalf to give him a paſſage, but that he muſt pay 300 rupees at Bombay, or give ſecurity for payment. Emin laid his caſe before his good friend Mr. Matcham, who readily ſat down and wrote the following note: "Mr. Matcham preſents his compliments to Captain Smith, and informs him that he will ſtand ſecurity for 300 rupees, for his friend Emin's paſſage-money to Bengal; that is, if he ſhould not be able to pay the money there, Mr. Matcham will pay it to Captain Smith." Emin took this note to the captain,

who

who little thought Matcham was Emin's friend, as well as the Governor and Mr. Mallet. He anſwered the note in this form: "Captain Smith returns his compliments to Mr. Matcham, and begs leave to ſend back his note reſpecting Mr. Emin, as he had already promiſed the Governor to accommodate that gentleman with a paſſage. Saturday, 31ſt July 1784." Emin carried this note to Mr. Matcham, and begged of him to let him have it, alleging that the captain's word was not to be much credited. At this thought Mr. Matcham laughed heartily; took up a pen and wrote jocoſely under the captain's note: "Mr. Emin, I congratulate you on captain Smith's generoſity:—You will obſerve by the above your captain means to afford you a paſſage gratis: 300 rupees between your Highneſs and him is no mighty ſum, though you are a prince *ſans royaume.*" Emin took great care to keep this note. In this manner had he been obliged to cringe nine months in Bombay before he could obtain a paſſage, often recollecting his late venerable father's good-natured banter, that his ſon Emin ſupported himſelf as a king among the Armenians, but that he was an Engliſh beggar. He wiſhes with all his heart that no man of

ſpirit may ever meet with the ſame numberleſs adverſities, which made him almoſt forty years keep his body bent to his good friends, whoſe patience and humanity ſurpaſſed his ſufferings; who have been always kind, and always the ſame, receiving him like the loſt prodigal ſon, and as affectionately giving him freſh comfort each time, ſo as to make him forget all his paſt misfortunes, and affording happineſs to his contented mind, by obligingly reminding him, that it was not for himſelf he ſuffered, but for the ſervice of his country.

Mr. Mallet, Emin's very good friend, obtained for him a letter from Governor Boddam to Mr. Haſtings, the late Governor-general: Mr. Pemberton alſo favoured him with a very friendly letter to his brother the reverend Mr. Pemberton, and a third letter was from Mr. Matcham. After he had taken leave of all his friends, the hoſpitable Commodore Niſbet honoured him with his own boat, in which he and his ſon went on board the Admiral Hughes. Next morning captain Smith came on board and ſailed for Madras, where he arrived in eighteen days, and where Emin made free to write two lines to Mr. Chamier, to acquaint him with his arrival, and to aſk if he had any commands for Bengal. As the ſhip

was

was to ſtay there but a few days, Emin did not think proper to go on ſhore. Mr. Chamier would by all means ſee him and the child; and ſent a boat with two catmarans, which took them on ſhore. He received them in a moſt friendly manner, entertained them in his houſe, and made ſome new clothes for Arſhac, of whom he took as much notice as if he had been his own child. He comforted Emin as well as he could for not having ſucceeded in his honourable deſign. On the third day Emin called on captain Smith, to know at what time the ſhip would ſail, who, with great indifference and coldneſs, told him that he did not know. Emin ſuppoſed that the ſhip would ſtay longer than it was talked of, flattering himſelf that he ſhould enjoy more of the agreeable company of his friend Mr. Chamier; but, to his great ſurpriſe, the next morning the captain and the ſhip were gone. Emin could not help being a little ſenſible of the captain's uncivil behaviour in not ſpeaking the truth. He intended then to travel by land, but his friend Mr. Chamier was againſt it, thinking it would be too much fatigue to undertake going that way. While they were wavering which way to proceed, captain Anderſon arrived with his own ſhip, the

the Succeſs gally, from Mukha and Juda: he happened to be an intimate friend of Mr. Chamier's, by whoſe intereſt, after ſtaying five days at Madras, he received Emin on board, giving him politely the beſt accommodation he could. He treated him well all the time of the paſſage, and in thirteen days they arrived in Calcutta river. Emin offered to make him proper recompence; but captain Anderſon would by no means accept of it, nor ſuffer him to ſay more about it.

Captain Smith, after ſeveral weeks, not aſhamed of his unmanly behaviour, made apologies, ſaying, that he did not know at Madras when he was to ſail; and imagining that his boaſting note was left with Mr. Matcham, and that Emin was to be impoſed on like ſome other poor Armenians, ſent his purſer ſlily to hint at the payment of his paſſage-money. Emin not anſwering immediately, the young man made him ſeveral viſits for ſome weeks; till one day he ſaid, that captain Smith ſent his compliments to remind him of his paſſage. Emin ſaid, "Why did not you ſpeak plain all this while, that you might have had your anſwer?" at the ſame time producing the captain's note: the purſer ſaw it, and was aſtoniſhed. Emin told him, that he was very

ſorry

ſorry the captain ſhould call himſelf an Engliſhman, ſince he was fitter to live in Duke's Place among the Jews, than to rank himſelf among gentlemen. Upon this the man went away with the anſwer, and never returned, nor was he ever ſeen after in Emin's houſe. Captain Smith, whom he often met in the government-houſe at breakfaſt and dinner, never opened his lips to ſay a word about the affair which had been ſo ſilently ſettled. Mr. Matcham ſoon after arrived from Bombay, and Mr. Mallet overland from Delhi. Emin would by no means keep the ridiculous ſecret from his friends, but acquainted them with it. On the firſt meeting they laughed at it heartily, and ſeemed glad it had happened. They approved Emin's conduct, ſaying, he had done right to keep the note, to be even with the man who had plagued him ſo long at Bombay, and left him behind at Madras.

Emin, on his firſt arrival at Bengal, went with the letter from Mr. Boddam to wait on the late Governor Haſtings; and after delivering it, was received with great politeneſs by his Excellency. A few days after, he was adviſed by ſeveral of his friends, particularly by the reverend Mr. Pemberton, (who was

more

more than a father to him,) to addreſs Go nor Haſtings for his arrears of pay, ſince furlough had been granted by him witho limitation of time; but Mr. Haſtings, whoſe time was ſhort, and who was very buſy be fore he went to Europe, could not give attention to Emin's application. He favoured him at laſt ſo much, as to adviſe him to write to the Honourable Council. Emin aſked, when he ſhould write? *Mr. Haſtings* ſaid, "I will let you know:" but unfortunately for Emin, he was involved in greater affairs, went on board, and left him without a patron. The ſucceeding Governor, Mr. Macpherſon, happening to have ſeen Emin at Madras, deſired to have a ſhort memorial from him, with the leave of abſence for an unlimited time, and the letter from the duke of Northumberland, and that of Mr. Edmund Burke. On ſeeing the paper, he promiſed upon his honour to uſe his intereſt for him in the Council, ſo as to procure an order for his arrears, and his rank in the army. Emin ſeeing Mr. Macpherſon's extraordinary affability, took it for granted that he would perform his promiſe: but Mr. Macpherſon, either through forgetfulneſs, or by ſome accident, as he was not very well in health, neglected Emin's caſe, and

and kept him ſeveral months in ſuſpenſe, without deciding one way or the other.

During this precarious ſituation, when Emin little expected to hear ſuch news, he was informed of General Sloper's arrival at Madras, and of his coming to Bengal to take the command of the army. This honourable officer happened to know Emin twenty-ſix years before, during the laſt war in Germany, and immediately on ſeeing him, took him by the hand, and protected him in a manner becoming the dignity of a brave ſoldier. He, in a few weeks time, having procured an order of the Honourable Council for the arrears of Emin's pay, and his rank in the army, poſted him in the third company of European invalids. Earl Cornwallis ſucceeding both to the government and the command of the army, the General went home, and left Emin to ſhift for himſelf; but fortunately, Colonel Pearſe took the command of the garriſon in Fort William; and having known Emin at the Royal Academy of Woolwich, condeſcended to renew an acquaintance of thirty-ſix years ſingular kindneſs, and took him entirely under his patronage. The third company of invalids being ordered to move to Chunagur, Emin wiſhed to remain in Calcutta

cutta to finiſh his narrative. The colonel obligingly interpoſed with Earl Cornwallis; and his lordſhip ſignified his pleaſure, in a general order, that Enſign Emin was not to proceed with the corps, but was to draw regularly, according to his rank, for his pay, batta, and houſe-rent. This great indulgence he owes to the colonel, for had he not been preſent to uſe his intereſt with the Governor General, Emin could never have finiſhed his Memorial; in which a friend at Calcutta has corrected the bad Engliſh and falſe ſpelling, but has deſignedly left the rough ſtyle without any alteration.

It is to Colonel Pearſe, who would deſpiſe a formal dedication, that Emin begs leave to inſcribe his Narrative, with the ſimplicity of a ſoldier, and with a grateful ſenſe of his kindneſs. He hopes that the public will receive his work with indulgence, and will have the goodneſs to conſider, that he has laboured forty years, againſt his own intereſt, to be of ſervice to his country; but found at laſt that he was graſping at nothing; having only the ſatisfaction of knowing, that it was his prudent conduct, in all that period, which ſaved him from being demoliſhed by barbarians, who are themſelves not ſure of their own lives

lives for half an hour; among whom, fathers are jealous of their ſons, and ſons envious of their fathers. The ſavage manners of thoſe countries, to hear of which is painful, affect more ſtrongly the mind of a man who ſaw with open eyes how unmercifully they deſtroy one another. There is no occaſion to ſay more about them. The works of European travellers ſufficiently prove their diſpoſitions to have been always contrary to thoſe of Europeans; and thoſe travellers were among them in a time of peace only: but from the invaſion of the Afghans, who firſt began to pull down the family of Safi, and the completion of its ruin by Nadir Shah, the Perſians are become entirely different, growing worſe and worſe every day. The whole country reſembles the wreck of a ſhip; and, as the divine puniſhment of their wickedneſs, the dreadful ſtorm continues daſhing the remainder of it againſt the rock.

To conclude: The author humbly begs leave to remind the candid reader of his imperfect acquaintance with the native propriety of the Engliſh ſtyle; but he truſts that the ſingularity of the matter will not be unentertaining; and he flatters himſelf that the young Armenians, whoſe knowledge of the language

is but ſuperficial, may eaſily read and underſtand a work ſo plainly written. Who knows but it may throw ſome light into their minds, if they communicate the ſubſtance of it to others, or tranſlate it into their own language? In time to come it may be of ſervice to them, and rouſe them from their ſlumber, till they open their eyes by degrees, and underſtand the true meaning of liberty; of which all Aſia, from the creation of the world to this moment, have been, and are blindly ignorant: witneſs the many vaſt regions in that quarter of the world which have been ruled by the will of a ſingle tyrant, who, like a ſavage beaſt, has devoured his ſubjects; and when he has been cut off, his ſucceſſor has been no better than himſelf. Since the Orientals know not what freedom is, the author could not have learned the meaning of it in Aſia; but he went to improve himſelf in the knowledge of European manners, and happily found at laſt, that liberty is the ſource of all the comforts of life.

THE END.

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